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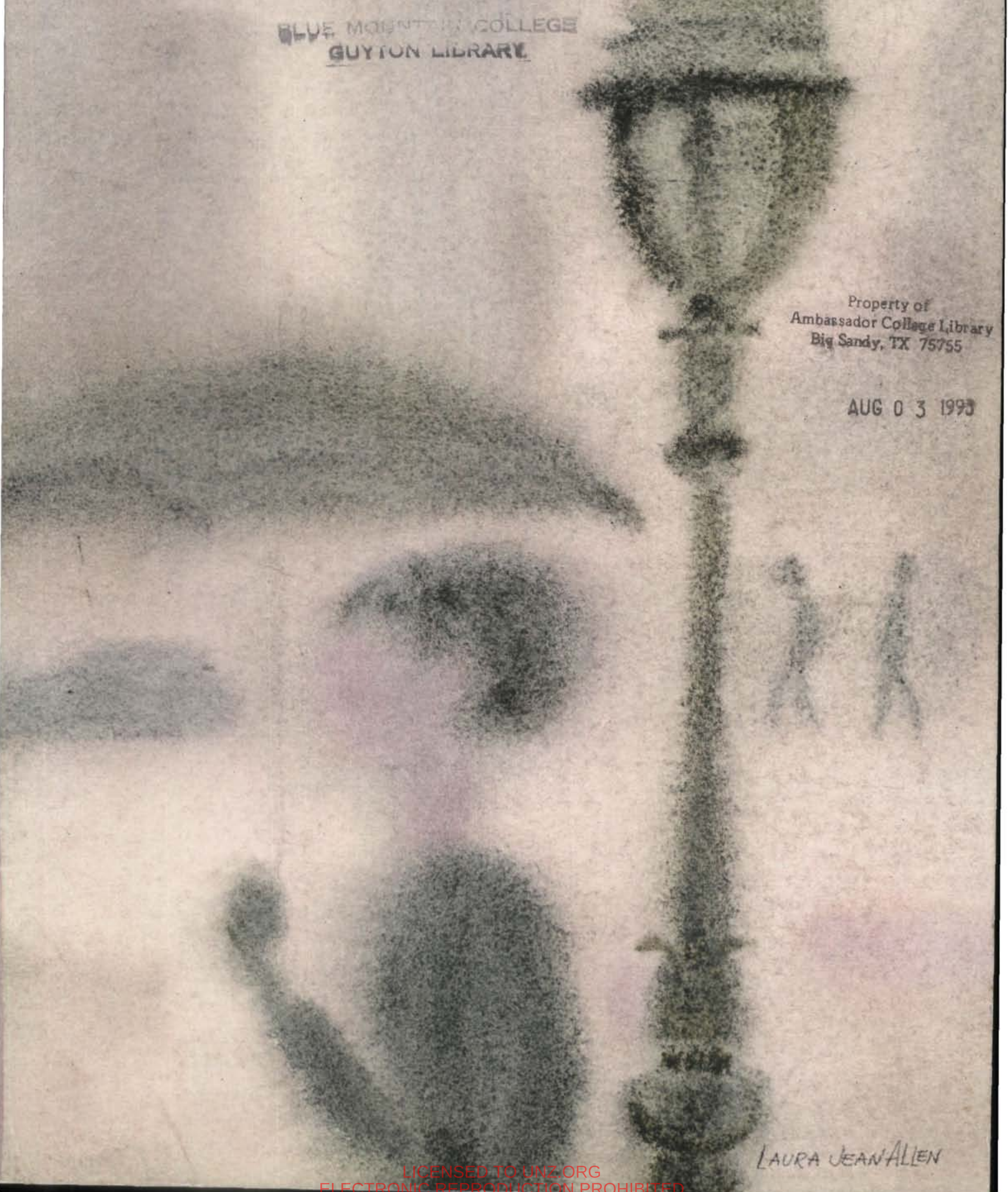

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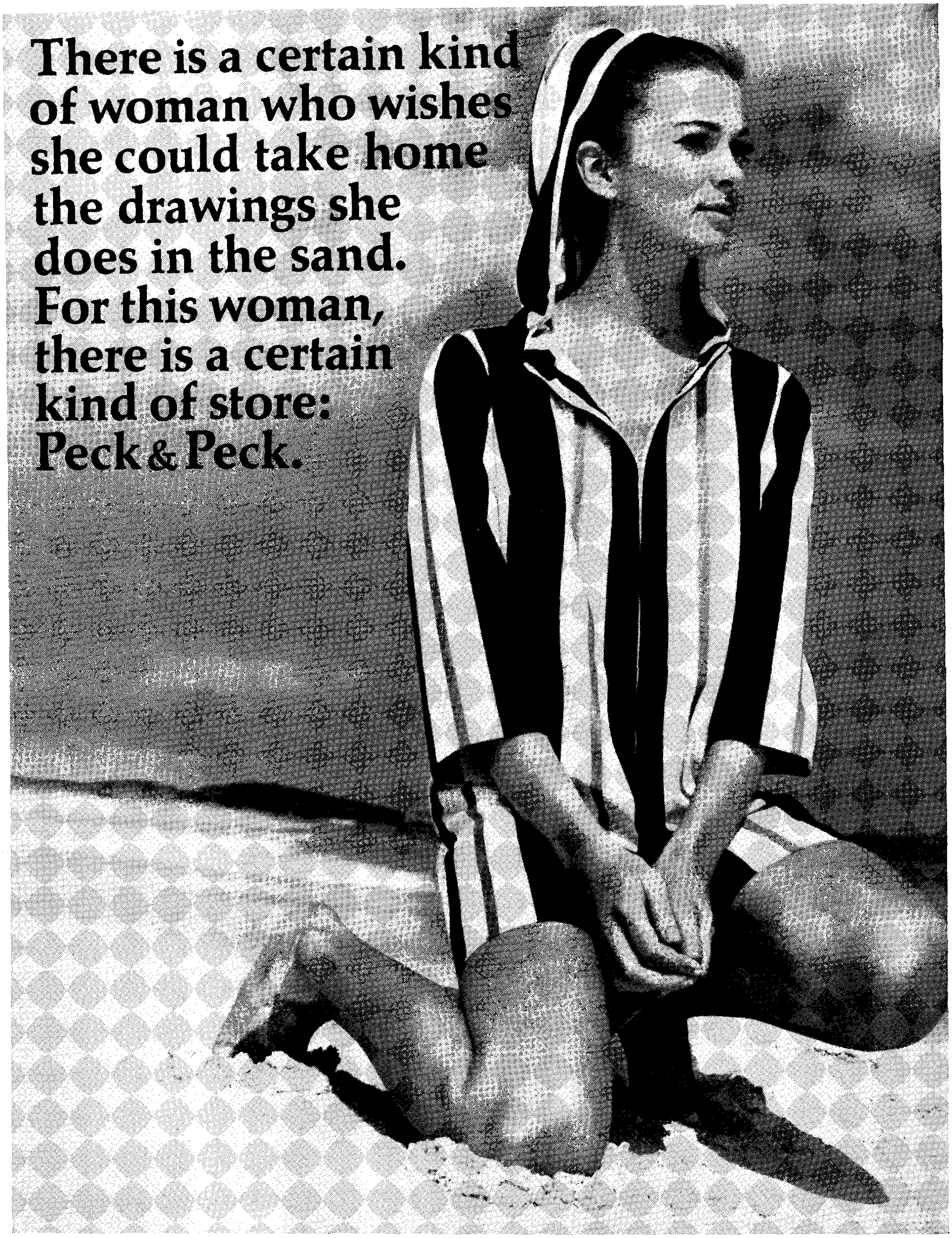
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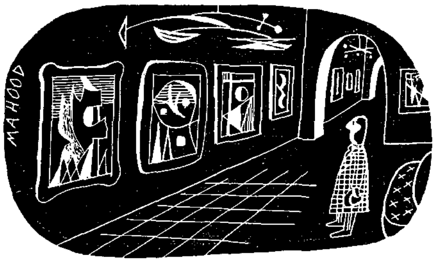
ST. LOUIS/TWIN CITIES/INDIANAPOLIS/WASHINGTON, D.C./ATLANTA/KANSAS CITY/HARTFORD/BUFFALO/PROVIDENCE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

THE THEATRE

(*E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.* . . . ¶ Except Sundays, special buses to the Broadway theatre district leave from Fifth Ave. and 96th St. and from Lexington Ave. and 96th St. at 7:40 and 7:50, picking up passengers at "Theatre Express" stops (ten on Fifth and eleven on Lexington) along the way. Return buses leave from Eighth Ave. and 42nd St. at 11:15 and 11:25 for Madison Ave. passengers and at 11:20 and 11:30 for Third Ave. passengers.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—Ionesco's **EXIT THE KING**: Thursday, April 18, and Monday and Tuesday, April 22-23, all at 8:30. . . . ¶ George Kelly's **THE SHOW-OFF**: Friday, April 19, at 8:30; Saturday, April 20, at 2:30 and 8:30; Wednesday, April 24, at 2 and 8:30; Thursday and Friday, April 25-26, at 8:30; and Saturday, April 27, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

The Boys in the Band—A play by Mart Crowley. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ed Bullins' Plays—Mr. Bullins is resident playwright of the New Lafayette Theatre, in Harlem, now being rebuilt. The plays, dealing with one aspect or another of Negro life, are sad, funny, harsh, and horrifying, often simultaneously, and in each of them Mr. Bullins has been able to get exactly the effect he is after. The actors, under Robert Macbeth's direction, perform very well indeed. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cyrano de Bergerac—Rostand's play, in a new English version by James Forsyth and with Richard Basehart in the title role, will be the final production of the season by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center. Previews through Wednesday, April 24. Opens officially on Thursday, April 25, at 7, and will run through Saturday, June 1. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Endecott and the Red Cross—Kenneth Haigh in a play by Robert Lowell. Season subscribers only. Membership performances start Thursday, April 18, and will run through Saturday, May 18. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8, and Fridays at 9. Matinées Fridays at 5 and Saturdays at 2.)

The Exercise—Anne Jackson and Stephen Joyce serve as the whole cast in Lewis John Carlino's play, directed by Alfred Ryder. Previews through Tuesday, April 23. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 24. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2.30.)

The Hawk—A play by Murray Mednick and Tony Barsha. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In Circles—Script by Gertrude Stein, music by Al Carmines, and a joy from start to finish. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 9, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, April 18, at 2:30.)

The Indian Wants the Bronx—Two one-act plays by an extremely gifted young playwright named Israel Horovitz. Each in its own way is a horror comedy, the first set in a student's room in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the second on a lonely street corner in this city. James Hammerstein is the director. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 673-6190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

I Never Sang for My Father—A gloomy tale by Robert Anderson about a son who wants to love his father and cannot. Hal Holbrook, Alan Webb, Lillian Gish, and Teresa Wright make up the miserable, aging family. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Iphigenia in Aulis—Jane White is the Queen in Michael Cacoyannis's production of the Euripides tragedy. Jenny Leigh is very touching as the Greek princess who allows herself to be sacrificed for the sake of her father, Agamemnon, and his army, about to embark for Troy. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Joe Egg—A very good play about a young English schoolteacher, his wife, and their spastic child. Hard as it may be to believe, the author, Peter Nichols, has found much humor in a dreadful situation. The cast includes Donal Donnelly (who has just replaced Albert Finney), Zena Walker, Elizabeth Hubbard, and Susan Alpern. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Kongi's Harvest—A play by Wole Soyinka, presented as the third in a series of four productions by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Mike Downstairs—Dane Clark in a comedy by George Panetta, directed by Donald Driver. Opens Thursday, April 18. (Hudson, 44th St., E. 757-4198. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Plaza Suite—Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. George C. Scott and Maureen Stapleton are the stars, and they have a fine, noisy time of it under Mike Nichols' indulgent direction. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Portrait of a Queen—Dorothy Tutin and a distinguished cast provide a brisk, delightful account of Queen Victoria's sixty-three years on the throne. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40).

The Price—Arthur Miller's new play about the high cost of being untrue to oneself. With Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, Harold Gary, and Kate Reid. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—A highly successful adaptation by Jay Allen of the Muriel Spark novel. A comedy that celebrates the peculiar genius of an Edinburgh schoolteacher in the nineteen-thirties. Zoe Caldwell is superb as Miss Brodie. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—A remarkably ingenious drama by Tom Stoppard about Shakespeare's expendable courtiers. Brian Murray and John Wood are excellent in it. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Saturday Night—Many of the Bronx-Jewish lines of Jerome Kass's play sound amusing and credible, but his trying heroine—a spinster whose dreams of a highbrow way of life get her into trouble—has barely put one foot out of the psychiatric casebook. The actors, under Burt Brinckerhoff's direction, do pretty well with the somewhat synthetic roles assigned them. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:30, and Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday, at 3. Closes Sunday, April 21.)

Scuba Duba—Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is the comic Walpurgis Night of an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. Mr. Friedman knows what he is doing, but what he is doing is not for every taste. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Seven Descents of Myrtle—Tennessee Williams turns what you would think would have to be a grim Southern tragedy into an odd but truly funny comedy. With Estelle Parsons, Harry Guardino, and Brian Bedford. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Spofford—Melvyn Douglas is most engaging in this comedy by Herman Shumlin, who based his work on Peter De Vries' "Reuben, Reuben." It has to do with a ruminative Connecticut chicken farmer who gets to studying commuters more or less for the hell of it. Mr. Shumlin directed the play, and he has assembled an admirable supporting cast for Mr. Douglas. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Summertree—This composition of scenes from the life of a young man who ends up in Vietnam is wistful, funny, and honest. A first play by a twenty-two-year-old dramatist

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Do you speak Réplique?

(The perfume with a language all its own.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

named Ron Cowen, and, as directed by David Pressman and performed by David Birney and a superior supporting cast, it is at once delightful and affecting. (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7618. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Le Tartuffe and **En Attendant Godot**—A four-week engagement of the Molière and Beckett plays, performed in French by Le Tréteau de Paris. **LE TARTUFFE:** Thursday through Saturday, April 18-20, at 8:30; Sunday, April 21, at 3 and 7:30; Monday and Tuesday, April 22-23, at 2; Thursday, April 25, at 8:30; Friday, April 26, at 4 and 8:30; and Saturday, April 27, at 11, 3, and 8:30. . . . **EN ATTENDANT GODOT:** Preview Saturday, April 20, at 3. Opens officially on Monday, April 22, at 7:30. Additional performance Tuesday, April 23, at 8:30. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. 249-3074, from 1 to 9. Closes Sunday, May 12.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—Terence Frisby's comedy, imported from London, in which Gig Young figures as a fortyish womanizer who is taken in tow by a nineteen-year-old swinger, played by Barbara Ferris. Thin stuff. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company, set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AMERICA HURRAH:** A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **CACTUS FLOWER:** Betsy Palmer and Lloyd Bridges in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **DON'T DRINK THE WATER:** Woody Allen's farce about a Jewish family from Newark in trouble behind the Iron Curtain. Lou Jacobi and Peggy Cass are in it. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING:** A quartet of plays by Robert Anderson, with Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, William Redfield, and Joe Silver. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

City Center Gilbert & Sullivan Company—Opening performances of a four-week season that will run through Sunday, May 19. Thursday, April 25, at 7:45; Friday, April 26, at 8:15; and Saturday, April 27, at 2:15: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.** . . . ¶ Saturday, April 27, at 8:15: **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Curley McDimple—A witless lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to those starring the young Mrs. Black. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Education of H*y*m*a*n K*a*p*l*a*n—A musical that pretends to be about Jewish immigrant life on the lower East Side in 1919. With Tom Bosley, who is charming, and directed by George Abbott, who has made more things seem to happen than have actually happened. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

George M!—The superhumanly lively Joel Grey makes this musical about the disgruntled Broadway genius, George M. Cohan, twice as good as its book. The famous Cohan songs turn out to be as mindless and successful as they were some sixty years ago. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Rainbow—Worth attending only if you admire beyond reason the talents of Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happy Time—An idle attempt to turn a successful play into a successful musical. Robert Goulet and David Wayne do their best, and it is a measure of the book and the music that this is not enough. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

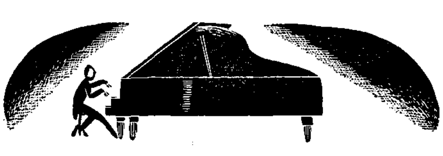
How Now, Dow Jones—A musical about antic doings on Wall Street. It hasn't much in the way of book or music, but does have its comic moments. Max Shulman wrote the book, Elmer Bernstein the music, and Carolyn Leigh the lyrics, and the whole enterprise was directed by George Abbott. Anthony Roberts, Marlyn Mason and Brenda Vaccaro are noteworthy in a hardworking cast. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I'm Solomon—A musical based on an Israeli play by Sammy Gronemann. Anne Croswell and Dan Almagor wrote the book, Miss Croswell did the lyrics, Ernest Gold composed the score, and the cast is headed by Dick Shawn, Carmen Mathews, Karen Morrow, and Salome Jens. Michael Benthall directed. Previews through Monday, April 22. Opens officially on Tuesday, April 23. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. Elly Stone, Shawn Elliott, Alice Whitfield, and Mr. Shuman make up the cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Thursday, April 18, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; Sundays at 8; and Tuesday through Thursday, April 23-25, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Your Own Thing—As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CABARET:** How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. Jack Gilford and Lotte Lenya. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Monday's child is fair of face. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Harry Goz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **I DO! I DO!:** Carol Lawrence and Gordon MacRae as a couple reënacting fifty years of happy married life. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **MAME:** Janis Paige is now playing Auntie. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Netherlands Dance Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday through Saturday, April 18-20, at 8:15, and Sunday, April 21, at 1:30: "Metaphors," "Circles," "Five Sketches," and "Opus 12.". . . ¶ Saturday, April 20, at 2:30, and Sunday, April 21, at 7:30: "Metaphors," "Essay in Silence," "Septet," and "Dualis." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

New York City Ballet—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, June 16—Tuesday, April 23, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Apollo," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Wednesday, April 24, at 8:15: "Glinkiana," "Prodigal Son," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Thursday, April 25, at 8:15: "Jewels." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 3-7947.). . . ¶ Friday, April 26, at 8:15: "Irish Fantasy," "The Cage," "Allegro Brillante," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 27, at 2:15: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 27, at 8:15: "Scotch Symphony," "Dim Lustre," "The Cage," and "La Sonnambula." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Royal Ballet—Opening performances of an engagement that will run through Sunday, May 19—Tuesday, April 23, at 7:30; Wednesday, April 24, and Friday, April 26, at 8:30; and Saturday, April 27, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Romeo and Juliet.". . . ¶ Thursday, April 25, at 8:30: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-4200.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—The animals like their new home. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, April 18-19, at 10:30 and 3. Thereafter, Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2 and 7:30; Fridays at 2 and 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 6. The performances on Thursday, April 18; Tuesday, April 23; and Thursday, April 25, may be cancelled because of hockey playoffs. Closes Sunday, May 12. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Ruddigore." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday through Saturday, April 18-20, at 8:45, and a performance primarily for children on Saturday, April 20, at 2:30. For tickets, call 737-5793, from 9 to 1.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804)—A good name for a place where the benches have been shoved close together and the strongest drink is jasmine tea. The entertainment is not bad, though. The Critters play rock most nights. Tuesdays are reserved for what the management calls a hootenanny. On Friday and Saturday, April 19-20, things will start early—at six-thirty—for special performances by the Proposition, a satirical company from Boston. The regular show will follow at eight-thirty or nine.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-

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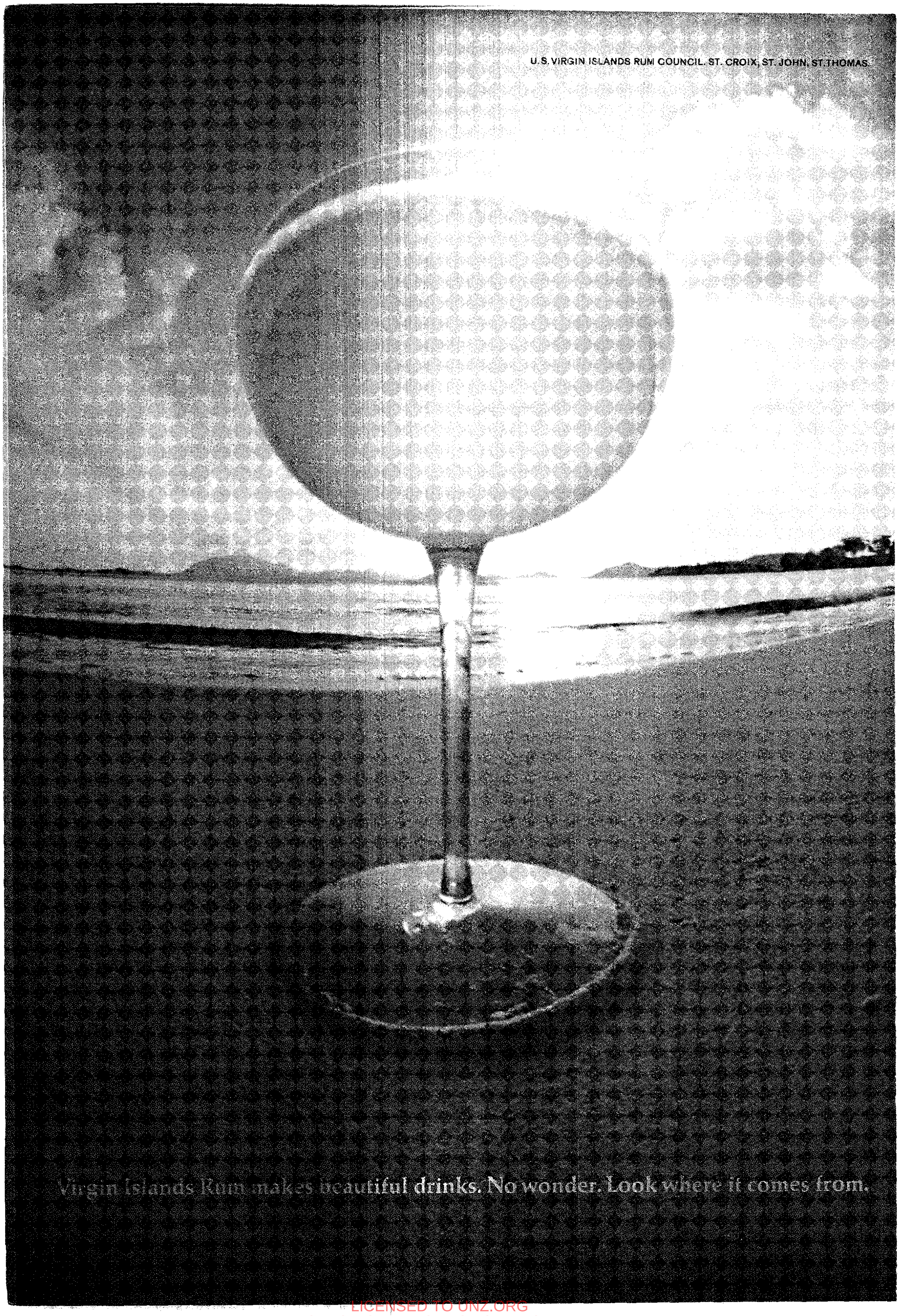
U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS RUM COUNCIL. ST. CROIX, ST. JOHN, ST. THOMAS.
Virgin Islands Rum makes beautiful drinks. No wonder. Look where it comes from.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

4530)—A dim, downstairs coffeehouse that might make some family a nice bomb shelter. Steve Miller's Blues Band leads the current production. On Tuesday, April 23, another group of performers will move in. Closed Mondays.

Generation, 54 W. 8th St. (533-8500)—The old Village Barn rejuvenated. It's still a barn. Wooden chairs at close-packed tables at which dedicated rock-heads can sit sipping egg creams (oh, boy) and cherry sodas (gee) and such while taking in the sound, which so far has stayed close to the nitty-gritty. Sly and the Family Stone, along with the Youngbloods, make up the show. On Tuesday, April 23, they'll be gone and Buddy Guy, together with Lothar & the Hand People, will have arrived. Closed Mondays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Sweaters and open collars are O.K. It's a casual jazz corner, with room for dancing. Jake Hanna's quartet, with Richie Kamuca on tenor, plays a fluid, relaxed kind of music. Between sets, you can listen to a jazz-filled jukebox: No Humperdinck. No Supremes. But Coltrane, Rollins, Basie, Gillespie, Tristano, the Adderleys, Ellington, Mulligan, and Lady Day. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. A group usually consisting of Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown plays Dixieland from eight-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Nashville Room, in the Taft Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 50th St. (265-7577)—Howdy! Here's a great big old room where all you fellers 'n' gals can just listen to bluegrass music till you bust. You can shovel in Southern fried chicken, too, but that's about all. David Houston leads a country-music show at nine and again at midnight. On Tuesday, April 23, he'll give way to the Chapparal Brothers. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—plays from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. On Sundays from five to nine, Jazz Interactions brings in instrumental groups—many of them made up of tyros—who play contemporary stuff.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play from nine till three or four each night.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dark, and it's over between Avenues B and C, but it's worth walking to. A long wooden bar, some tables, and some driving, up-tempo jazz by Freddie Hubbard's quintet. On Tuesday, April 23, Archie Shepp's quintet will replace Hubbard's. On Saturdays from five to nine, other groups play, and on Sunday, April 21, from five to nine, Frank Foster's Concert Ensemble will play big-band jazz. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, Toshiko plays piano from a Powell-esque glass enclosure, and Monty Alexander leads his trio. Starting Tuesday, April 23, Teddy Wilson's trio will relieve the above. Grilled dinners are available. . . . ¶ Downstairs, Stevie Wonder sings and a comic named Irwin C. Watson performs, through Sunday, April 21. On Friday and Saturday, April 26-27, major-league doubleheaders: Dick Gregory and Carmen McRae.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—All the cats know the Vanguard—it's in the basement. Eddie Harris's quartet trades off with the Elvin Jones trio, which deals in a formless, explosive kind of jazz. On Monday, April 22, Chuck Israel's big band will play alone. On Tuesday, April 23, Gabor Szabo's quintet will take over from the Harris quartet.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Earl Blake and John Latham (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday). The clientele looks happy.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—The banjo bag again. On weekends, people line up on the sidewalk, waiting to get in. Once they *get* in, they find a moose head on the wall. On Sundays, they have a grand old time from four-thirty till closing.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Looking-glass people favor this glib, sleekly run palace of pop-chic. It has waiters with spangly neck chains, a small dance floor, and loud recorded rock that alternates with the live sounds of the Fuzzy Bunnies from nine till four. Some dining. Closed Mondays.

Cheetah, 310 W. 52nd St. (582-2970)—Construction work goes on, but the new place is beginning to take shape. People bathe in black lights, dance on the metallic floor, and wallow in the big-screen light show. The upper level will not open for dancing and hard drinks for a few more weeks. Until it does, only the lower level will be in business, and the drinks will be non-alcoholic. Clear Light, along with Harvey and the 7 Sounds, make the live music. On Thursday, April 25, the Initial Shock will start making it. Closed Mondays.

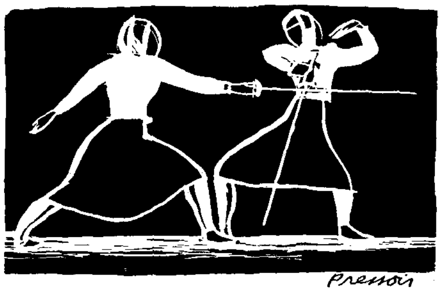
Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A synthetic but persuasive freak-out. Lights flow, flutter, blend, and flash, and big-top-type performers do their thing while the rock-saturated crowd does its own hyperkinetic thing from eight-thirty to three or four every night. Here's the pattern: Monday through Thursday, few people; Friday and Saturday, jam-packed; Sunday, crowded but with room for dancing. The rhythm-and-blues sound of the Chambers Brothers alternates with records. On Monday, April 22, the Auto Salvage will relieve the Brothers. No alcohol. Shazam.

The Frammis, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160)—You can dance from ten to three or four every night but Monday here. They have colored lights, some tables, and a bar. The records are strong and fast, the atmosphere is equable.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, but the mood is closer to that of Cambridge, Mass. Neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete dinner menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed on Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in merry old Egypt. The records—which are mostly juke but may include some Victrola—are played by a disc jockey who interlards them with, uh . . . hip comments. He is interrupted from time to time by Maxine Brown and the Marvin Alston quartet, who sing and play for listening. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777)—If you're, you know, looking for a place to dance to some now-type records, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, as the case may be, you might like it. The 45-r.p.m.s alternate with the New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble, which adds some baroque organ to its otherwise straight sound. Closed Mondays.



Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—you'll find white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations are needed.) Everything is all right.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970): Castles in the air, one of them a bar with view, one of them a *salon à manger* with view and with sound—George Shearing's frankincense-and-myrrh quintet, which begins at nine, and a triad, which begins at seven, Sundays not included. . . . **Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): The Café Pierre is a well-rounded education in the liberal arts, among which are dancing and the music of Stanley Worth's little band. It sticks around every night until well after the theatre. Between sets, Ellen Harwicke does some neat voice-and-piano work. She is inaudible Mondays. . . . **Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The Constitutional right of peaceful assembly is vigorously defended in the mild-mannered restaurant, wherein Ernie Warren's intent little band puts forth dance tunes from eight until one or maybe two, desisting only on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **El Morocco,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): This was storied Versailles. The captains and the kings have departed, but upon payment of a reasonable fee anyone may now enter and see how they lived. The sound track is contributed by Lester Lanin's varsity. Closed Sundays. . . . **Barberry,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Not completely a closed-circuit broadcast of New York, N. Y., 10022, but a very near miss. The music starts at nine and ends at two, though never on Sunday, never on Monday. . . . **The Riverboat,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444): The old sidewheeler has for the moment gone contemporary, presenting Doc Severinsen's band, more usually encountered at night on the Big Tube. Clark Terry is part of the troupe. The secondary band checks in at six, the Doctorates at seven-thirty, every night but Sunday. . . . **Roseland Dance City,** 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200): A land grant issued to preserve the older forms of folk dance—the two-step, the fox trot, et al. Business before pleasure is the order of the décor, but the bands (the Latin one is Argueso's) and the floor are big. The dining is minimal. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty. Wednesdays at six-thirty. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

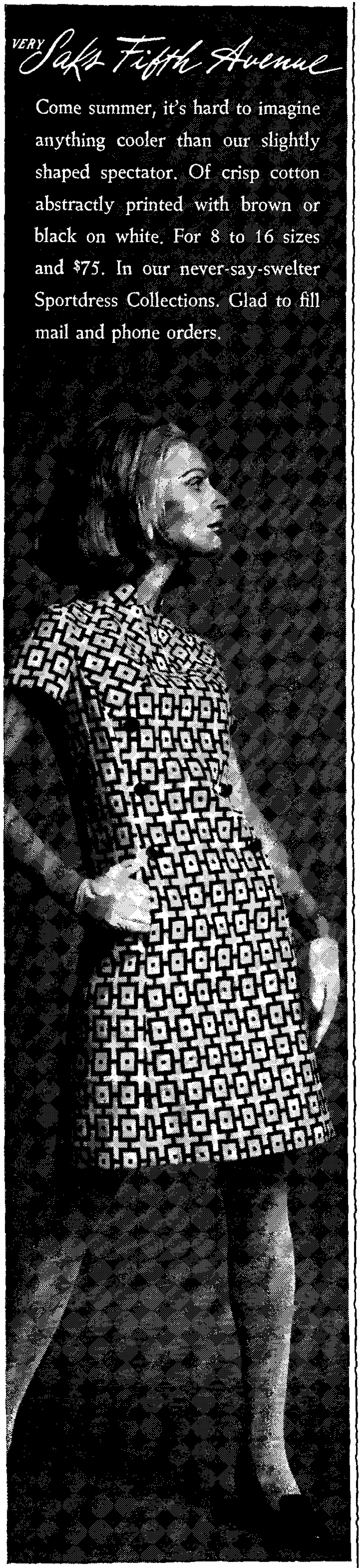
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The life and hard times of Joan Rivers, as told by her, firsthand, to an astonished audience. Her dissertations are apt to begin around ten. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—There are a lot of vigorous workers in this *kibbutz*, which makes for a reasonably lively time. The flow of Israeli words, music, and footsteps is sort of trial-and-error, but there's little harm in that. Avram Grobard and Joel Sharr are the leading lights, and Chic Ganimian, one of our few resident oudists, is the leading musician. Closed Mondays. Dining.

Eugene's, 1034 Second Ave., at 54th St. (758-7620)—Mixed media (everything from poetry to chamber music, jazz to Equity players) is the rule at eleven every night but Sunday in what is now the rallying point for the constituents of a candidate for high office whose name is the same. Bar and a certain amount of grill.

Living Room, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262)—This is for the moment the home of Felicia Sanders, a soprano for whom the word "dramatic" was invented, so her contingent will have to make the best of her not



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

especially couth surroundings and fellow-performers. She retires on Sunday, April 21, and next evening Bobby Short, that prominent lobster-shift troubadour, will—with the help of his trio—start trying to outsing the customers.

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933)—Quips and cranks and wanton wiles, nods and becks and wreathèd smiles—this is the tenor of "Four in Hand," Julius Monk's revue for this season. The sharpest of the serpent's teeth with which it is peopled is Liz Sheridan, and she has the full-measure coöperation of Terry O'Mara, Dennis Allen, Mary Jo Gillis, and Alex Wipf. The orchestra is the gleeful double piano of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; the intermission music is the equally gleeful piano of Baldwin Bergersen; the usual hours are nine and eleven-thirty; the dark night is Sunday.

UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Photo Finish" is the latest small but earnest boy-and-girl revue to occupy the premises. It takes place at nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Edie Adams, who inclines toward the show-business queen-bee sort of presentation, does the talking and singing in the Royal Box during dinner and supper; the orchestra of Lee Evans, which inclines toward its own particular way of playing things, does music through the evening. Closed Sundays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (PL 2-8080)—Another château (temporarily) in the air, but this one should settle into its new niche (see datum above) on Thursday, April 18. Los Chavales de España (Spain's largest standing, and singing, army) and Rosario Galán's troupe of flamencans will occupy the main room during dinner and supper every night. . . . ¶ The Flamencan Room (guitar from five o'clock on, and flamenco wailing from nine-thirty on) will likewise operate seven nights a week, and so will the bar (guitar from five to twelve).

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900)—No hall is a mere chamber of commerce while Peggy Lee—sometimes wiry, sometimes woodwind—sets about singing, with pleasing simplicity, the songs she is fond of. Dave Frye, billed as the humorist of the occasion, is indeed. On Thursday, April 25, they will be succeeded by the band of the raucous-and-rolling Louis Prima. . . . ¶ In the street-level lounge from ten o'clock on, loud sings this and that cuckoo, often with electronic components.

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—What the well-dressed chorus girl will not wear, or the extravaganza known as "Women's World." Into this carefree domain have been inserted Louis Armstrong and his blowhards. It is possible to bell these cats twice a night, and every night.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Up for air, up from the air, where he is a prime favorite, comes John Davidson, to chant. He declaims at dinner and supper in the Persian Room. In betweentimes, the orchestra of Burt Farber is spelled by the romantic serenaders run by Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin confect *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and Viennese music from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin, which has a romantic story to tell (tales of Hoffmann and tales of the Vienna Woods), is in the Palm Court between eight and one. His accompaniment is piano and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte,* water ices, and spirits. He is marked absent Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Jack Cassidy, who gets around the Broadway musical stage with the greatest of ease, is getting around the arena of the Maisonette with the same facility. His operations embrace both the dinner and the supper hour. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Jack Benny, whose way with a joke proves that he who hesitates is indeed not lost, brings pleasure to his parishioners at ten in the Empire Room, and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Charles Turecamo's orchestra is there all the time. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley never takes a day off, and to help it along there are piano, from four to ten, daily except Saturday and Sunday, and dance tunes (the trio of Horace Diaz) from eight to one, Wednesday through Saturday, and from five to ten on Sunday.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

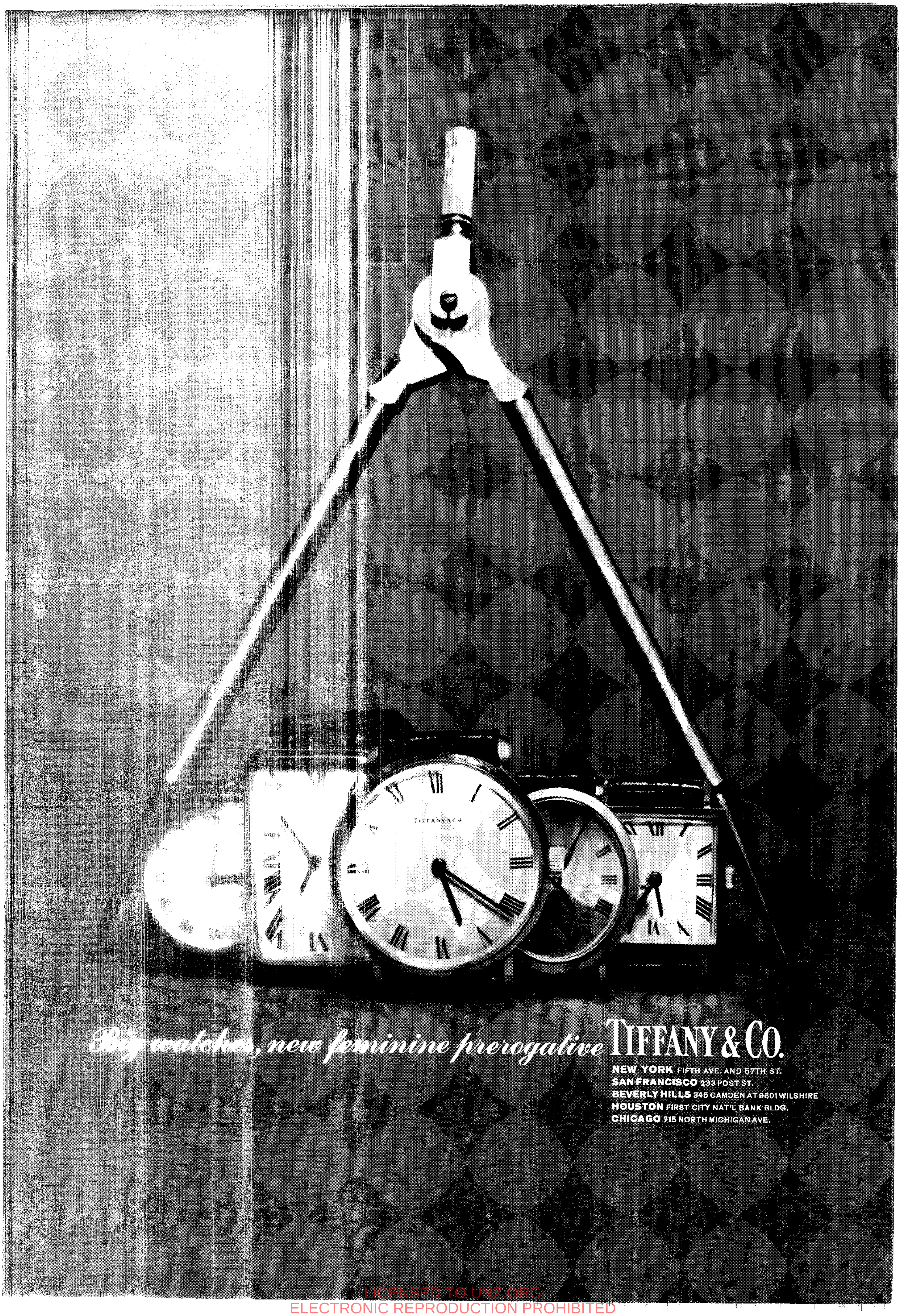
(No dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Fun and games—verbal by the customers, musical by the cast—in a coeducational clubhouse that is forever celebrating Homecoming Day. Sam Anderson and Wayne Sanders are the evening keyboard men; Francis Thorne does the cocktail set—six to eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): By, for, and of the young, who are having a good time even when they are too busy to listen to the threesome of the pensive Chuck Wayne. No music Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, a soubrette of volcanic origin, delivers her Naughty Marietta ballads and fireside talks from her perch atop a baby grand. She makes her entrances at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. A supply of subdued dance music is issued from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Western counterpart of nighttime Budapest, which, naturally, is punctuated with outbursts of Hungarian soul music—violin, zimbalon, and all the rest. Béla Babai's group does the dance tunes; Tibor Rakossy leads the choral work. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after thirteen years at one piano, has unassailable squatter's rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indies vacationers who like to return to the scene of their prime can be observed in this island port listening to the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. No music Mondays and Tuesdays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Waiting on table is but an on-second-thought matter, for every employee considers himself to be the coming Lanza or, with better luck, Caruso. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Which is nothing of the sort, being a jumping piano bar and restaurant compartmented off into cubbyholes by a million beaded-glass curtains. The head swinger is Scott Reed, on piano from six until two every night but Sunday. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): If one must go into our Casbah, it is a far better thing to venture here while Charles De Forest does his sad, sad songs about the sad, sad lives that *la vieillesse dorée* leads in this town. Marian McPartland's threesome keeps in mind the fact that present-day jazz can express pleasure as well as pain. All hands are away Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The piano of Cy Walter never treads thè trite-and-narrow path. He appears from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one every night but Sunday, when the pianoforte is given over to the skillful Allan Haig. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Camelot on the Hudson, by a tongue-in-cheek master builder. The regent of this revival is Norbert Faconi, who began his career as court violinist in the reign of Old King Cole. No sounds on Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): When in Rome, dine as the Romans do, and let the itinerant musicians take the place of discourse. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-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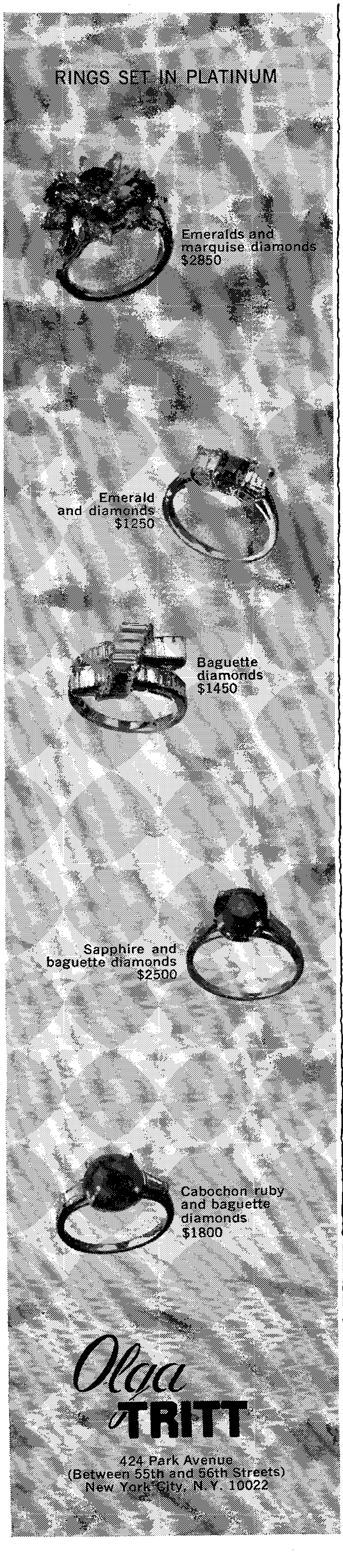

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen, out for a night on the town and the Via Veneto. A skillful job of weaving among them is done by Herman Honigsberg, fiddler emeritus, and his troupe of prowling musicians. *Closed Sundays*. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Echoes from the past, one of which is the mild piano that runs its course from six to one in the bar, except on Sundays. The others are architectural. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the lounge of the Regency Room, one of the statelier homes on Park Avenue, a piano joins in with the proceedings from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Near the bar in the main-floor restaurant of the Hotel Westbury is the pastoral piano of Conrad Monjoy, who carries on from nine until one. No music Sundays or Mondays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): It's anybody's guess about the ancestry of this upstairs suite of rooms, but it could be Baghdad on the Bosporus. In one of the rooms, a piano discourses peacefully from six to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A decorator's fantasy that goes well enough with the guitar, all Iberian in content, of Rogelio Reguera, who just about amounts to being a classicist. He sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): *Royal-enclosure* is the mood of the place. A bland piano is on duty from eight-thirty until around two. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The scene is the Casino-on-the-Park. Self-possession is nine-tenths of the law in this seemly panorama, wherein Bob Kail touches up his piano from six-thirty until one. He takes leave Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

RUTH ABRAMS—Abstract Expressionist paintings with indications of figures and interiors; through Saturday, April 27. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEF ALBERS—New paintings in the "Homage to the Square" series by a Bauhaus-schooled founder of American geometrical paintings; through May 4. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

MARCH AVERY—Landscapes, figure paintings, and stone sculptures by Milton Avery's daughter; through April 28. (Waverly, 103 Waverly Pl. Daily, except Wednesdays, noon to 5, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8.)

ROBERT BARNES—Paintings mostly dealing with the life of Arthur Cravan, boxer and Surrealist; through May 4. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

LELAND BELL—Portraits, self-portraits, figures, and still-lifes in a free, personal style by a veteran New York painter; through May 4. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

HARRY BERTOIA—Sculptures in metal by an artist well known for his building decorations; through Saturday, April 20. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

HENRY BOTKIN—Collage paintings of subjects handled in a semi-abstract mode; through Saturday, April 27. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

POL BURY—Sculptures with kinetic balancings in polished metals that reflect the movement; through Saturday, April 27. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARC CHAGALL—Twenty-eight gouaches from 1957 to the present, many not shown here before; through April 30. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GENE DAVIS—Tiny paintings by an artist known for his striped canvases; through Saturday, April 27. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

BURGOYNE DILLER—Drawings and collages from the thirties to 1964 by a leading American Constructivist painter and sculptor, who died in 1965; through May 25. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—Plastic sculptures in brilliant colors, plus ink drawings, by the French primitivist; through May 18. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANK ELISCU, IBRAM LASSAW, AND SAHL SWARZ—About seventy sculptures; through Saturday, April 20. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

JOHN FERREN—Huge constructions for architectural projects by an Abstract painter; through May 11. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER—Paintings by an Abstract Expressionist who now stresses color contrast; through Thursday, April 25. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

THOMAS GEORGE—Abstract black-and-white paintings in free forms; through Saturday, April 20. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

PAUL GEORGES—Oil paintings featuring figures engaged in sexual violence; through May 11. (Dorsky, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

MAURICE GLICKMAN—Drawings from four decades by an American sculptor; through Saturday, April 27. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT HARVEY—Paintings of the figure; through Saturday, April 27. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN HELIKER—An exhibition of small semi-abstract landscapes and portraits that is running simultaneously with his show at the Whitney; through May 4. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

WILL INSLEY—Diagrammatic drawings in Liquitex on Masonite; through May 9. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

RAY JOHNSON—Compositions of assembled elements incorporating words; through Thursday, April 25. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

GYORGY KEPES—Colorful abstractions; through Saturday, April 27. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANK KUPKA (1871-1957)—Sixty oils, watercolors, gouaches, and drawings by this pioneer Czech experimentalist; through Saturday, April 27. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 5:30.)

LENORE LAINE—Geometrical paintings with Op effects; through Saturday, April 20. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Open Thursday evening until 8.)

BRUNO LUCCHESI—Figurative sculptures with genre themes; through May 11. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD LYTLE—Paintings and drawings of the female nude; through Friday, April 26. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

MANABU MABE—Abstract paintings by a Brazilian artist born in Japan; through Saturday, April 27. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GIACOMO MANZÙ—A large exhibition of bronze sculptures, door panels, low reliefs, gold objects, and sketches for ballet costumes; through Saturday, April 27. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

TONY MARTIN—Light and sound "environments" by a young medium mixer; through May 4. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HOWARD MEHRING—Color-field paintings, mostly in a "Z" motif; through Thursday, April 25. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARIO MICOSSI—Etchings of Rome, Vienna, and Chicago; through Saturday, April 20. (Wakefield, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

JOAN MITCHELL—A new series of landscape-like paintings done in France by a leading "second-generation" American Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, April 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT NATKIN AND JUDITH DOLNICK—Paintings, gouaches, and watercolors by a husband and wife—the husband Abstract, the wife, too, but less so; through Friday, April 19. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

CHARLES O. PERRY—Metal sculptures featuring mathematical complexities; through May 11. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PICASSO—Paintings and drawings (1908-64);

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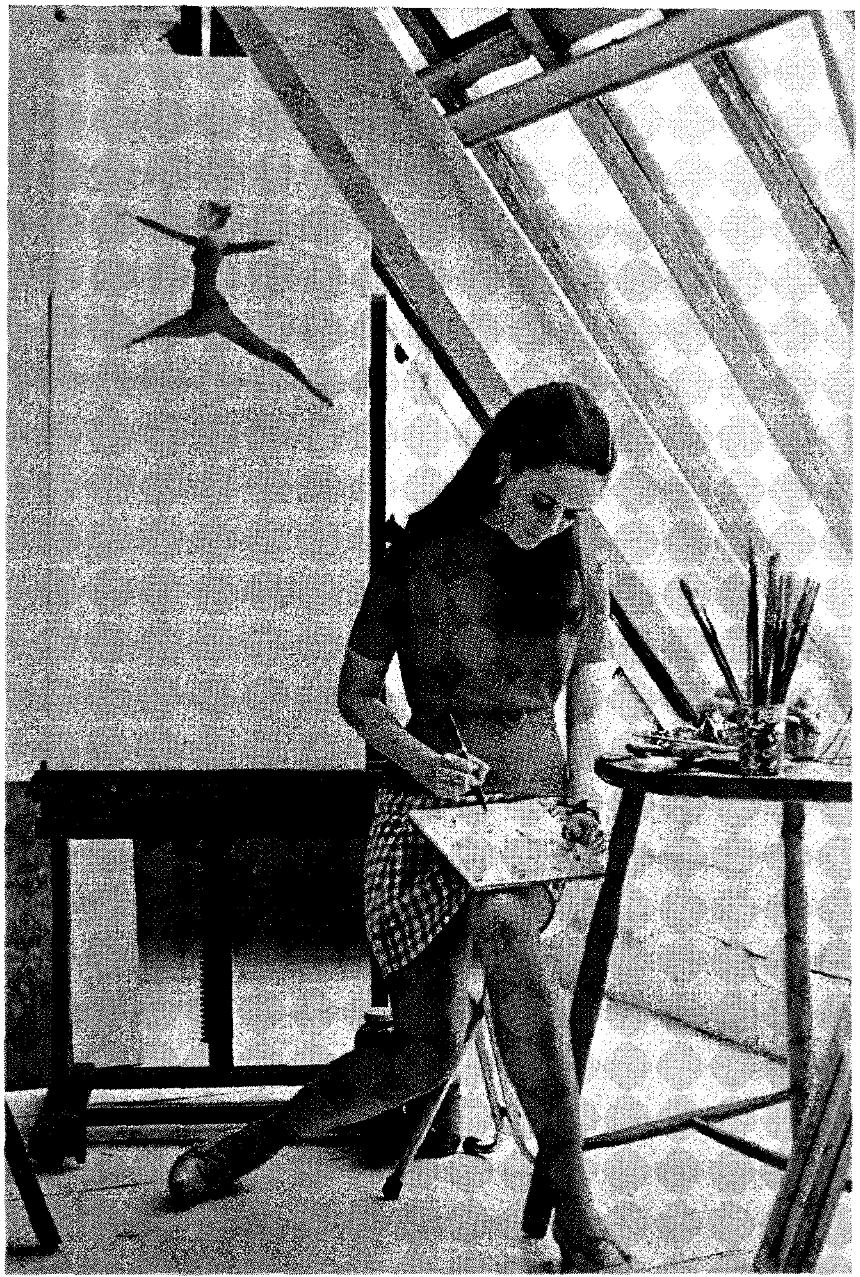

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through Saturday, April 20. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

Leslie Randall—Landscape paintings; through Saturday, April 27. (York Gallery, 70 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Man Ray—Twelve objects, from a small hand in a pot to a chess set, by one of the original Dadaist-Surrealists; through Saturday, April 20. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Paul Resika—Paintings of landscapes with well-defined subjects; through Saturday, April 20. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Kurt Seligmann—Drawings and prints by a prominent Surrealist and medievalist, who died in 1962; through Saturday, April 27. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Sellers—Geometric sculptures in steel and aluminum; through April 30. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Steiner—Three large geometrical sculptures in bright-colored plastic on wood by an "environmental" artist; through Wednesday, April 24. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Sugarman—Painted sculptural compositions consisting of several segments; through May 9. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Thon—Oils and watercolors of Irish subjects; through May 4. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

William Tucker—Abstract sculptures by a young British artist; through Friday, April 26. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Van Buren—Sculptures of transparent fibre glass over wood; through Thursday, April 25. (Bykert, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bram van Velde—Abstract paintings done in the past ten years by a Dutch Expressionist well known since the Second World War; through Saturday, April 27. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Maurice de Vlaminck (1876-1958)—A benefit showing of twenty-eight oils from the French modernist's Fauve period, 1903-07; through May 11. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Abraham Walkowitz (1878-1965)—Oils, watercolors, and prints of the lower East Side, representing early works by a familiar American painter of the Paris School; through Saturday, April 27. (Zabriskie, 690 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Jane Wilson—Lyrical landscapes done here and abroad; through May 11. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

American Watercolor Society—The hundred-and-first annual of watercolors, gouaches, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States; through Sunday, April 21. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: Nineteenth-century watercolors and drawings by such artists as Cole, Harnett, Homer, Inman, and Kensett; through May 4. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **odyssia**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by four young artists, William Dubin, Leslie Kerr, Joseph P. White, and Franklin Williams; through Friday, April 26. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Paintings and constructions of doors by artists related to Surrealism—for example, Delvaux, Duchamp, Lindner, Magritte; through Saturday, April 20. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **hutton**, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Paintings by French, German, and Russian Fauvists and Expressionists up to the First World War; through June 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **marlborough-gerson**, 41 E. 57th St.: Seventy paintings by artists from Beckmann and Chagall to Soutine and Vlaminck, squeezed into the category of "International Expressionism;" through May 11. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibition of paintings, drawings, and bronzes on the theme of horse racing, by

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Degas and other French painters, from Géricault to Bonnard; through Saturday, April 27.

Latin Americans; Group Show—Nine young Argentine painters and sculptors who specialize in geometrical forms; through May 12. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Painting in France: 1900-67," a hundred and fifty paintings covering early-twentieth-century masters, such as Picasso, Braque, and Matisse, to younger figures like Le Parc and Messagier; through May 12. (Except on Mondays, admission is $1.). . . ¶ A hundred and forty-eight drawings, plans, and engravings by eighteenth-century architects who emphasized simple, geometrical design; through May 13. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Dada, Surrealism, and Their Heritage," an interpretation by the Museum of what happened in art from 1912 until recently; through June 9. . . . ¶ Forty-six prints offering impressions of New York City during the twentieth century by Bellows, Grosz, Rauschenberg, Paolozzi, and others; through May 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and painted sculptures in abstract patterns by Paul Feeley (1910-66), done in the last twelve years of the artist's life; through May 26. . . . ¶ A selection of a hundred oils, drawings, and watercolors by modern masters, from Seurat and Modigliani to Matisse, Picasso, and Mondrian, presented as a tribute to Hilla von Rebay, the first director of the Museum; through May 26. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints done during the past quarter century by John Heliker, an artist who bases his work on nature; through May 12. . . . ¶ Eighty sculptures, including eight "objects" for ballet sets, by Isamu Noguchi, a veteran sculptor and theatrical, architectural, and industrial designer; through June 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 11; Sundays, noon to 6.) A good complement to the Heliker showing is his exhibition at the Kraushaar Galleries, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of chessmen and boards that goes back to the earliest datable chessmen in existence, excavated in Iran; also carved chess pieces from India, China, Russia, Europe, and the United States. Through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The World Beneath Our Feet . . . Minerals," a panoramic arrangement illustrating the variety of color, form, and composition of these elements. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings and drawings by Charles Burchfield (1893-1967); through Sunday, April 21. . . . ¶ A show of the works of twenty-six American painters and sculptors who are candidates for Institute awards; through Sunday, April 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Fifteen centuries of Korean ceramics said to be among the best of this craft; through June 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"Gardens in Chinese Art," an exhibit in a large variety of mediums, including paintings, handscrolls, carved lacquers, ivory screens, porcelains, and illustrated books, from the eighth century through the eighteenth; through May 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Seventy-two paintings and drawings by Frederic Edwin Church (*1828-1900*), a leading Hudson River School painter; through April 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by Newman, Pollock, Reinhardt, Still, Stamos, and others) from the private collection of Betty Parsons; through Wednesday, April 24. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—Thirteen Rembrandt drawings and etchings; through Sunday, April 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—"Man in Sport," the subject of some seven hundred photographs by Horst Baumann, Toni Frissell, Hy Peskin, and others; through May 12. . . . ¶ Twenty-five paintings by Salvador Dali depicting "*Aliyah: the Rebirth of the State of Israel*," in themes from the Bible and the history of the Jews; through Sunday, April 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings by Gene Davis, Robert Irwin, and Richard Smith, all mathematical Abstractionists; through May 12. . . . ¶ Suites of prints by (for instance) Albers, Jenkins, Kelly, Motherwell, Nevelson, Warhol, D'Arcangelo, and Youngerman; through May 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, except April 19, from 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—Ballet and opera designs by Boris Anisfeldt, an eighty-eight-year-old artist who did many settings and costumes for Diaghilev's Russian Ballet; through June 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Views of Florence and Tuscany by Giuseppe Zocchi (1711-67), and autograph manuscripts and books by *Florentines* and about *Florence*; through May 18. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Scrimshaw (e.g., corset busks, puzzle boxes, whales' teeth), rope work, tools, and other oddities that illustrate the ingenuity of nineteenth-century whalers; through Sunday, April 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Forty years of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and graphics by members of the Sarah Lawrence art faculty, past and present, including such artists as David Smith, Theodore Roszak, Bradley Walker Tomlin, Oronzio Maldarelli, Peppino Mangravite, Ezio Martinelli, Concetta Scaravaglione; through June 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

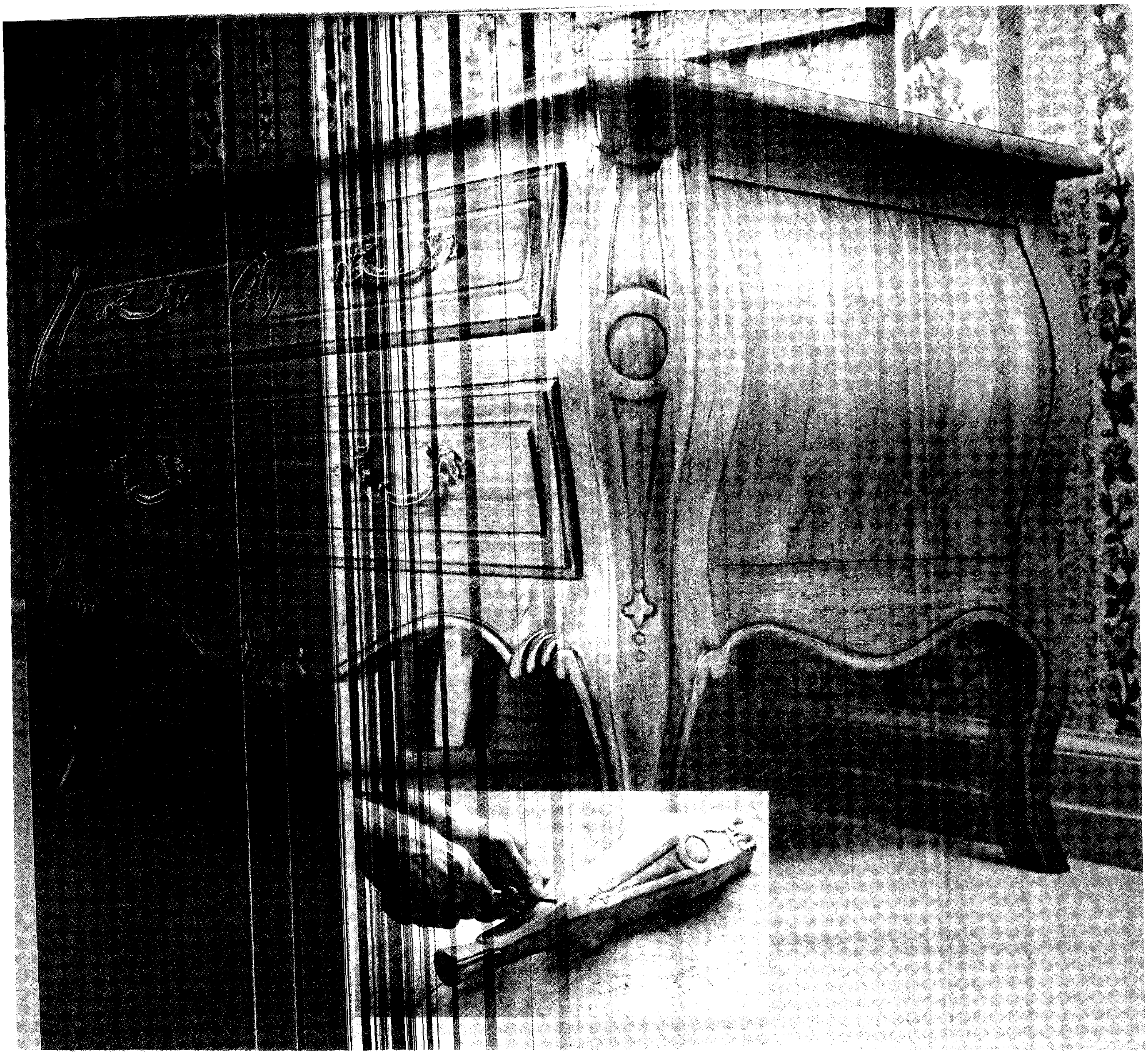
MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, April 18: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, Clifford Harvuot, and Lorenzo Alvary. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 19: "Luisa Miller," with Montserrat Cabellé, Louise Pearl, John Alexander, Sherrill Milnes, Jerome Hines, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 20: "Carmen," with Grace Bumbry, Mirella Freni, Richard Tucker, Justino Díaz, Morley Meredith, and Ron Bottcher. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 20: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Martina Arroyo, Joy Clements, Jean Madeira, Sándor Kónya, and Robert Merrill. (Evenings at 8. Matinée at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Final performances of the season—Thursday, April 18, at 8:15: "Julius Caesar," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, Claudine Carlson, Norman Treigle, Spiro Malas, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Friday, April 19, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Athena Lampropulos, Placido Domingo, Richard Fredricks, William Beck, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 20, at 2:15: "La Tra-



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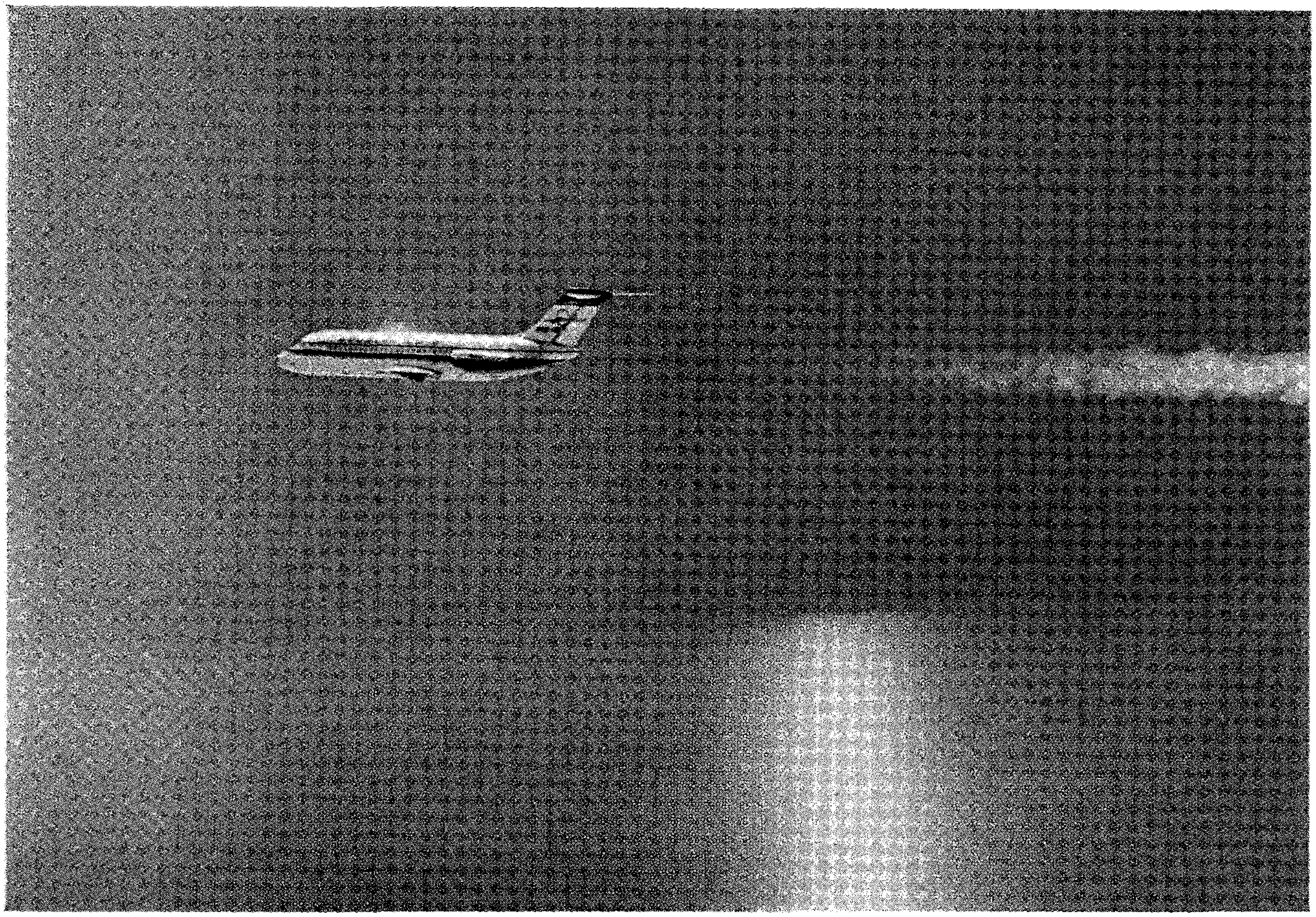

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viata," with Maralin Niska, Muriel Greenspon, Anthea deForest, Placido Domingo, and Seymour Schwartzman. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 20, at 8:15: "Julius Caesar," with Beverly Sills, Evelyn Sachs, Kay Creed, Norman Treigle, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 21, at 1:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Francesca Roberto, Kay Creed, Charlotte Povia, Jerome LoMonaco, and David Clatworthy; and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Bernabé Marti, Calvin Marsh, and William Ledbetter. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 21, at 7:15: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, Lois Crane, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Richard Fredricks, and Spiro Malas. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Piccolo Teatro Musicale of Rome—At Carnegie Hall—Renato Fasano conducting the last three in a series of programs of eighteenth-century comic operas. Tuesday and Wednesday, April 23-24, at 8: Paisiello's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 25, at 8: Cimarosa's "Il Maestro di Cappella" and Rossini's "La Cambiale di Matrimonio."

Juilliard Opera Theatre—Benefit performances of the American première of Pietro Francesco Cavalli's "Ormindo," in English. Staged by Roy Lazarus, with the Juilliard Theatre Orchestra conducted by Jorge Mester. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday through Saturday, April 25-27, at 8:15. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, William Steinberg conducting—Thursday, April 18, at 8:30; Friday, April 19, at 2:15; Saturday, April 20, at 8:30; and Monday, April 22, at 7:30 (all with Ticho Parly, tenor; Arnold Voketaitis, bass; and the Camerata Singers); and Thursday, April 25, at 8:30; Friday, April 26, at 2:15; Saturday, April 27, at 8:30; and Monday, April 29, at 7:30 (no soloists).

London Symphony Orchestra—Daniel Barenboim conducting the last three in a series of concerts (different programs), with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday through Saturday, April 18-20, at 8:30.)

Master Virtuosi of New York—Gene Forrell conducting an all-Mozart program in the final concert of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 19, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Nicolai Gedda, tenor. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, April 20-21, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau directing Verdi's Requiem, with Saramae Endich, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; Ara Berberian, bass; the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society; and the Midwood High School Mixed Chorus. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 21, at 8:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting the American première of Orff's opera "Antigonae" in concert form, with Inge Borkh, soprano; Elisabeth Mannion, mezzo-soprano; Carlos Alexander, baritone; and William Lewis, tenor. The final program of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, April 23, at 8.) . . . ¶ The Society will hold a preview of "Antigonae" at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-2434), on Sunday, April 21, at 2:30.

Cappella Coloniensis—Ferdinand Leitner conducting the first in a series of three concerts by this baroque orchestra from Cologne, appearing here for the first time. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 26, at 8:30.)

Helvetia Maennerchor—A Swiss male chorus, in a benefit concert, directed by Walter Stamm. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 20, at 8:30.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 26, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Regina Resnik—Mezzo-soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 20, at 8:30.)

David Sackson and Joseph Wolman—Violin/-viola and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 21, at 5:30.)

Contemporary Music Society—The last in a series of concerts, this one a program of music by Riegger, Stravinsky, and others, performed by Sidney Harth, violin, and Walter Trampler, viola. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, April 23, at 8:30. For tickets, call TR 3-1250.)

Kohon String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts. (Town Hall. Friday, April 26, at 5:30.)

Gianna d'Angelo—Soprano, in a benefit concert. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 26, at 8:30.)

Van Cliburn—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 27, at 8:30.)

Mary Judd—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 27, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

New Image of Sound—The fourth in a series of five programs of new music and contemporary arts, this one performed by the New York Ensemble, conducted by Gunther Schuller; Bethany Beardslee and Phyllis Bryn-Julson, sopranos; and Yuji Takahashi, piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, April 22, at 8:40.)

Benefit Concert—Abraham Kaplan directing a Ben-Haim/Bloch program, performed by the Camerata Singers and the *Orchestra of* America, with Raymond Smolover, tenor. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, April 24, at 8:30.)

Jazz/Folk/Rock/Etc.—The Mothers of Invention and James Cotton's blues band. (Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, April 19-20, at 8 and 11:30.)... ¶ Thelonious Monk and Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday, April 19, at 8:30.)... ¶ Rod McKuen. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 21, at 2:30.)... ¶ Traffic, Blue Cheer, and the Iron Butterfly. (Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, April 26-27, at 8 and 11:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **shea stadium**: Mets vs. San Francisco, Thursday, April 18, at 2:05.... ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, April 19, at 2:05; Saturday, April 20, at 2:15; and Sunday, April 21, at 1:05 (doubleheader).... ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 23-24, at 2:05.... **yankee stadium**: Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, April 26, at 8, and Saturday, April 27, at 2.

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Harlem River. Saturday, April 20.)... ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 27.)... ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 27.)... ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Ithaca. Saturday, April 27.)

Fencing—*International Fencing Tournament*—Friday, April 19, at 9 and 8: Men's individual foil.... ¶ Saturday, April 20, at 9 and 8: *Men's individual épée*.... ¶ *Sunday, April* 21, at 9 and 5: Men's individual sabre.... ¶ Sunday, April 21, at 7: Men's three-weapon team. (*New York Athletic Club*, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100.)

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Club Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, April 20-21.)

Hunt Racing—Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 20.)... ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 20.)... ¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 27.)

Racing—At **aqueduct**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 18. The Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 20; the Bed o' Roses Handicap, Wednesday, April 24; and the

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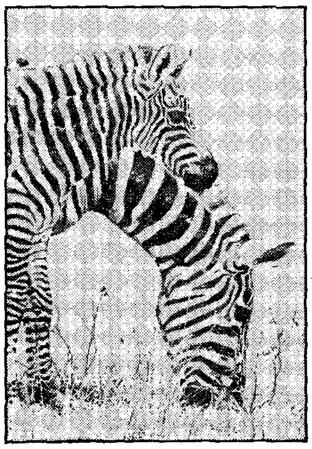

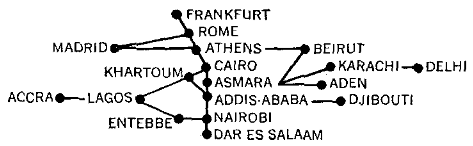

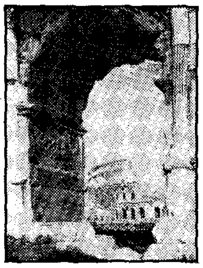

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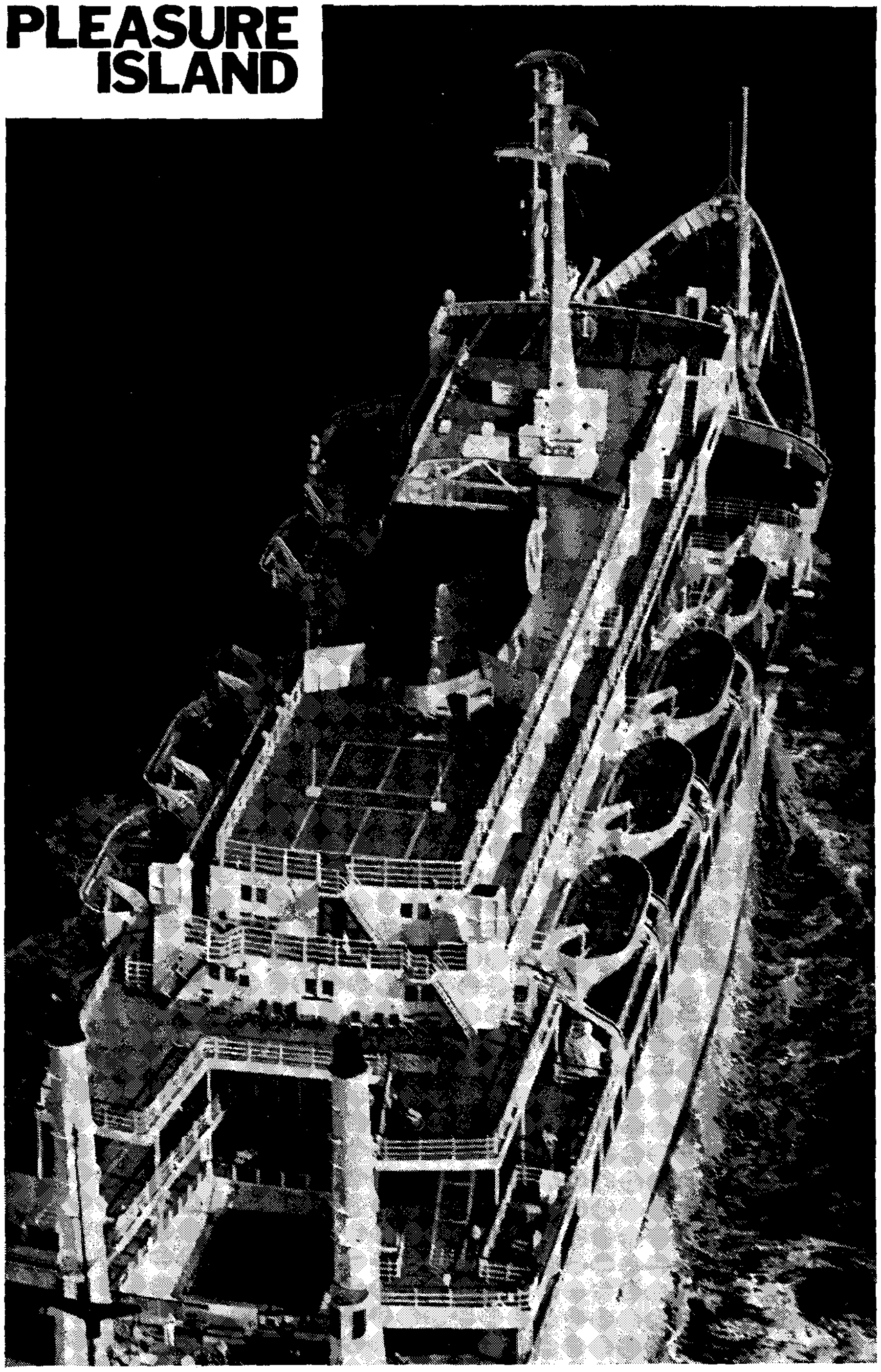

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, April 27. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Daily at 1:15; through Saturday, April 20. *The John B. Campbell Handicap,* Saturday, April 20. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:45, from Tuesday, April 23, through Thursday, May 30.

SOCCER—At Yankee Stadium—Generals vs. Toronto, Sunday, April 21, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Generals vs. Oakland, Wednesday, April 24, at 8.

TRACK—Boston Marathon, starting in Hopkinton, Mass. (Friday, April 19.) . . . ¶ Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 26-27.)

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, May 23. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, from Thursday, April 18, through Saturday, Nov. 16.

FOR CHILDREN

BALLET—Benefit performances of "Peter and the Wolf," by the American Ballet Theatre, with Cyril Ritchard, narrator. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Thursday through Saturday, April 18-20, at 11:30.)

OPERETTA—The Blue Hill Troupe presenting a benefit performance, primarily for children, of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Ruddigore." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 20, at 2:30. For tickets, call 737-5793, from 9 to 1.)

STAGE SHOWS—By BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTES: "Davy Jones' Locker," Thursday, April 18, and Saturday, April 20, at 1 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "Winnie-the-Pooh," Friday, April 19, and Sunday, April 21, at 1 and 3:30. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060.) . . . GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK: "The Wizard of Oz." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. Thursday through Sunday, April 18-21, at 1:30 and 3. For tickets, call MU 4-1230.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE: "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, April 27, at 2:30.) . . . PIXIE JUDY TROUPE: "The Littlest Clown." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Thursday through Sunday, April 18-21, at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . REPERTORY MUSICAL PRODUCTIONS: "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30, and Thursday and Friday, April 18-19, at 1:30. For tickets, call CH 3-6926.) . . . MARTIN STEVENS PUPPETS: "The Toymaker" and "Mr. Biggers." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Thursday through Saturday, April 18-20, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS: "Pinocchio," Saturdays at 1:30 and Thursday and Friday, April 18-19, at 1:15. . . . ¶ "Rapunzel and the Wicked Wizard," Saturdays at 3 and Thursday and Friday, April 18-19, at 2:45. . . . ¶ "Comedy of Magic," Sunday, April 21, at 2:30. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.) . . . TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "Cinderella." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Thursday, April 18, at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The Many Faces of the Sun." (Thursday and Friday, April 18-19, at 10, 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 7:30. Thereafter, Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

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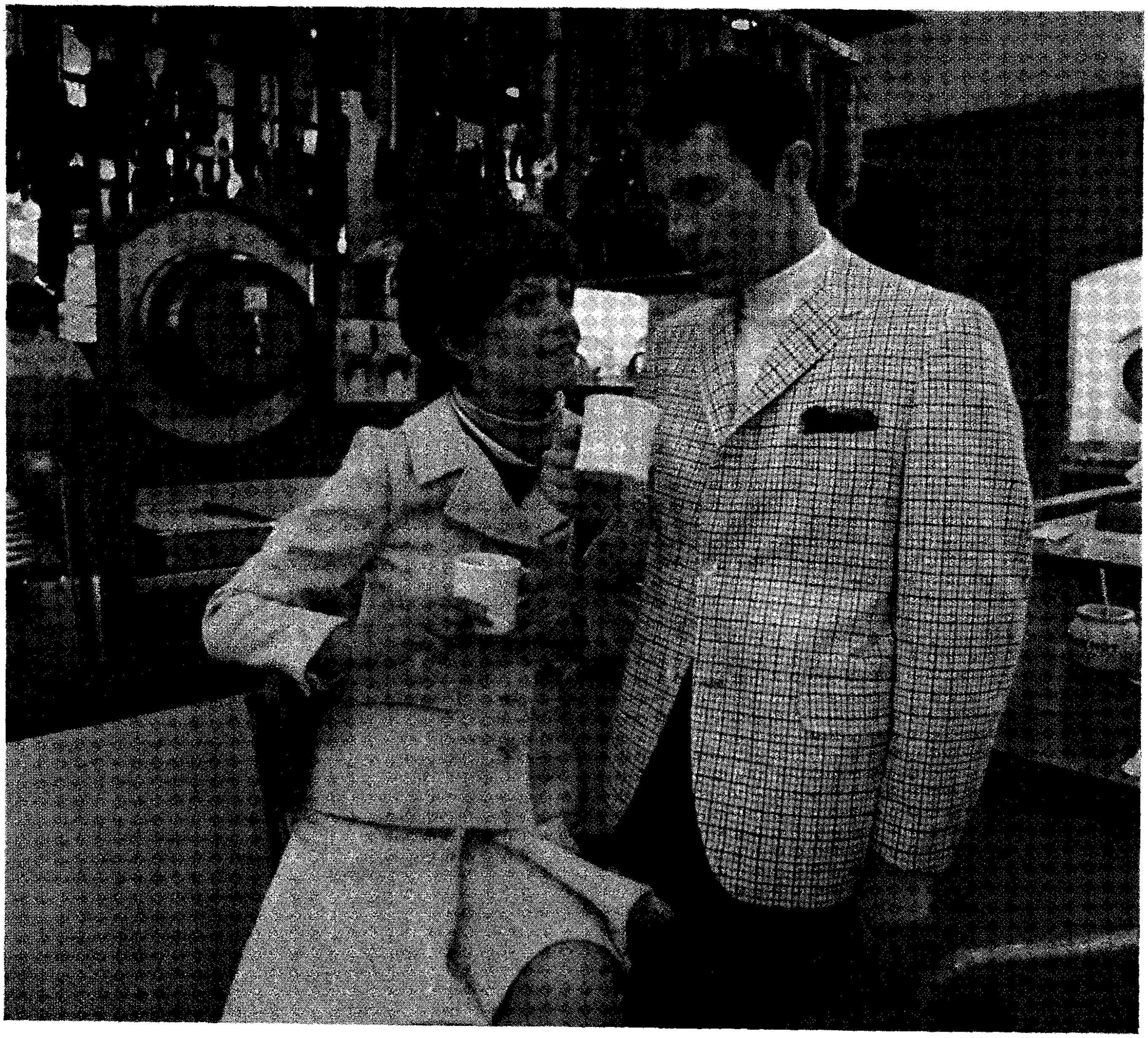

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tiny village, and the other inhabitants include monkeys, deer, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.) . . . ¶ At the **BRONX ZOO:** Junior-size fauna—lambs, kids, mice, prairie dogs, and such—for junior-size zoologists. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—The twenty-second session of the General Assembly is tentatively scheduled to reconvene on Wednesday, April 24. In the meantime, there will be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Robert Lowell and Adrienne Rich reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, April 22, at 8:30.)

LECTURES—"The Causes of Human Aggression and Destructiveness," by Erich Fromm. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Tuesday, April 23, and Thursday, April 25, both at 8:30.)

FLOWER SHOWS—The annual Easter show in the main conservatory repeats the traditional white lily cross, and also includes a Dutch-bulb exhibit, featuring a street of Dutch shops, a windmill, canals, and fields of spring flowers. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4:30; through Sunday, April 21.) . . . ¶ The April Garden Show presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, April 24, from 12:30 to 4.)

WALKING TOURS—"The Town House and the Private Palace," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, April 21, at 2:30. Meets at 86th St. and Fifth Ave. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, April 18, at 1:45: English and Continental sterling and silver plate from various owners. . . . ¶ Friday, April 19, at 10:30 and 1:45: American nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 20, at 1:45: American furniture and decorations, from many sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 23, at 8, and Wednesday, April 24, at 1:45 and 8: Part IV of the Thomas Winthrop Streeter collection of Americana, comprising documents, maps, and other material relating to Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas, the Rocky Mountains, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Utah and the Mormons, Nevada, California through 1849, Pacific voyages, and the cattle trade. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 25, at 10:30 and 1:45: Old-master and Barbizon paintings, from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 20.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—April 18 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Public Enemy" (1931), with James Cagney and Jean Harlow. . . . ¶ April 19 at 2 and 5:30: "A Nous la Liberté" (1932), a René Clair film. . . . ¶ April 20 at 11:30: "Passion" (1919), with Pola Negri and Emil Jannings. . . . ¶ April 20 at 3 and 5:30: "King Kong" (1933), with Fay Wray. . . . ¶ April 21 at 2 and 5:30: "It Happened One Night" (1934), with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. . . . ¶ April 22 at 2 and 5:30: "The Informer" (1935), with Victor McLaglen. . . . ¶ April 23 at 2 and 5:30: "A Night at the Opera" (1935), with the Marx Brothers. . . . ¶ April 24 at 2 and 5:30: "Five Millions! Heir Wanted!" (1938), in German, with Heinz Ruehmann. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED HERE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24			

Bedazzled—An extremely funny demonstration of the folly of striking bargains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Eleanor Bron, and Peter Cook, who also wrote the screenplay. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Belle de Jour—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sado-masochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Bonnie and Clyde—Arthur Penn's lucidly observant story of two young robbers who become folk heroes of the Depression. Faye Dunaway plays Bonnie, ex-waitress; Warren Beatty is the debonair Clyde Barrow. One of the very few genuinely thoughtful movies in the use it makes of photographed violence. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; and Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through April 23. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting April 24.)

Camelot—The biggest P.-T.A. pageant of all time. Vanessa Redgrave and Richard Harris struggle valiantly not to seem puppets, but they are. Joshua Logan was the director of this Hollywood adaptation of the Broadway musical. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Thursday through Saturday, April 18-20, at 10:30, 2:30, and 8:30; Sunday, April 21, at 2:30 and 8; Monday and Tuesday, April 22-23, at 8:30; and Wednesday, April 24, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Charlie Bubbles—Albert Finney as a rich, young, incredibly famous English writer who feels blank and bored. The movie is calculated to produce the same sensations in the audience, and it does, it all too drearily does. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

La Chinoise—Jean-Luc Godard takes a playful but ultimately despairing look at the Red Guard thinking of a group of French boys and girls. An evocative, poetic up-to-the-minute comedy satire. In French. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Closely Watched Trains—A tragicomedy about a young lad who seeks to establish his manhood and quite innocently discovers it. The setting is a godforsaken railway station during the last war. A Czech film directed by Jiri Menzel. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874. . . . ¶ Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; April 18.)

A Dandy in Aspic—Espionage and angst, with Laurence Harvey as a homesick spy and Mia Farrow as a starved sex-kitten. An overproduced, glossily self-important thriller that promises more fun than it delivers. Directed by Anthony Mann. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Doctor Dolittle—For children, and only for children. Rex Harrison pretends that his extreme urbanity is not wasted on four-footed friends. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Thursday through Saturday, April 18-20, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30; Sunday, April 21, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, April 22-23, at 8:30; and Wednesday, April 24, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Elvira Madigan—A sad, sweet tale of young lovers crossed not by the stars but by their own earthbound helplessness. A movie of exceptional beauty, written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Fox—D. H. Lawrence's novella as it might have been interpreted in a girl's boarding school—but wasn't that "The Children's Hour"? Sandy Dennis and Anne Heywood are the ladies and Keir Dullea, voice lowered, is the marauding male. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Graduate—Dustin Hoffman is marvellous as a young man who would rather fall in love with his father's partner's daughter than commit adultery with his father's partner's wife. Katharine Ross is the daughter and Anne Bancroft the wife. The director is Mike Nichols. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Guess Who's Coming to Dinner—The ninth, and last, movie made by the famous team of Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. Directed by Stanley Kramer. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660. No afternoon performances Friday through Sunday, April 19-21.)

Half a Sixpence—Not so much a movie musical as an enormous disaster area. Tommy Steele wears out his toothsome smile in the first reel. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Thursday through Saturday, April 18-20, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30; Sunday, April 21, at 1:30, 5, and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, April 22-23, at 8:30; and Wednesday, April 24, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Hour of the Wolf—A very fine Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon one another, like "Persona" and "The Silence." Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his infected, deeply troubled wife. In Swedish. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

In Cold Blood—How two punks murdered four decent people and paid for their atrocious crime with their lives. Ingeniously adapted from the Capote original by Richard Brooks. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166.)

Planet of the Apes—One of the best science-fiction fantasies to come out of Hollywood in a decade. With Charlton Heston and Kim Hunter, directed by Franklin Schaffner. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Producers—For those who enjoy satire of the theatre enough to put up with Zero Mostel and much horseplay. Written and directed (sort of) by Mel Brooks. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Scalphunters—An entertaining Western that doesn't take itself too seriously. Burt Lancaster and Ossie Davis are buddies, and Shelley Winters and Telly Savalas are sweethearts, and under Sydney Pollack's direction they all perform with wit and—for them—restraint. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AG 9-1144.)

The Stranger—Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina in an ambitious, if finally unsuccessful, rendering by Luchino Visconti of the Camus novel. In French. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting April 19.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A funny but overlong satiric falsification of the Golden Twenties. Directed by George Roy Hill, with Julie Andrews, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, Carol Channing, and Beatrice Lillie. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

The Two of Us—Michel Simon is the rock that little Alain Cohen clings to in this simple and rather thin story about the friendship between an anti-Semitic old peasant and a Jewish child in Occupied France. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later, in a universe billions of years old where time and space shrink beyond the imaginings of Einstein. Kubrick introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Thursday and Friday, April 18-19, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30; Saturday, April 20, at 1:30 and 8:30; Sunday, April 21, at 1:30, 5, and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, April 22-23, at 8:30; and Wednesday, April 24, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Whisperers—Bryan Forbes' study of a lonely old woman in Manchester, played with nobility and pity by the great Edith Evans, who has done nothing finer since Ma Turner in the film of "Look Back in Anger." (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through April 23.)

REVIVALS

The African Queen (1952)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting April 24.)

Alphaville (1965)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Eddie Constantine and Anna Karina. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 22.)

Around the World in 80 Days (1956)—A Cook's tour, derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head the cast. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 23.)

Blow-Up (1966)—An account of the Mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by the poetic eye of Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through April 24. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting April 24.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 22.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's 1925 classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Thursday, April 18, at 9, 2, and 8; Friday, April 19, at 9, 2, and 8:30; Saturday, April 20, at 2 and 8:30; Sunday, April 21, at 2 and 8; Monday and Tuesday, April 22-23, at 8; and Wednesday, April 24, at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play, brought to life by the director, Peter Brook. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting April 24.)

La Notte (1962)—A portrait of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. In Italian. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting April 24.)

Persona (1967)—A study of the problem of identity. Directed by Ingmar Bergman and starring Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through April 23.)

Scorpio Rising (1966)—An account of the leather-jacketed motorcycle cult, directed and photographed by Kenneth Anger. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; through April 24.)

The War Game (1966)—A tract against the Third World War, directed by Peter Watkins. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through April 24.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
CHARLIE BUBBLES.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through April 23: **BONNIE AND CLYDE**; and "Look Back in Anger," revival, Richard Burton, Claire Bloom.
From April 24: **BLOW-UP**, revival; and **LA NOTTE** (in Italian), revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER. (On Friday through Sunday afternoons, April 19-21, "Gentle Giant," with Dennis Weaver and Vera Miles, will be shown instead.)

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
LA CHINOISE (in French).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through April 20: "And There Came a Man," Rod Steiger, Adolfo Celi.
From April 21: "Le Départ" (in French), Jean-Pierre Léaud.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
HOUR OF THE WOLF (in Swedish).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"I'll Never Forget What's 'Isname," Orson Welles, Oliver Reed.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Party," Peter Sellers.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE PRODUCERS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
BEDAZZLED.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," Barry Evans.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
A DANDY IN ASPIC.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
THE GOLD RUSH, revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through April 23: "In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.
From April 24: "A Stranger in Town," Tony Anthony.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
PLANET OF THE APES.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through April 23: "Will Penny," Charlton Heston, Joan Hackett. (On Friday through Sunday afternoons, April 19-21, "Gentle Giant," with Dennis Weaver and Vera Miles, will be shown instead.)
From April 24: To be announced.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
THE SCALPHUNTERS.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
Through April 24: **SCORPIO RISING**, revival; and "Chafed Elbows," revival, a Robert Downey film.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 23: **THE WHISPERERS**; and **PERSONA** (in Swedish), revival.
From April 24: **MARAT/SADE**, revival; and **THE AFRICAN QUEEN**, revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS, a Czechoslovakian film.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Accattone!" (in Italian).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
IN COLD BLOOD.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
"In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger; and "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," revival, Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through April 23: "Will Penny," Charlton Heston, Joan Hackett. (On Friday through Sunday afternoons, April 19-21, "Gentle Giant," with Dennis Weaver and Vera Miles, will be shown instead.)
From April 24: To be announced.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
HALF A SIXPENCE.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
DOCTOR DOLITTLE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through April 23: "Madigan," Richard Widmark, Henry Fonda.
From April 24: Theatre closed.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
CAMELOT.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
PLANET OF THE APES.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The One and Only, Genuine, Original Family Band," Walter Brennan, Buddy Ebsen.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE FOX.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Young Girls of Rochefort" (in French), Catherine Deneuve, George Chakiris.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Benjamin" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 24: **BLOW-UP**, revival; and **THE WAR GAME**, revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 23: **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS**, revival.
From April 24: **BONNIE AND CLYDE**; and "Firecreek," James Stewart, Henry Fonda.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through April 21: Four programs in a series called "Return of the Silent Era."
From April 22: **ALPHAVILLE** and **BREATHLESS** (both in French and both revivals).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
April 18: **CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS**, a Czechoslovakian film.
From April 19: **THE STRANGER** (in French).

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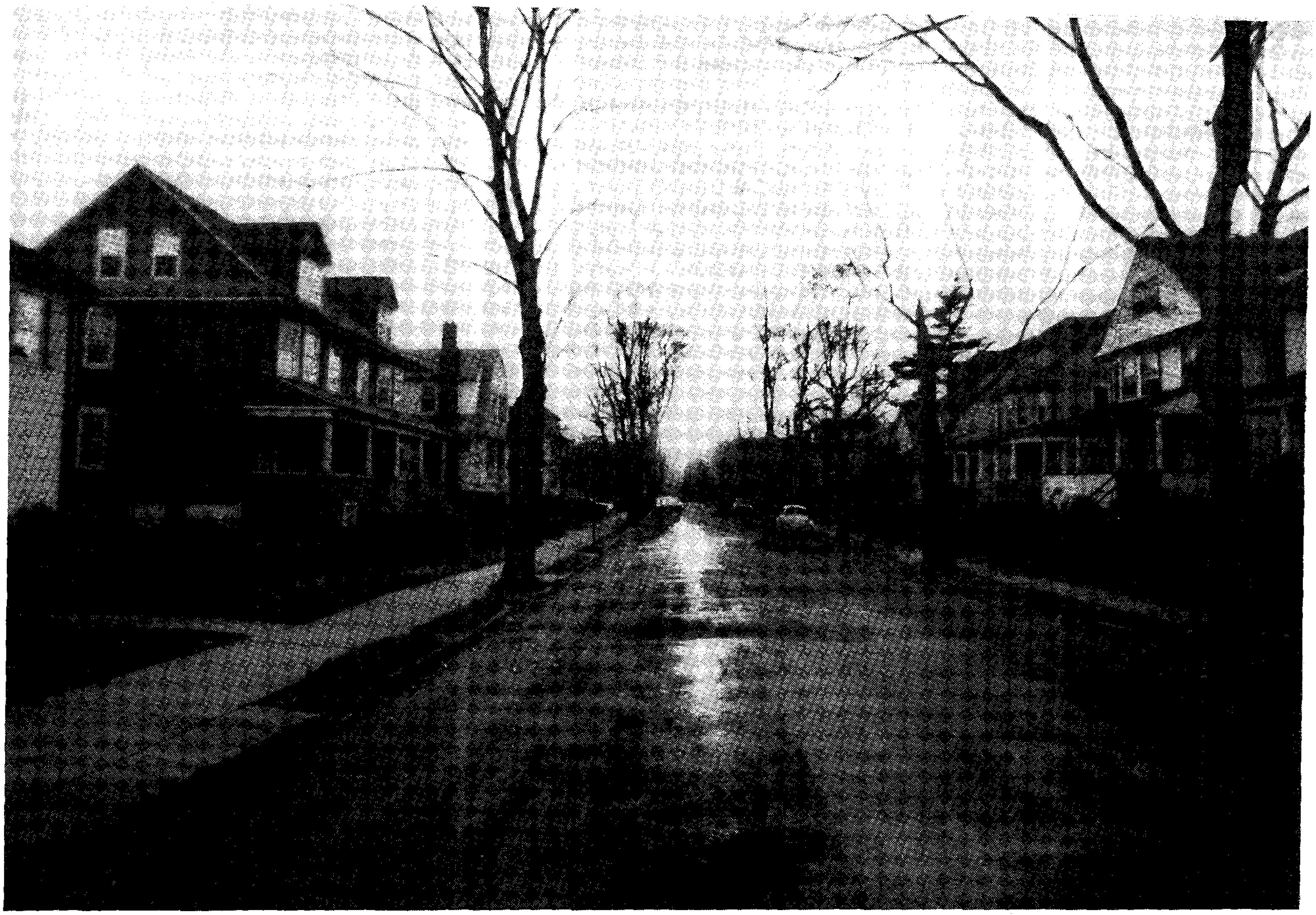
of fine tailoring, chooses spring-weight dacron® polyester-and-wool suiting in solid grey, grey chalk stripe, black-and-white glen plaid, 120.00 From our collection, 110.00 to 150.00 The Man's Shop, Lord & Taylor



Remember when home was your street?
And you knew who lived in every house?
Go home this weekend.
Long Distance is the next best thing to being there.

Now the low rate of $1 or less* is in effect all day Saturday as well as all day Sunday.
(*Three-minute, station-to-station interstate call, anywhere in the continental U.S., except Alaska, plus tax.)

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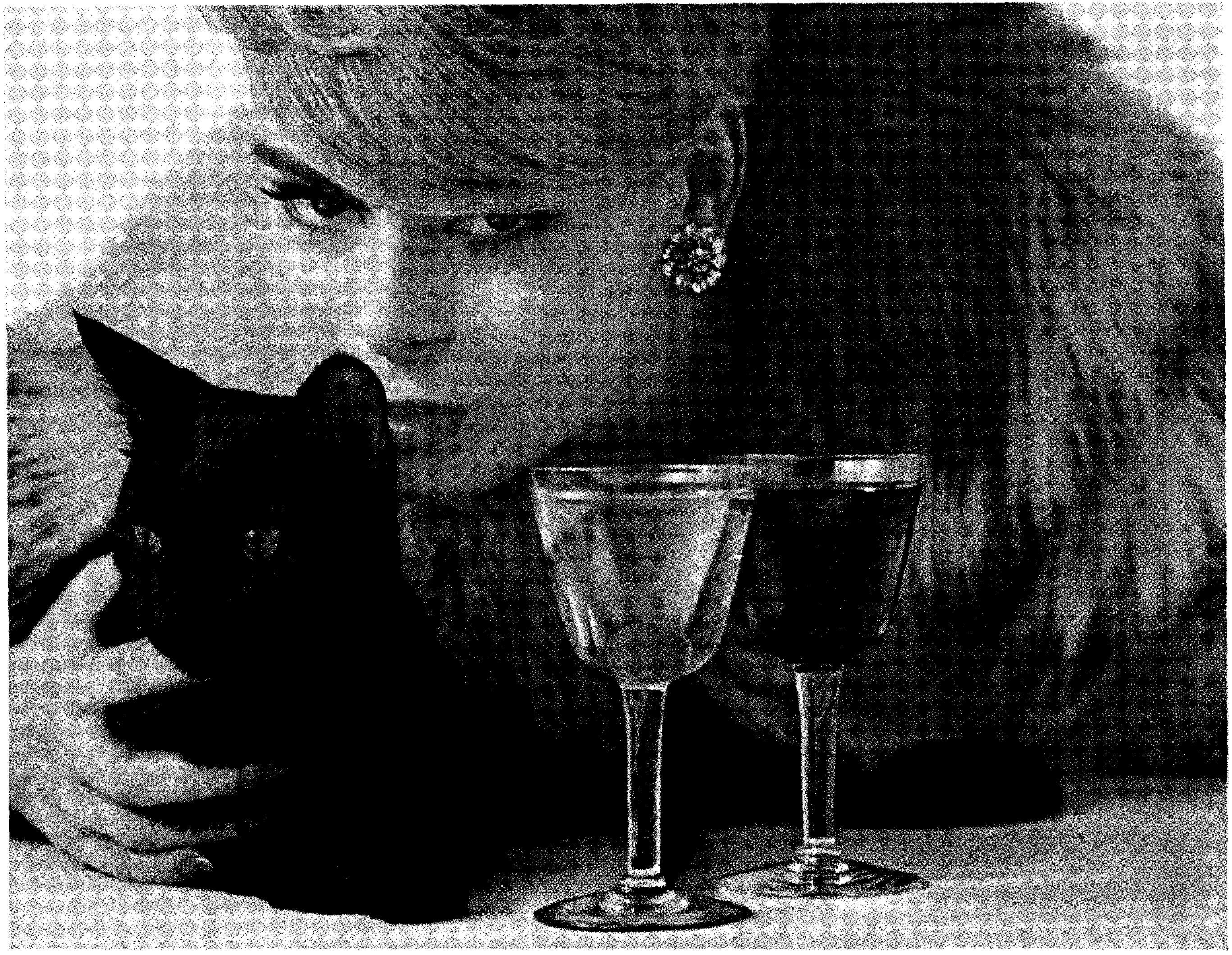
and Associated Companies

For cocktails that purr... the gentle touch of Martini & Rossi Imported Vermouth. Extra Dry for silken smooth Martinis, Sweet for superb Manhattans. This serene Vermouth* is the nation's favorite—naturally!

*Happy afterthought: Martini & Rossi is great straight on the rocks.



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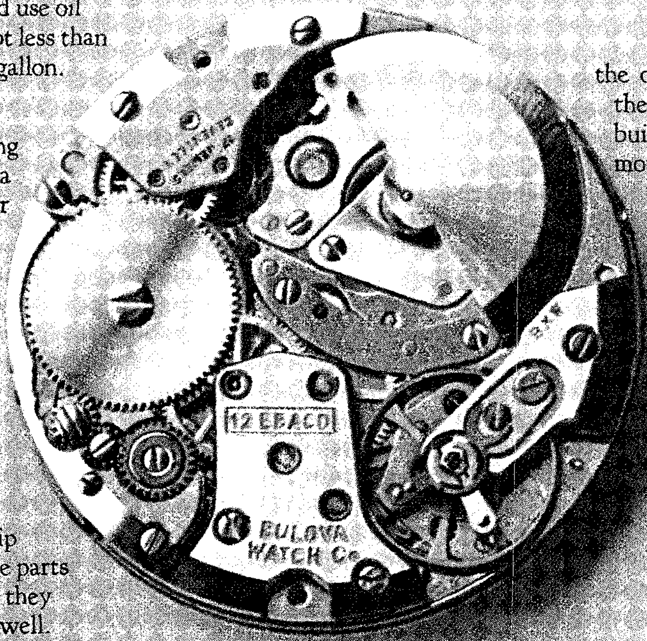
OUTSIDE THE U.S. AND CANADA IT'S CALLED MARTINI VERMOUTH

Here are 19 ways we could skimp on this Bulova Watch.



1. We could use oil that costs a lot less than $7,000 a gallon.

2. We could stop covering many key surfaces with a corrosion-resistant layer of nickel.

3. We could skip removing burrs from every part of the movement.

4. We could stop cleaning movements ultrasonically.

5. We could skip polishing some of the parts you never see, but they wouldn't work as well.

6. We could have parts exposed instead of protectively encased.

7. We don't have to use more gold on the case than government standards require. But a case wears better that way, especially around the edges.

8. We could hand-polish the case instead of diamond-polishing it, but it wouldn't be as lustrous.

9. We could use steel tools instead of expensive diamond tools to cut the bevel edge, but the edge wouldn't be as smooth.

10. We could test every tenth watch for waterproofness instead of every watch.

11. We could *add* the oscillating weight onto the movement instead of building it right into the movement, but it would make the watch bulky.

12. We could use a guard pin that's easier to make but doesn't fit as well.

13. We could stop using a precision hairspring and buy one of lesser quality.

14. We could spend less on the shock-resistance unit, but it wouldn't take shocks as well as this one.

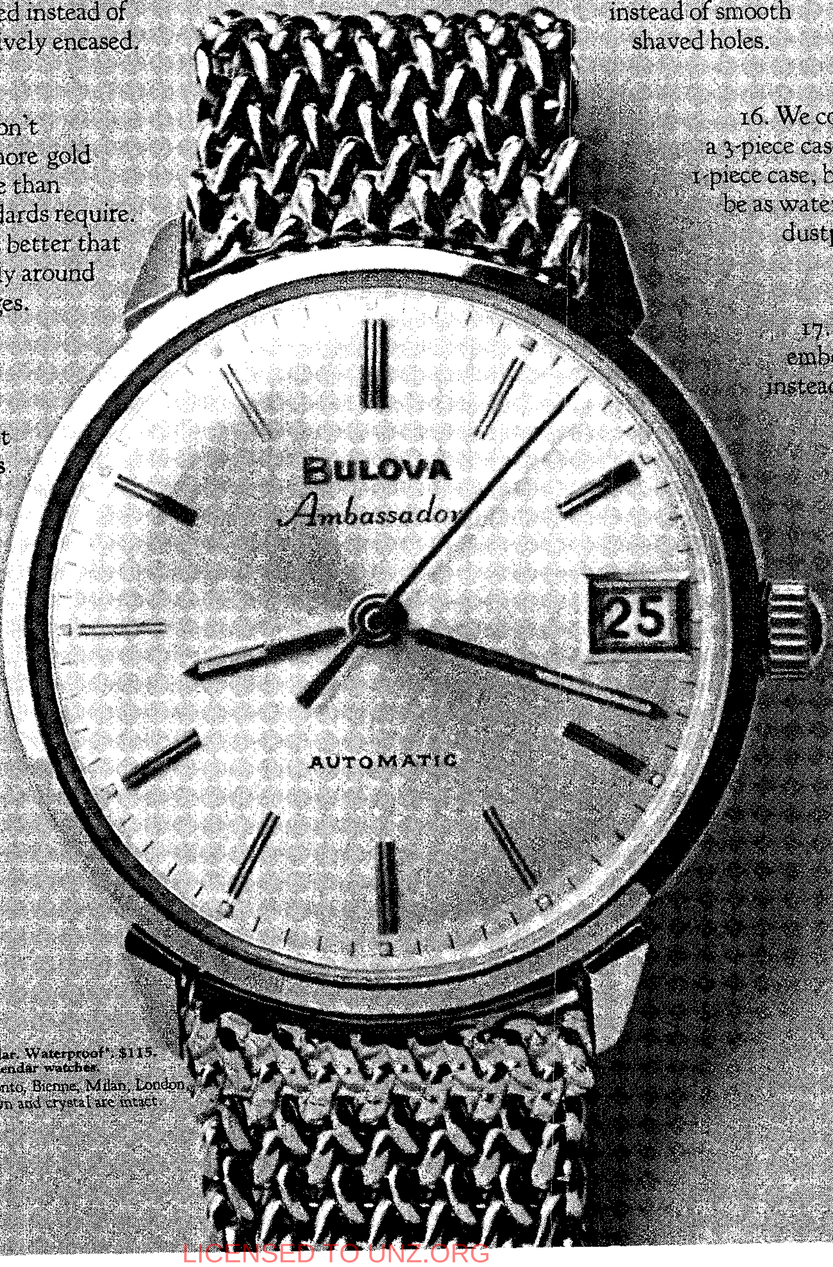
15. We could make crude punched holes instead of smooth shaved holes.

16. We could make a 3-piece case instead of a 1-piece case, but it wouldn't be as waterproof* and dustproof*.

17. We could use embossed numerals instead of hand-applied numerals.

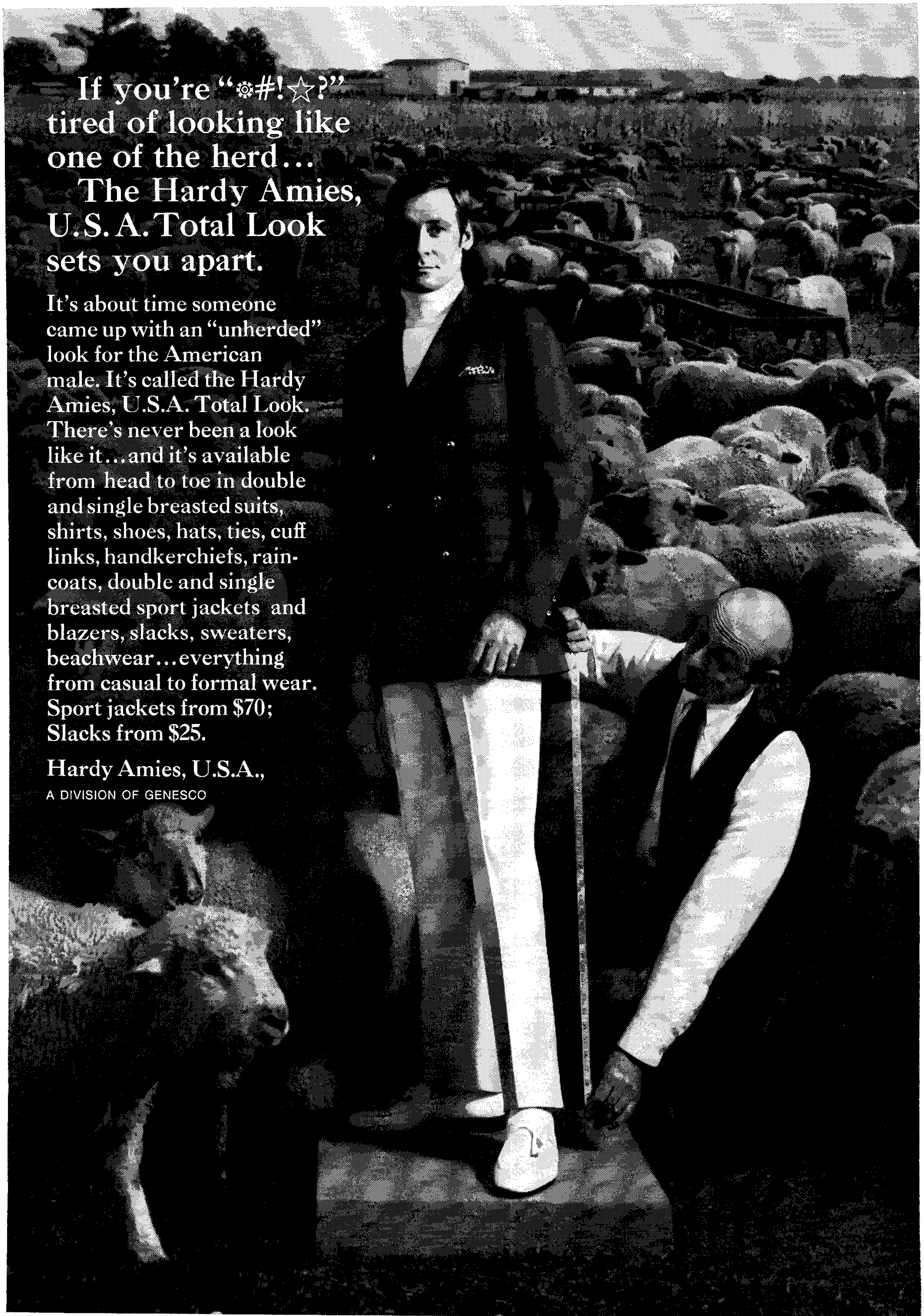
18. We could skip hand-polishing the numerals and hands, but why skimp now?

19. We could skip hand-brushing the dial, but then the face wouldn't be as beautiful.



When you know what makes a watch tick, you'll buy a Bulova.

Ambassador "Y" 17 Jewels. Automatic. Calendar. Waterproof*. $115.
See your jeweler for his selection of Bulova calendar watches.
Bulova Watch Company, Inc., New York, Toronto, Bienne, Milan, London, Frankfurt, Hong Kong. 1968. / *When case, crown and crystal are intact.



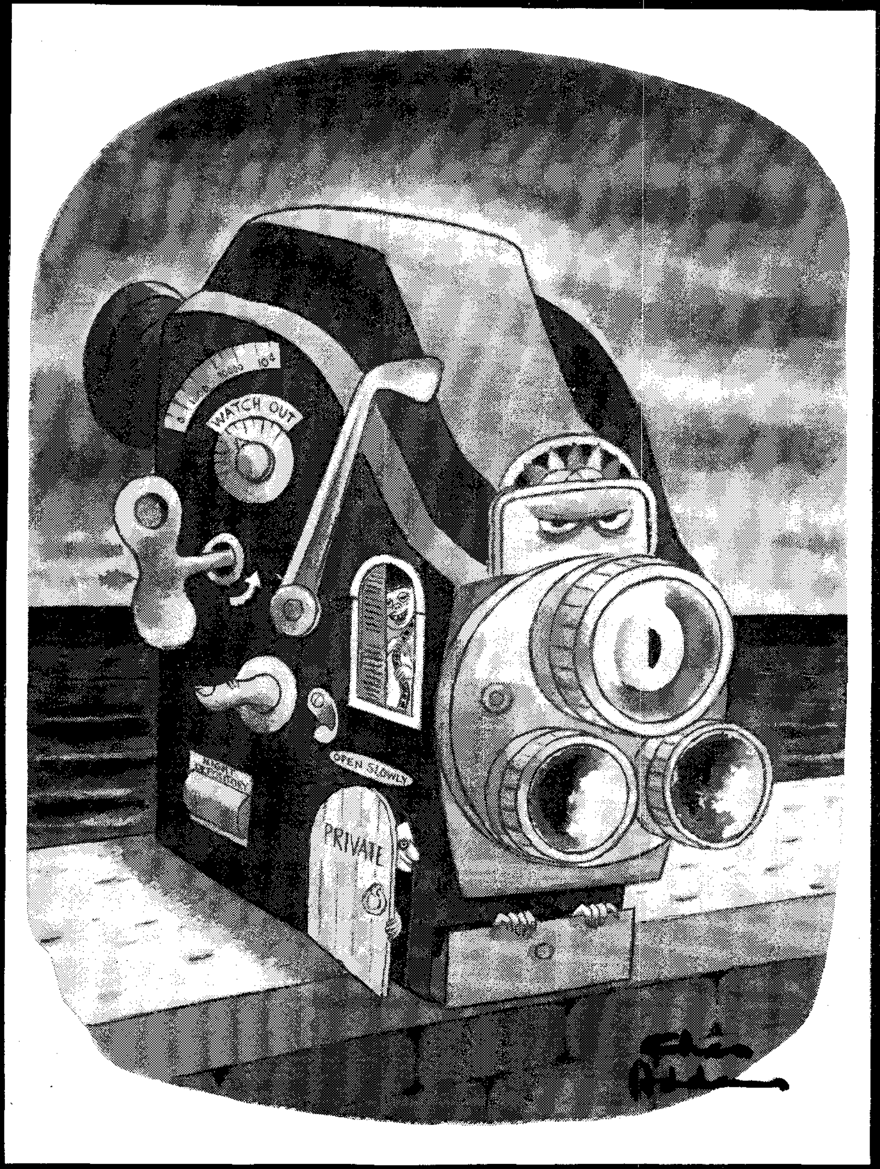
If you're "☼#!☆?" tired of looking like one of the herd… The Hardy Amies, U.S.A. Total Look sets you apart.

It's about time someone came up with an "unherded" look for the American male. It's called the Hardy Amies, U.S.A. Total Look. There's never been a look like it…and it's available from head to toe in double and single breasted suits, shirts, shoes, hats, ties, cuff links, handkerchiefs, raincoats, double and single breasted sport jackets and blazers, slacks, sweaters, beachwear…everything from casual to formal wear. Sport jackets from $70; Slacks from $25.

Hardy Amies, U.S.A.,
A DIVISION OF GENESCO

AVAILABLE IN: **NEW YORK:** ROGER KENT; **PHILADELPHIA:** ROGER KENT; **BOSTON:** ROGER KENT; **SAN FRANCISCO:** ROOS/ATKINS; **WASHINGTON, D.C.:** BRUCE HUNT; **NEW ORLEANS:** GODCHAUX'S; **ALLENTOWN, PA.:** HESS BROS.; **DETROIT:** J. L. HUDSON CO.; **HONOLULU:** LIBERTY HOUSE; **LOS ANGELES:** MAY CO.; **SAN DIEGO:** MAY CO.; **SPRINGFIELD, ILL.:** MYERS BROS.; **HOUSTON:** SAKOWITZ; **WICHITA:** WM. DODSON.

Remember when movie cameras were big, expensive, and mysterious?


WATCH OUT
OPEN SLOWLY
PRIVATE

Kodak

Kodak has changed all that.

INSTAMATIC
Kodak
M 12

We made it palm-size.

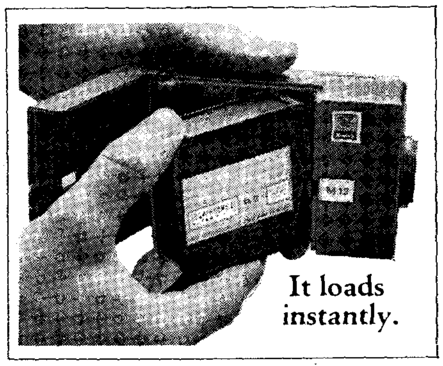
The only thing that stayed the same is that it's still called a movie camera.

But other than that, the Kodak Instamatic movie camera comes from a whole new breed.

It's small. Fits right in your palm.

It doesn't cost much. The Kodak Instamatic M12 movie camera is less than $30. In its outfit with Kodachrome film, wrist strap and batteries, less than $35.

And it's anything but mysterious. You just drop in the film cartridge and shoot until your 50 feet are used up. Never needs winding.

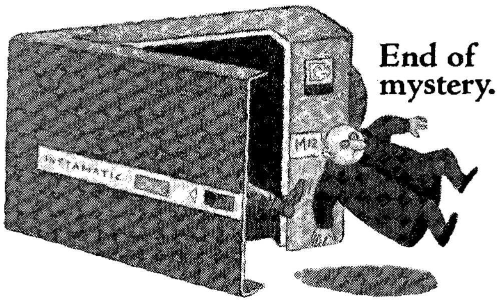


It loads instantly.

There's another nice change. The movies are super 8, which means a brighter, sharper picture on your screen than with regular 8mm.

There's a wide range of Kodak movie cameras and super 8 projectors (which you need for super 8 movies). Drop in at your Kodak dealer's and see what's happened to movie cameras.

We're pretty sure you'll like what you see.

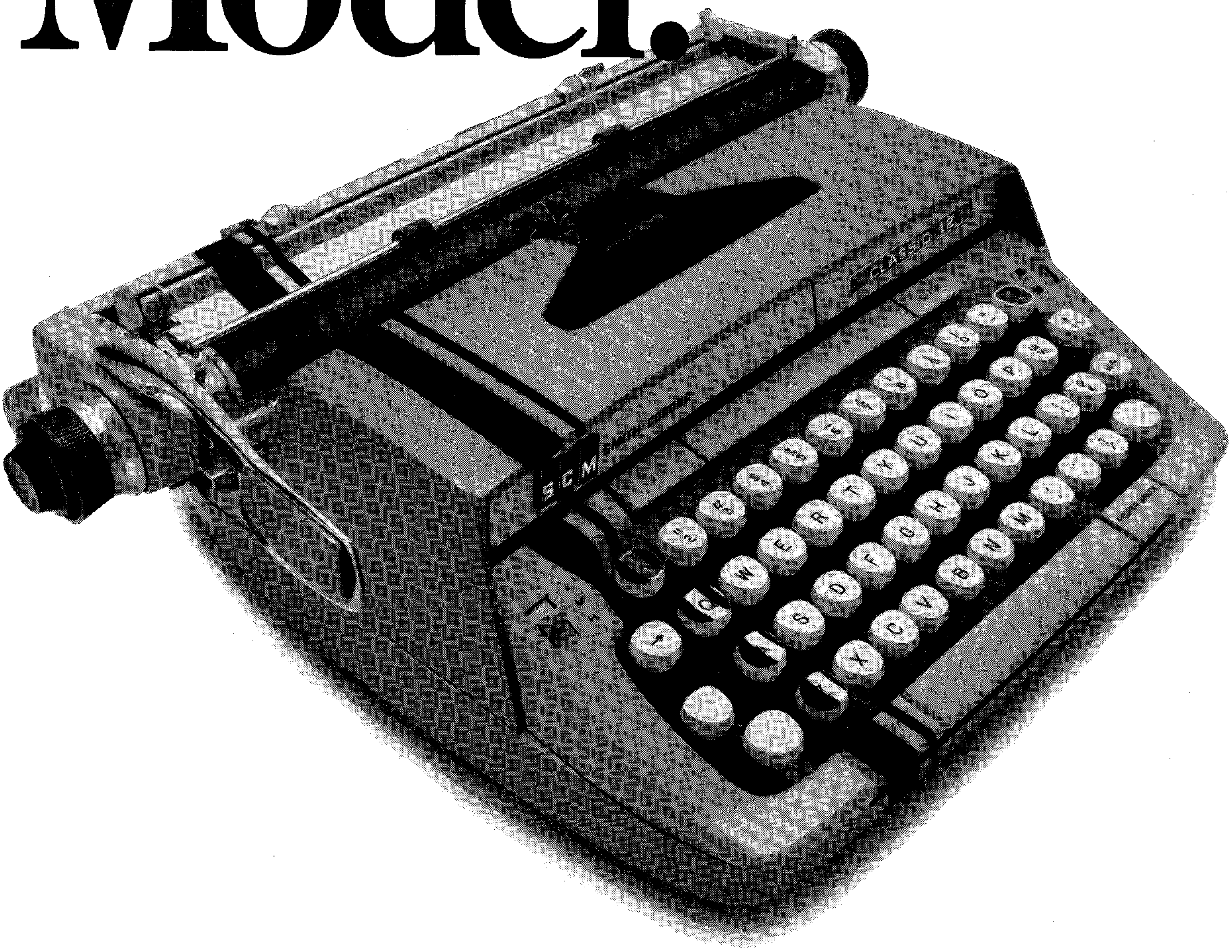


End of mystery.

Kodak Instamatic® movie cameras. From less than $30.

Prices subject to change without notice.

Grand Prix Model.



You get better mileage with the '68 Smith-Corona.

The Classic™ 12 is our top-of-the-line manual portable. We don't sell it with a racing stripe. But after a while, you may think it deserves one. The Classic 12 combines stamina, strength and speed. It even has a special Power Space™ mechanism that you'd expect to find only on an electric.

All Smith-Corona portable typewriters are built like the finest automobiles. Built to run smooth and easy. Designed to keep the carriage moving along more evenly. So lines stay straight. And each letter is perfectly spaced.

No matter what kind of typewriter you need—manual or electric, remember the one with better mileage built right in. The 1968 Smith-Corona. At your dealer's showroom now.

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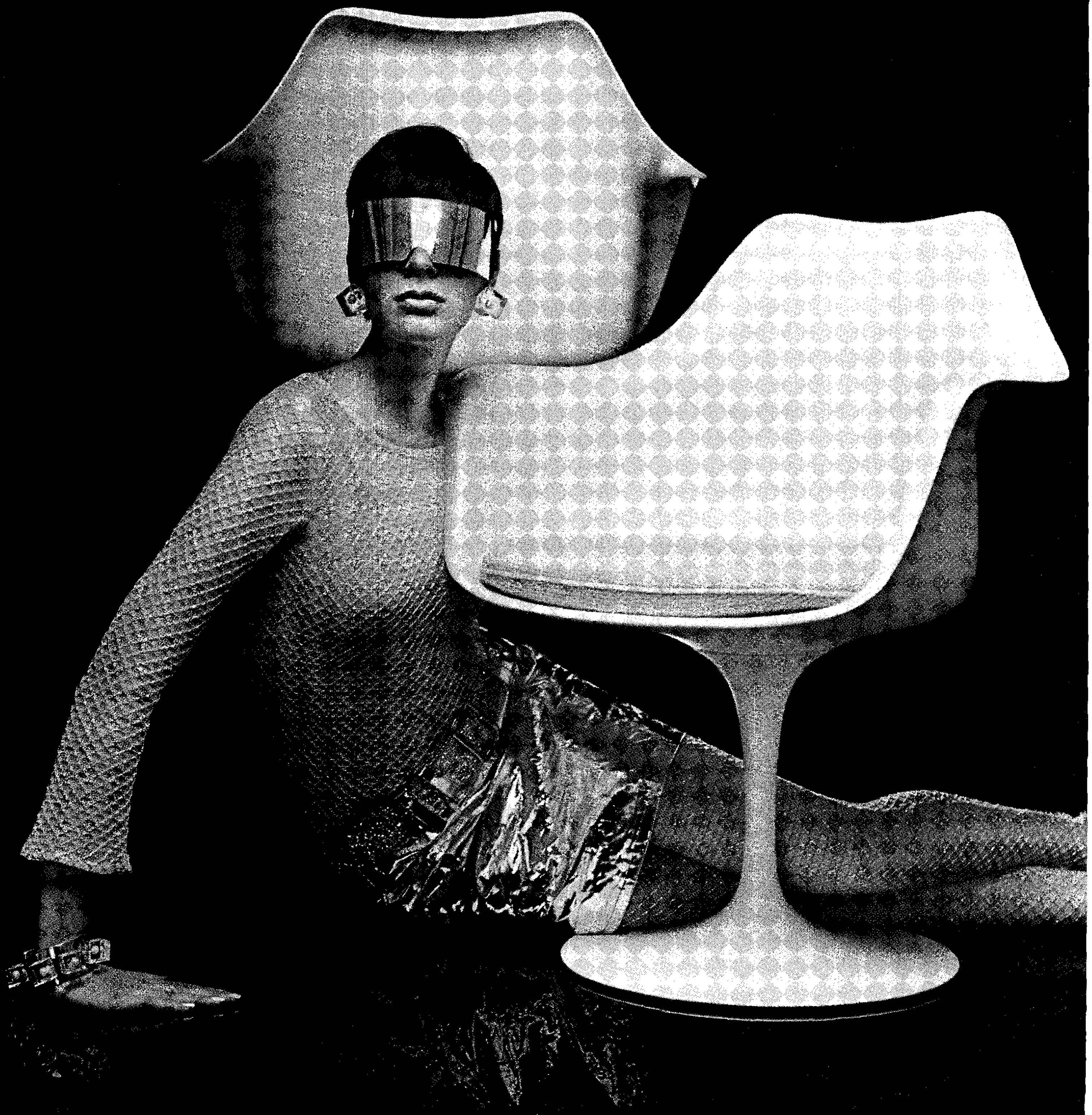
Smith-Corona® Portables

SCM®

Eero Saarinen designed the Pedestal Chair for Knoll Associates.
See it at the Museum of Modern Art in New York or
Knoll Showrooms in 28 countries.



Knoll Associates, Inc., Furniture and Textiles, 320 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

The Toast. (I).

The beginning of an inquiry into that ancient and honorable custom among men: The Toast. Sponsored by the great Carlsberg Breweries of Copenhagen, Denmark.

There is about the toast, *says one authority,* a quality as pleasant as a handshake, as warm as a kiss. It all began thousands of years ago when nomadic tribesmen toasted each other with their local brew to celebrate a great kill. The old Norsemen drank toasts to their departed loved ones and liked the idea so much, they began to drink toasts to their undeparted loved ones, and eventually to anyone who happened to be around.

Greeks and Egyptians used the toast to seal a treaty. The Saxon, possibly the bravest of toasters, proved his love for a lady in a rather unique way. He drew his dagger across his forehead, permitted the blood to drip into his cup, and then drank the mixture.

Probably the tipsiest toasters were the noblest Romans of them all. At great Roman feasts numerous toasts were drunk to the Emperor. Since Roman banquets were mass affairs, and toasts were also drunk to all the dignitaries present, it's easy to understand why affluent Romans rested on couches throughout dinner.

The Roman variety, or the lying down toast, made little impression through the length and breadth of the civilized world. Toasters continued to use the basic form, the standing toast, till some time past the middle of the 17th Century.

Mark that century well. It is of prime importance to those of us steeped in the lore of toasting. Consider these events:

(1) Charles II of England, rising in response to a toast offered him in a Royal Mess Hall, bashed his head on a low beam. Dazed, the good king slumped back in his chair and muttered that henceforth the seated toast would do just as well.

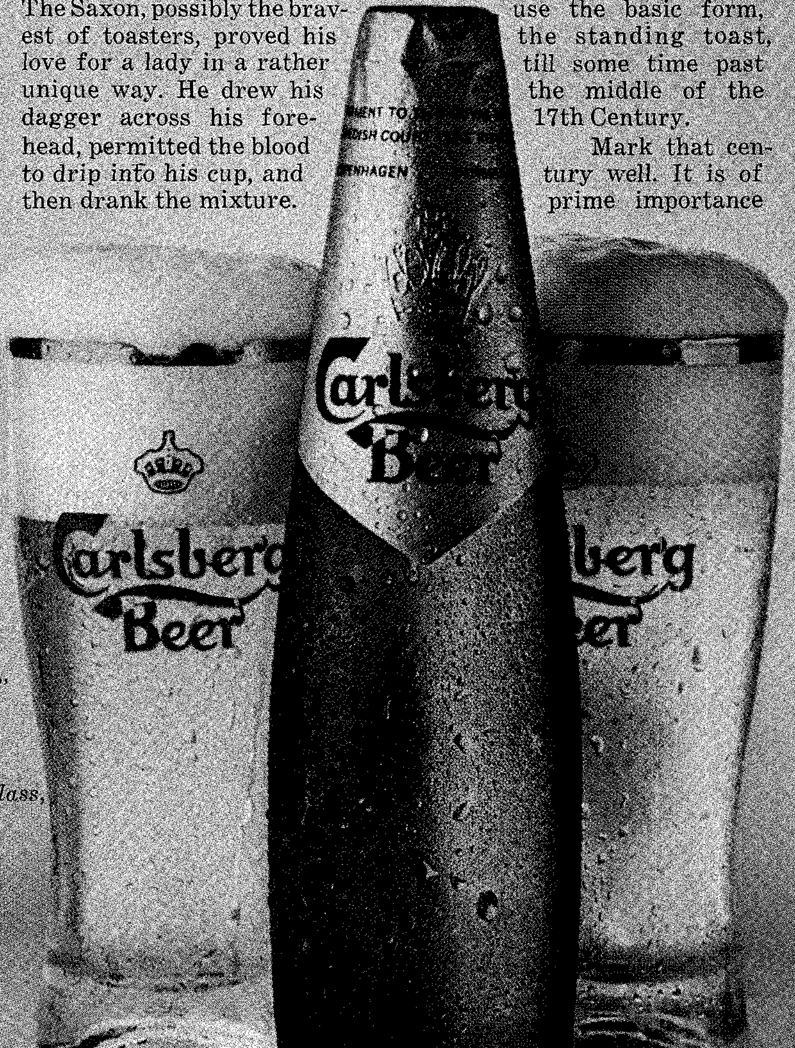
(2) During the 17th Century, the toast achieved its proper name: The Toast. It came about quite simply from the practice of putting a piece of warmed bread in wine to enhance its flavor. (We do not, incidentally, recommend the same practice for beer.)

The course of our impeccably objective researches on toasting has led us to the discovery of one perfect beverage fit for everyday toasting; for special occasion toasting or even for solitary contemplation of the good life.

That beverage, to reduce the suspense, is Carlsberg—the glorious beer of Copenhagen, Denmark. Carlsberg is an extraordinary beer. A mellow, flavorful beer. Try it. Discover how it moves the mind to wit and poetry; the soul to romance.

And to aid you in all of these discoveries, this current series of Carlsberg advertisements will present short discourses on philosophical, romantic, humorous and divers other forms of toasting.

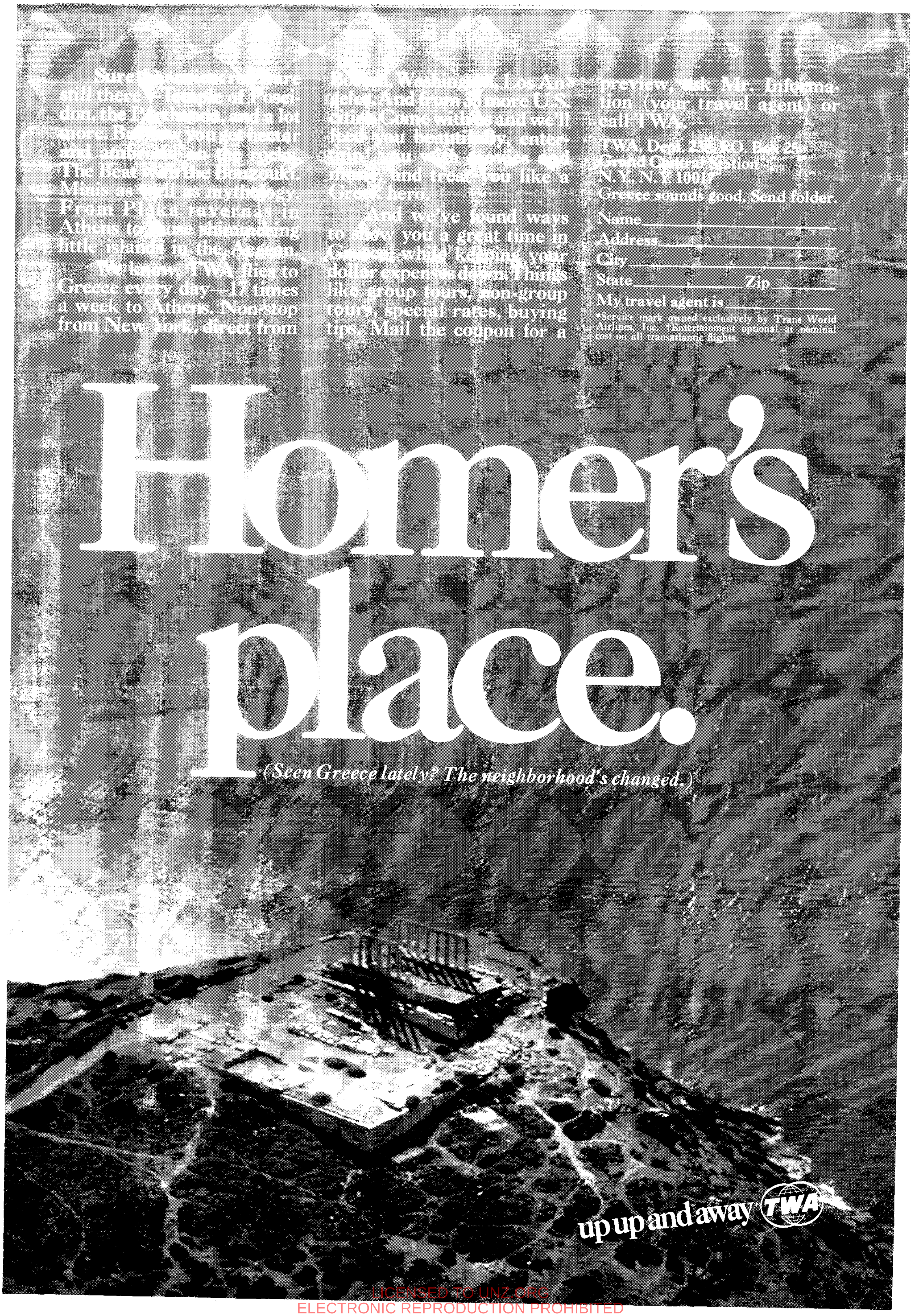
In the meantime, to inspire you to compose your own toasts, and to grant you the right to compose toasts upon any occasion, we have a free Poetic License for you. It comes inscribed with your own name on parchment-type paper suitable for framing. Write to Carlsberg Poetic License, 600 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C. 10022. Enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.



"A votre santé."

"You've got class, Jonathan."

CARLSBERG AGENCY, INC., 104 E. 40TH ST., NEW YORK 10016



Surely [illegible] are still there. Temple of Poseidon, the Parthenon, and a lot more. But now you get nectar and ambrosia on the rocks. The Beat with the Bouzouki. Minis as well as mythology. From Plaka tavernas in Athens to those shimmering little islands in the Aegean.

We know. TWA flies to Greece every day—17 times a week to Athens. Non-stop from New York, direct from Boston, Washington, Los Angeles. And from 30 more U.S. cities. Come with us and we'll feed you beautifully, entertain you with movies and music, and treat you like a Greek hero.

And we've found ways to show you a great time in Greece while keeping your dollar expenses down. Things like group tours, non-group tours, special rates, buying tips. Mail the coupon for a preview, ask Mr. Information (your travel agent) or call TWA.

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Greece sounds good. Send folder.

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My travel agent is____________

*Service mark owned exclusively by Trans World Airlines, Inc. †Entertainment optional at nominal cost on all transatlantic flights.

Homer's place.

(Seen Greece lately? The neighborhood's changed.)

Super-sheer makeup.

Essential to the present look of curls and waistlines—the new fashion for "pretty." More fluff and sheerness to face powder and makeup; lipsticks, no more than thin shining stains of color.

Germaine Monteil

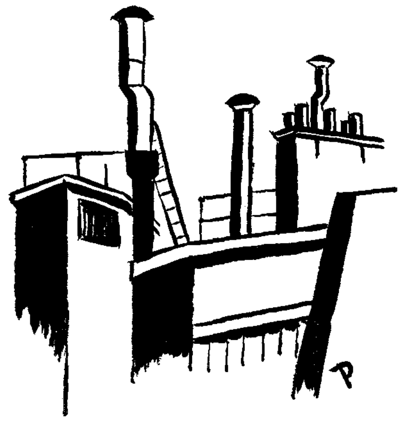
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

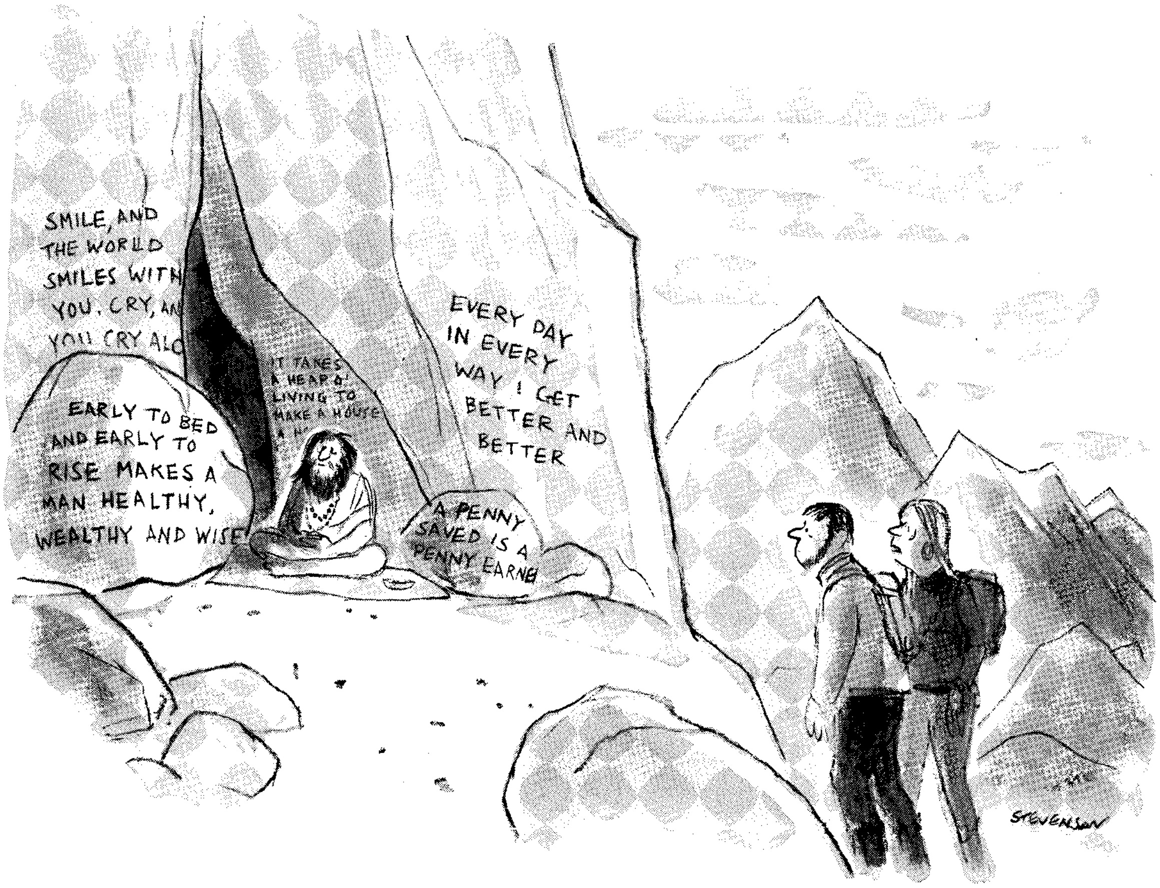
Notes and Comment

WAFTED by an ill wind, the vapors of a nerve gas undergoing tests at an Army proving ground in western Utah have killed more than six thousand sheep that were grazing in a valley about twenty-five miles distant, and we pay our respects to the fallen animals. We do so by contemplating briefly the use of power, because the senseless slaughter of sheep, it seems to us, affords an eminently proper occasion for such meditation. We realize that doing this may imply a certain censure of the Army, but it is not in our mind to charge the military experimenters with having perpetrated a premeditated act. We find it difficult, however, to construe the murder of the sheep as accidental, which, to judge by press accounts, is both the popular and the official assumption. In our view, the nerve gas was designed to incapacitate, and it accomplished its mission when it laid low the unheeding flocks. Had the gas been conceived as a surgical anesthetic, or as some other benevolent tool, we would think differently, but it was not, and so, as far as we are concerned, the ovine massacre was to be expected. It was no more an accident, in our opinion, than the recent scattering of fissionable materials on the Greenland icecap or the repeated occasions in Vietnam when American (and, presumably, North Vietnamese) artillerymen shell friendly troops and civilians. In the routinely lethal environment (so ably democratized by willing scientists) in which all of us are at present called upon to survive, it is safety that is becoming the accident. The wonder—the *accident*—of it all is that more men, and sheep, are not abruptly dispatched. *Avete atque valete, O oves Utahienses!*

THE most striking thing about the three all-time-record trading days on the Stock Exchange in the past two weeks was not that they occurred—observers of the market had seen such days coming for a couple of years, and had been wondering only how and when they would come—but that they occurred as a favorable response to portents of peace. Peace news has by no means always been considered bullish on Wall Street. As Eliot Janeway says in his book "The Economics of Crisis," "America's wars seem to have paid not only somebody but usually almost everybody." Accordingly, every war in the country's history has been followed by a business recession or a stock-market slump, or both, and in recent times it has been one of Wall Street's less engaging maxims that the slightest breath of international reconciliation, not to mention international amity, is a signal to go into a panic and unload everything. To be sure, the rule is not hard and fast (the market was mildly buoyed by the end of the Second World War, and seemed almost indifferent to the end of the Korean conflict), but what looked like a fixed pattern emerged in the Cold War years of the late fifties, when, over and over again, any hint that the U.S.S.R. and the United States might be on the verge of agreeing not to obliterate each other in the near future was described unblushingly in Wall Street literature as a "peace scare" and was roundly greeted with a crash of stock prices—reflexes that led some observers addicted to logical thought to believe that the market had lost its mind. Now that the pattern has been reversed, it is a temptation—to which we find ourself prone—to congratulate the market on a sort of spiritual conversion. This is pathetic fallacy; the market cannot be converted, because it has no soul. It represents pure self-interest—or, at least, a self-interest as pure as its millions of humanly fallible participants can achieve—and that, of course, is what it is supposed to represent. If Adam Smith's Invisible Hand were to abandon its neutral, strictly functional role and start trying to bestow blessings like a bishop, things would quickly be in a mess. There are, we are told, economic reasons that peace has become bullish. In a country with a strong currency, such as the United States was for almost a century up until near the end of the fifties, international reconciliation is, generally speaking, bad business news, because war or the threat of it keeps people and machinery busy, but in a country with a shaky currency, such as the United States is right now, the same thing is good news, because the country can't afford war without tightening its belt to an uncomfortable degree. Soft currencies make high-minded markets.



At three-twenty on the afternoon of the second record-breaking day (a soul-stirring spring afternoon, by the way), some five and a half hours after Hanoi's first, encouraging reply to President Johnson and ten minutes before closing time at the Stock Exchange, we stood in the middle of that soulless marketplace. (We were in the Members' Gallery.) The day's volume of trading had just passed the nineteen-million-share mark, easily breaking all records, and the Dow-Jones industrial average was up about half a dozen points for the day. The quotation figures were dancing a jig across the lighted screens above the floor. The men on the floor were giving vent at intervals to shouts and loud whistles. One of them had devised some sort of launcher from which, now and again,


SMILE, AND THE WORLD SMILES WITH YOU. CRY, AN YOU CRY ALO
EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE MAKES A MAN HEALTHY, WEALTHY AND WISE
IT TAKES A HEAP A' LIVING TO MAKE A HOUSE A H
EVERY DAY IN EVERY WAY I GET BETTER AND BETTER
A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY EARNED
STEVENSON

"Something tells me we've come to the wrong guru."

• •

he sent a paper airplane rocketing almost to the room's lofty ceiling.

"Going to break twenty million shares?" a man in the gallery asked another.

"Could be," the other replied. "*Everything's* breaking today." (The twenty-million mark wasn't reached that day, but it was a week later.)

As the last five minutes of trading ticked off, the noise from the floor grew louder and more boisterous. In the last thirty seconds, all the brokers moving about the floor speeded up to just short of a run. When the closing gong sounded, the cheering almost drowned it out, and a corona of shredded paper flew up from each trading post, producing a cheerful semblance of fireworks. Resisting temptation, we told ourself that the celebration was not of chances for peace but of the fact that everyone had just made a lot of money. Still, the Invisible Hand seemed to us to be in an unwontedly benign mood. Fortunes had been lost in the market in the "peace scares" of a decade ago, and it seemed reasonable to assume that these losses had created a flock of instant hawks. By the same token, today's many thousands of big winners stood to become instant doves, and it was a pleasure to be witness to a moment (if only a moment) when human self-interest seemed a little more than ordinarily enlightened.

Thing to Do

FIVE o'clock. " 'Contemporary fashion is an exciting and meaningful facet of contemporary art,' said Peregrine Pollen, president of Parke-Bernet Galleries, and he thereupon set out to prove his point by launching the gallery's upcoming sale of modern sculpture with a fashion show that's about as contemporary as you can get. . . ." So began the press release that drew us to the gallery's main auction room, where we found all Parke-Bernet hands moving on the double. Before an audience of three or four hundred fashion-oriented lovers of art, who were all sitting in the dark, models were stepping lively on a platform in a number of Paraphernalia getups while on a curtain behind them were projected multiple images of the same Paraphernalia clothes. Our ears were simultaneously bombarded by uncommonly loud rock and roll—"in baroque style," Mr. Pollen told us—played by the New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble. Mr. Pollen, who is a tall, thin, Giacometti-like young man, was totally calm amid the auction-room ferment. His cohost, a worldly-looking young man named Paul Young, who is the president of Paraphernalia, was just as calm. The two hosts stood at the rear of the room, watching and listening coolly as the Ensemble played baroque-style compositions entitled "Empty Soul," "No Sad Songs," and "Thing to Do." The audience, some of which had been invited by Mr. Pollen and some by Mr. Young, squirmed impatiently in the auction room's chairs, twisting around to see who was coming in, who was going out, who was wearing what, what was going on, what was being missed, and where else one could go. Mr. Pollen and Mr. Young addressed each other at intervals in the accents of their native England. They did not raise their voices above the music. Both had the air of men who are absolutely sure they will be heard.

Mr. Pollen to Mr. Young: "One of our elderly collectors is sitting two rows down. I was afraid he might think all this was too zippy. But he has just told me it's the best thing he's seen here in ten years."

Mr. Young to Mr. Pollen: "The terrific stuff is coming on now. I call this one my Scarlett O'Hara dress."

On the stage, a psychedelic model came on wearing a complicated number made up of feathers and half of an old mattress. She walked nicely.

Mr. Pollen to us: "I'm trying to make Parke-Bernet lively. I'm trying to get younger people in. The acoustics in this room are very good indeed for chamber music. Last year, I got in the Boston Symphony Chamber Players. On Sunday afternoons, I've started poetry readings here. Eighty per cent of our business is on the bread-and-butter level, you know. Average is a hundred dollars an item."

"Any particular customers you want to attract?" we asked.

"Anybody with good taste and the money to indulge it," Mr. Pollen said, in a nice, realistic way.

Mr. Young to us: "Eighty-two per

cent of all our retail sales are made by women. Eighty . . ."

Somebody pressed a piece of paper into our hand. We moved out of the darkness and read it. It was a list of names, headed "Guests—Paraphernalia-Parke-Bernet Show."

Some of the names and descriptions were as follows:

Lyn Revson—Mrs. Charles Revson, Revlon.
Jonathan Lieberson—Constant Escort of Penelope Tree.
Idanna Pucci—Pucci's Niece.
William vanden Heuvel—Bobby Kennedy's Right-Hand Man.
Rachid El Idrisi—Opening Private Club in New York.

Drinks were served after the show. Then the guests were invited to look over the paintings and sculpture that Parke-Bernet wanted to sell.

Mr. Pollen handed us three fat catalogues, entitled "Important 19th-20th Century Sculpture," "Highly Important Impressionist & Modern Paintings, Drawings & Sculpture," and "Important Impressionist and Modern Paintings." "We're selling Moore's 'Reclining Festival Figure' and Barbara Hepworth's 'Wave Form,' " he said.

"And what did you say the connection with the fashion show was?" we asked.

"The biggest sale of modern art goes with the newest forms of fashion," he replied.

•

A FRIEND who recently returned from a visit to Washington reports that she came across a sign on a bulletin board in the Department of State that read, "Lost: an eighteen-karat gold charm of the Parthenon (resembles the Lincoln Memorial)."

Mileage

LAST Saturday, we took a train from Pennsylvania Station to Paoli. It was no ordinary trip for us, because we were in the company of our friend Mr. E. M. Frimbo, who knows more than anybody else about how to travel by train. It was a special occasion for Mr. Frimbo, too. "Before getting to Philadelphia, I will have reached my two-millionth mile of travel by railway," he said when he invited us along. "That's about eighty times around the equator."

At 5 P.M., we met Mr. Frimbo outside Car 496 of the Broadway Limited—destination Chicago, departure 5:05 P.M. "There's a stop at North Philadelphia, but we'll go on down the Main Line to Paoli and take a local back to town," Mr. Frimbo said. "That way, we don't have to rush dinner." The porter took our topcoats, and the conductor, who was wearing a fresh white carnation in his buttonhole, directed us to Double Bedroom P. For ourself, we chose a peach-colored seat opposite the window, and Mr. Frimbo, looking comfortably at home, settled in the chair alongside the window. "You're looking straight ahead, but I'm looking forward," he said. "These days, railroad people had *better* be forward-looking."

As the train pulled out, we asked Mr. Frimbo when he had celebrated his first million.

"Fifteen years ago, on a Baltimore & Ohio freight line," he told us. "I've included a lot of foreign railways. Last year, it was Australia, Japan, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary."

By now, we were looking out at a dingy body of water. "We're crossing the Hackensack River," said Mr. Frimbo, taking out his mileage notebook. "According to my calculations, I should reach the two-millionth just at Princeton Junction, about five minutes to six. Very satisfactory. I went to Princeton. Let's have dinner."

On the way to the dining car, we remarked that the train moved so smoothly that we felt none of the usual jolts.

"No jolts on the Broadway," said Mr. Frimbo. "Now that the Twentieth Century is gone, this is my favorite train in the East."

The dining steward said hello to Mr. Frimbo and showed us to a table with a green cloth and a vase of fresh red carnations. "Haven't seen you since Monday," our waiter said to Mr. Frimbo. "How are you?"

"Fine," said Mr. Frimbo. "I'm celebrating my two-millionth mile."

"The three-millionth ought to be coming up before long," said the waiter.

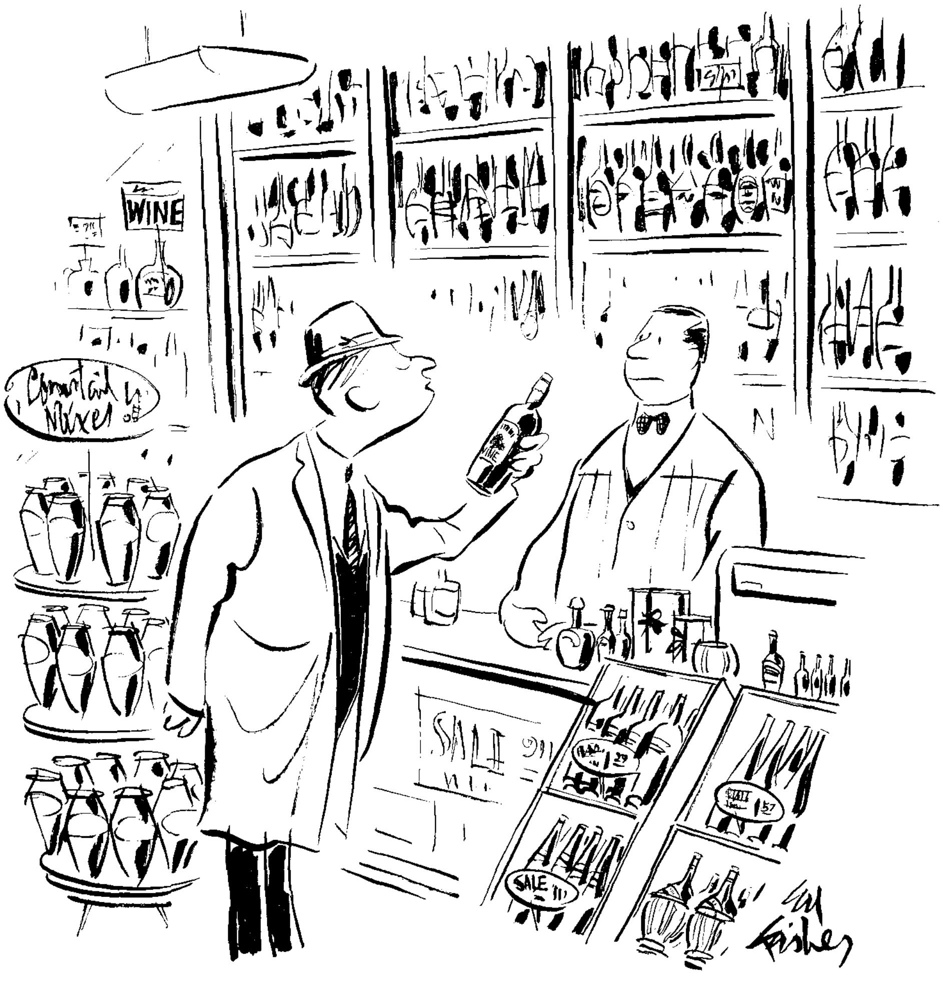
We dined on steak, endive-and-watercress salad, peach Melba, and a bottle of Pommard. When the waiter brought finger bowls and dessert, Mr. Frimbo took out his watch. "Just a minute or two now," he said.

We looked out the window at a small station.

"Princeton Junction. That's it!" said Mr. Frimbo. "Right on time."

"*À votre santé!*" the steward proposed.

The waiter brought a tray of



"I'm switching to domestic stuff, and I hope de Gaulle gets the message."

Pennsylvania Railroad chocolate mints.

“This staff can serve French toast at breakfast and propose a French toast at dinner,” Mr. Frimbo said. “They’re still proud of the train. Railways and ships are still the only civilized means of travel.”

On the way back to No. 496, Mr. Frimbo said, “I hope you’re noticing the names of the cars.” We noted the Harbor Rest, which was the club car, and the Imperial Vale and the Kaskaskia Rapids. No. 496 was the Crystal Creek. “They aren’t just pretty sounds,” he went on. “The purpose is to describe the interior arrangements. Imperials are four compartments, four double bedrooms, and two drawing rooms. Rapids are six double bedrooms and ten roomettes. Creeks are double rooms and single duplex rooms.”

From Double Bedroom P, the view looked like a picture postcard of trees. “We go mostly through the woods,” Mr. Frimbo said. “It’s the only way to see a New Jersey landscape without gas stations.”

We asked what some of Mr. Frimbo’s favorite American trains were.

“The Super Chief, Chicago-Los Angeles; the Pioneer Limited, Chicago-Minneapolis; the Panama Limited, Chicago-New Orleans; the Broadway Limited,” he said. After a moment, he added, “ ‘Limited’ means a limited number of stops and accommodations. A name more honored in the breach today.”

The train stopped briefly at North Philadelphia, near several cheerfully bright-yellow cars, which Mr. Frimbo said were living quarters for men working on the tracks, and continued down the Main Line, past Wynnewood and Ardmore. “Nearly there,” Mr. Frimbo said, taking his watch out again. “We’re right on schedule. It will be Mile Two Million Fifty-nine.”

The train slowed down, and we could see the lights of a small brick station. The porter was standing at the door of Double Bedroom P with our topcoats. “Goodbye. See you again soon, Mr. Frimbo,” he said, and he opened the door at the end of the car. We climbed down the steps and stood on the brick platform. The engine was steaming, and we could see that the dining car was full.

“Is Sixteen on time from Pittsburgh?” Mr. Frimbo asked the stationmaster.

“No, she’s a few minutes late,” he answered.

Within two minutes, the Broadway Limited was on its way to Chicago.

“It’s seven-one,” said Mr. Frimbo. “One hundred and seven miles in under two hours. It’s the right way to get to Paoli.”

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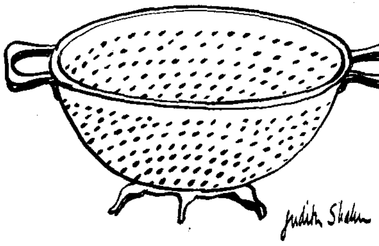
THE joys of spring bring special, local problems, far removed from the crises that rock the world. For instance, at the moment we cannot decide whether to follow the dictates of those signs on the sides of our buses that read “Feed a Squirrel” or to obey the signs in the parks that read “Do Not Feed the Squirrels.”

Graduation Day

THE first graduation ceremony of the spring, we found, was the eighty-third graduation ceremony of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, and we were there—in the auditorium of the Fashion Institute of Technology, on West Twenty-seventh Street—together with the seventy-nine members of the graduating class, their parents and friends, including one baby, who let out intermittent squawks, and the giver of the graduation address, Mr. Melvyn Douglas. The stage was set with all the standard, heart-warming props: the vases of slightly tired gladioli, the American flag on a stand, and the guests of honor and various speakers seated at adjoining tables, over which a cloth (in this case, royal-blue felt embossed with the initials, in gold, of the Academy—AADA) had been thrown. The graduating class sat in the front rows, each of the girls wearing white gloves and her best dress, and each of the boys wearing what looked like his one and only suit. They all stared up at Mr. Douglas, who had put on horn-rimmed glasses and was studying some notes he had scribbled on the back of a graduation program. He was wearing a navy-blue suit and a dark necktie. His hair was gray. His expression was exactly the same as the one we’ve treasured for years in affectionate memories of “Ninotchka.” He had the glow that seems to come to actors who survive what they do for forty or fifty years.

“Ladies and gentlemen and the graduating class of 1968,” began Miss Frances Fuller, the director of the Academy, who is also an actress of note. “It is my privilege to welcome you all here today—proud parents, proud faculty, distinguished friends, both on- and offstage.” Miss Fuller is slender, attractive, gray-haired, and endlessly doting toward people of the theatre and people of the Academy. Sitting near her on the stage, her husband, Mr. Worthington Miner, a heavyset, cherubic-faced man in a rumpled suit, who is the president of the Academy, regarded her with admiration. Mr. Douglas continued to study his notes. “We have the pleasure once more of having Mr. Donald Seawell as our presiding officer,” Miss Fuller went on. “But before I introduce Mr. Seawell to you, we have a surprise—the choral group, with Marty Henne, a member of this year’s graduating class, as maestro. On their own, during lunch periods—any time they could get together—they have practiced hour after hour this winter. We would like you to hear two short numbers by this group. Marty?”



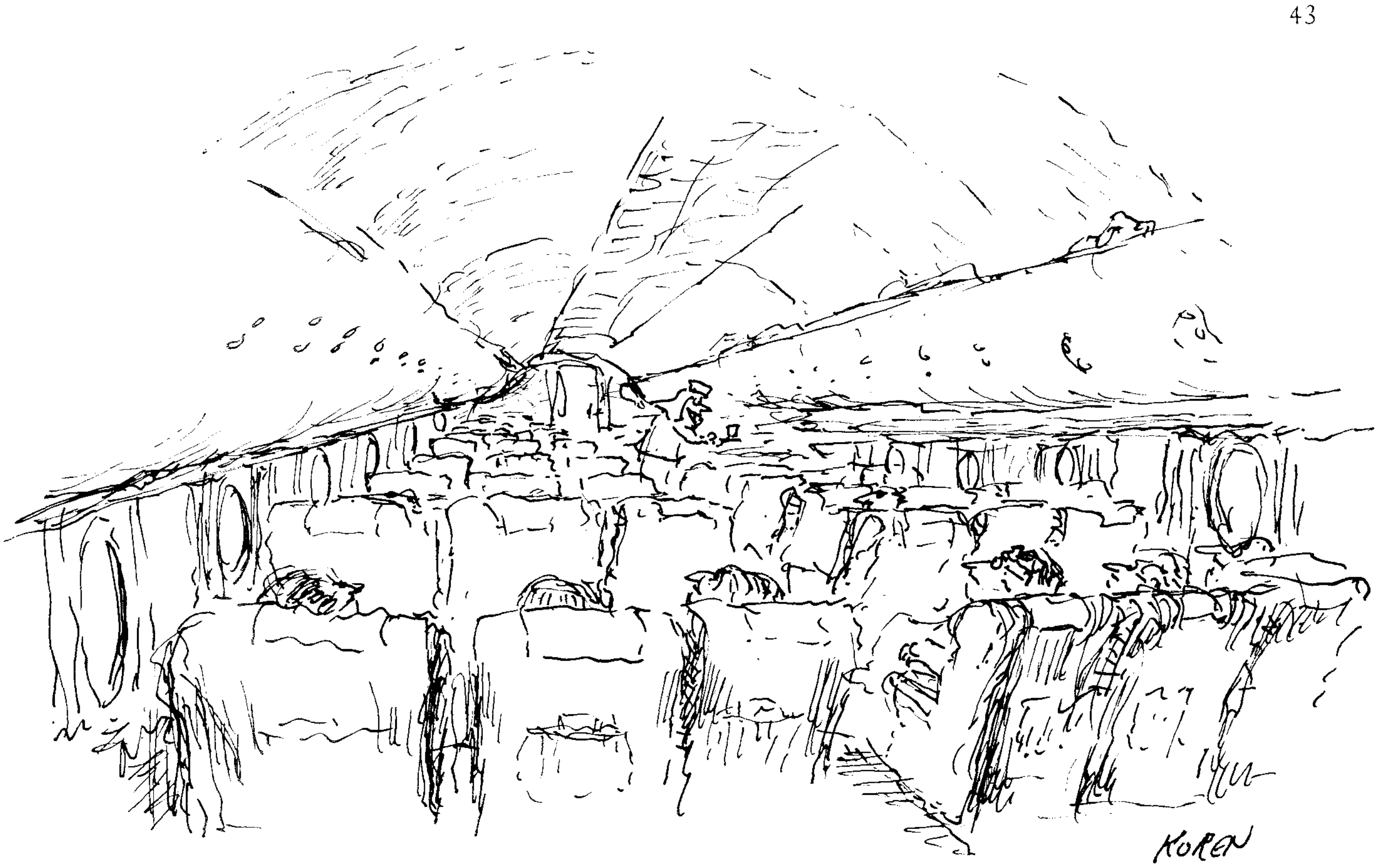
A couple of dozen girls and boys detached themselves from the rest of the class and stood up front, to one side of the stage, before a grand piano, at which Mr. Henne, a chunky, energetic young man in spectacles, stood in a kind of crouch, playing and also conducting the choral group with bobs of his head as they sang:

“I want you to want me
I need you so badly. . . .”

The applause for the choral group was thunderous, and everybody basked in it along with the singers. Mr. Douglas looked up from his notes and gave a nod of approval.

“I would like to extend my congratulations to the graduating members,” said Mr. Donald Seawell, a very thin and very precise man, when he got up to preside over the ceremonies. “I wish I could also bring to them some word of cheer and encouragement. Instead, I’d like to bring to you the words that your very great alumnus Howard Lindsay was fond of quoting when young actors would come to him for some advice or consolation: ‘I will give you pain, hunger, and sleepless nights, and also beauty and satisfaction known to few, and glimpses of the heavenly light. None of these shall you have continually; *and of their coming and going* you shall not be foretold.’ ”

Mr. Seawell gave the graduating class what looked to us like a ferocious glance, and they gave a collective one right back. He then observed that the United States is “perhaps the most backward of all nations in history” in recognizing its responsibility to



"This is Captain Townley, ladies and gentlemen. Tonight we'll be flying in clear weather at twenty-nine thousand feet, and we'll be discussing the Role of Morality in the Technologies of Developing Nations."

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the arts. "It took a hundred and eighty-five years for the Congress of the United States to give one penny to the performing arts," he said. "A Congress which will, before the end of the year, appropriate a hundred and eighty-six billion dollars has cut the National Council's appropriation to the arts by eighty per cent. . . . Perhaps it is not too late for you, as emerging representatives of the professional theatre, to persuade the powers that be that perhaps our boys need not only the guns but something a bit finer to come home to."

The baby in the audience let out a brief yowl, which was quickly hushed and muffled, and, finally, in the applause that greeted the introduction of the waiting Mr. Douglas, completely suppressed.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Mr. Douglas said, springing to his feet with impressive energy and immediately encompassing his listeners. "I'm going to use a phrase now which my colleagues on the platform will certainly remember, which probably none of you have ever heard, but, if I may, I'm going to call you, instead of cats and chicks or whatever the going phrase is, ladies and gentlemen of the theatre. That's what we always used to be called when most of us, I think, came into it. We were never referred to as 'you' or 'hey' or 'what,' but we were ladies and gentlemen of the theatre, and I think we were rather proud of that. And I hope that even though that phrase has lost its meaning nowadays, what was connoted by that phrase will be a part of your equipment as you go on to what you're going to do."

Mr. Douglas said that he was *not* going to try to tell the class anything about acting. "That's what you've been finding out, I hope, during the time that you've been at the Academy," he continued as everybody, friends and relatives included, leaned forward. "Going out into this very precarious and sometimes difficult world that we call either the theatre world or the entertainment world, you will be faced with certain choices." Mr. Douglas went on to describe some of the kinds of jobs they might easily get in television, including "one of those TV serials which are kinds of pots of gold, if you hit the right one." He paused, and continued, "This television-production thing has absolutely nothing to do with acting; it certainly has to do with success, it certainly has to do with money in the bank. But if you have decided that you want to keep on trying to be actors and actresses, then you're going to be faced with another set of problems altogether, many of which I'm sure you know about. To begin with, you're going to be faced with the condition of Broadway today, and most everybody who wants to act thinks, or has thought, certainly, until very recently, in terms of Broadway, and you're going to be brought face to face with the hard facts of Broadway, which are not too encouraging."

The members of the graduating class were leaning forward almost to a man, their faces, however, quite blank, as Mr. Douglas told them of the hazards of acting in the theatre. The rest of the audience leaned back, as though seeking a rest. The baby in the audience started making its presence known again. "You'll have your problems with directors," Mr. Douglas said. "You'll have your problems with money-grubbing, insensitive agents. You'll have all kinds of problems, but they will be enormously alleviated if you have come to some sense of direction in what you want to do, in what is meaningful to *you*."

The blankness in the seventy-nine faces vanished as Mr. Douglas sat down, and their owners gave him a big, appreciative hand.

AN OLD MAN

"ALFRED," his wife calls from the kitchen doorway. "Alfred, come and eat."

He sits in the high-backed easy chair, motionless, his body leaning toward the left, his small feet dangling above the floor, his ear nearly touching the perforated speaker of the radio, which is playing at full volume. A cane, held in an inflexible grip, stands upright between his knees. His thin lips are clamped tight, his face is gray and unshaven, and only his eyes, hooded by prominent bone, pale blue, as gleaming and fierce as an eagle's, indicate life. They flash back and forth, following a mental picture of the baseball game he listens to.

"Alfred! Do you *hear*?"

He doesn't. And it is not so much a question of his hearing, which in fact has failed over the past years, as it is him; he doesn't wish to hear. He doesn't want her to intrude into this baseball game. The sport, though taken vicariously now, is one of his last pleasures. It reprieves him from the present, where he has gradually grown old, eighty years old, and has been forced to turn the labor of the farm—this clean and prosperous farm in the Red River Valley—over to his wife and son. His body, stiff and crippled now, will no longer carry out the duties he expects it to; it has left him stranded.

His broad, short fingers, swollen at each knuckle from dislocations and breaks, are a reminder of the young man who once caught for the best pitchers in professional baseball, in the days when there was only one major league, when jobs and pay were unpredictable, when equipment and mitts were poorly made, and the fast ball was the most frequent pitch. Now when there is a crack of the bat and a possible foul tip, these fingers flinch with remembered pain. And when the team he favors (and in his imagination is catching for) makes an error, the fingers tighten their grip around the cane.

She goes up beside him and jerks a week-old copy of the Fargo *Forum*, May 19, 1959, from between his back and the back of the chair, where he's draped it to absorb his sweat. He doesn't even lift an eyebrow in response. She shakes him by the shoulder and says, "Alfred, for God's sake, come and eat!"

He turns his fierce eyes on her. She has become his nurse and guardian, his barber and his hired man. She does the farm chores he can do only in his mind—which is the way he occupies himself when he isn't listening to baseball. If she loved him, she wouldn't shame him by doing the work he cares for and is no longer capable of doing; she would let their son do it all. If she loved him, she would leave him to himself. She would let him die.

"Do I have to lift you out of that chair?" she asks.

"You do—" The tobacco in his mouth, which he had forgotten about, and now tastes, has drawn up so much saliva there is no room for his tongue to move. He swallows it down, and then says in his penetrating, throaty voice, "You do, and I'll crack you with this goddamn cane."

She seems less frightened than hurt, and her offended eyes retreat from him. "You're a mean old fool," she says. "And you get meaner every day."

"You're damn right."

"Stop it. Come and eat now."

"Wait till this inning."

"This inning nothing! After this inning it'll be the next inning, and after that the next game, and then it'll be night. Right now! The food's getting cold."

"I'll turn it up so I can listen in there."

"Up? Up! My God, it's been going full blast all day! I have a headache from it," she says, and reaches over and revolves the knob three times (his picture dimming as she does this) until there is a click, then nothing.

"Now, Alfred," she says. "Come. Please."

Cursing, muttering protests, he raises himself to his feet with the aid of the cane, gets his balance, and then goes toward the doorway, limping badly on his left leg, his free elbow swinging backward with each step. His suit pants are belted high, at the bottom of his barrel chest, and a yellow-and-black package protrudes above the top of his hip pocket. With each belabored step he takes toward his place at the head of the table, the package rises higher and higher until "Peerless" can be read.

"Alfred," she says. "Wash your hands first."

"What's that?"

"Wash your hands first."

"What for?"

"You're going to eat now."

"So? I washed them this morning. That's good enough. A man can't get dirty sitting on his tail all day."

"I don't care. It's my food you're eating, and you'll wash before you do."

"The hell I will."

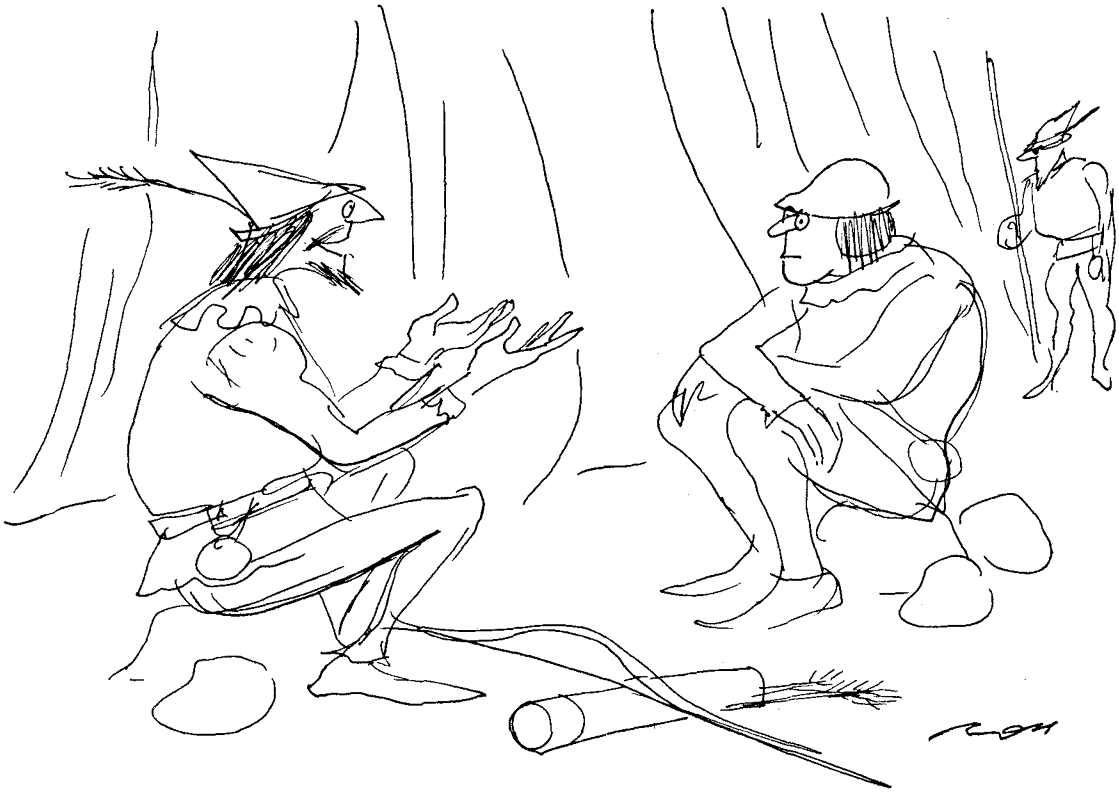
"Alfred!"

"By Christ, I don't know what's the matter with you. I don't understand it! I don't know why you can't leave a man alone."

Muttering to himself, he makes his way to the washstand, hooks his cane over his forearm, and dips his hands into the basin of water she has prepared. He picks up the bar of rough, honey-colored homemade soap, and it slips through his grip and drops to the floor. She hurries over and picks it up and places it in the basin, all the while avoiding his fierce eyes and blushing.

"How many times must I tell you? Stoop!"

Disdaining the soap, he wipes his hands on the roller towel, runs his thumb along his gums to remove the tobacco, drops it into the slop bucket under the washstand, and goes to the table and eases himself into his chair. He hangs the cane on the back of the chair. In his mind the baseball game is nearing its finish, and this fills him with unrest and a great sadness. He looks up to find her eyes on him. They stir him with their warmth, their interest in him, and their lack of pity. He picks up his fork, fumbling, and begins to eat.



"Here is the way it works: We take from the rich and give to the poor—keeping only enough for salaries, travel, equipment, depreciation, and so on, and so on."

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He remembers when he courted her. He was in his late thirties, had recently left his first wife, and was working as a swipe and jockey for a stable in Fargo. He had come from the East. He wore tailor-made shirts and suits, was looked upon as a dandy, and had a reputation for being a lady's man, which he was, and which he could be with a great deal of ease because he didn't give a damn about ladies. All he cared about were horses and baseball, and real baseball—paying baseball—hadn't yet made its way West. Then he met her, a country girl, her hair long and gold and piled high on her head, her skin smooth and cool-looking as ivory, her profile—the high brow, straight nose, and full, parted lips—both sensual and strong. She was eighteen, shy and untouched, but refined in a way that Eastern women were supposed to be and weren't; they were just jaded or cold, the ones he had known, while she was as sensitive and spirited as the fine animals he worked with. And she was tall, tall and graceful, much taller than he was. Immediately he felt ill at ease, which had never happened to him when he was alone with a woman, no matter who or what the woman was or how she was built, and he hated himself for being so short. He hated his fancy clothes; they called attention to his size.

Those first hours with her put him in such torment he never wanted to see her again. But he couldn't stay away. He came to her house and sat in the drawing room, in silence and in pain, scarcely able to speak, and watched her fingers move over her needlework as she told him pleasant and intelligent stories about school, about the children she taught there. She never spoke about herself. After this agony had gone on for several months, he finally said, in a rage, "By God, Katherine, you better marry me."

She paled at the tone of his voice, and then, with her eyes lowered, told him that she had loved him for a long time and wanted to be with him. He was terrified. He felt sure she was trying to do him in. He went back East, hoping to rid himself of her, of the confusion she stirred up in him, but he couldn't stand being away from her, and so, hating himself all the more for having gone off like a coward, he came back and married her. For a long time it was terrible. He cursed her and browbeat her and berated her. He wouldn't let her do what she liked—go visiting, go to church, wear her hair down in public, wear flattering clothes, have women friends—and he went on drinking bouts that lasted for weeks. Then, one morning, waking in the web of her hair, he realized that he wasn't in torment any more, that he hadn't broken her spirit, and that he loved her.

HE looks at her eyes, which are cast down; at her profile, her face demure and vulnerable-looking now while she eats; at her hands. He flushes with pride and arrogance. She still has her beauty. She is the same. It would take some doing, he thinks, to win her over once more, to make her respect him and quail at the sound of his voice. As he eats, he makes plans on how he will go about it; him storming out to the barn, harnessing up the team, hitching them to the mower, and mowing the whole yard while she watches; her coming out of the house and commanding him to get down from there, and him rising out of the seat, balancing on the axle, and crying, "Get away before you get hurt! Go back in the house where you belong!" And then coming in at night, covered with pollen and filth, sweat-soaked, smelly, and crawling into bed like that.

He begins to break out with low cries of pleasure and delight. Maybe he will have to try that. Maybe tomorrow. Their eyes meet, hers tentative and questioning, still like a girl's, his shining with slyness. By God, he decides, he *will* try it. Soon, too. As soon as he can. —L. WOIWODE

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All of American's flights serving Phoenix carry fright.—*Phoenix (Ariz.) Republic.*

Sure. But after two Martinis it isn't bad.

WAS I ASLEEP?

THE weight of Professor Henry Tenterden's library finally broke the Elizabethan joists of his house. While the builders were in the place—saboteurs, malingerers, trespassers stopping him working—he wore pajamas all day in protest. Twenty thousand books were stacked in the passages. He identified the head carpenter as a plagiarist in disguise from a learned journal, and told a startled electrician that there had been enough pillage. Next day, a Saturday full of people to stay, though it was free of the snoopers in boiler suits, Henry saw his first edition of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" too near the bathroom for ease of mind. He put the volumes into his tallboy, under his Oxford rugger sweaters.

"There's a pile of dictionaries in the fridge," said Anna Tenterden, who was his second wife. She had her arms around two rows of Middle English documents, clasping them tightly as if they were a chimney stack and she trying to climb it. She gained a better purchase and said, "Did you want them there, dear?"

"They need damp," he said. He was in the dining room in his dressing gown, with medieval records spread out before him on the refectory table in the Elizabethan chill.

"I thought damp was bad for books," she said.

He went on reading.

"They're taking up all the room," she said. "The goose has gone off as it is."

"*Cold* damp," he said. "I'm not giving them *tropical* damp. They've been getting dry heat. Someone must have turned on a radiator. They've been parched." The new German *au-pair* girl came into the room and the professor's stammer attacked him, as it did when his attention was divided. "I expect Heidi p-put them there." Heidi spoke little English, and the professor had promised his wife not to pamper her with German, so he repeated himself in Old Frankish.

"You know Heidi never goes near the library," Anna said. "Lay dinner for ten, Heidi dear."

"What are we having?" the professor asked.

"Herring with yogurt in a nice Persian way, and *paella*," Anna said.

Henry shut his eyes.

"I've made the men an apple crumble."

"We'll have some caviar with drinks," Henry said, going on in his mind to make the toast because Anna would burn it.

He loped into the drawing room to get himself a whiskey, but two Guggenheim Fellows, a Polish historian, a Scottish archeologist, a London political journalist, a Swedish mountaineering mystic, a French poet, a Bolivian guerrilla fighter, and the Prime Minister were still eating muffins and plum cake for tea. In the middle of a muffin, when one of the Guggenheim Fellows was talking about hard-edge painting and theatrical Happenings, Professor Tenterden was overtaken by a mutinous loathing of art and said, "Art is s-spilt religion." Everyone laughed. Oh lord, he thought, what did I mean by that, if anything? It was the sort of remark he was known for. Then the Prime Minister had to go, which relieved the guerrilla fighter, and the journalist started to question Henry about his political attitudes. The inquisition was one that they had started on a television program several years ago, when Henry had found the young man engaging and serious, but lately his questions had started to seem portly, and Henry's fatally tuned ear had caught something tenth-hand and truckling in him, however hard he tried to deafen himself to it.

"Your book on John Wilkes made me wonder again about getting you into the House," the journalist said.

"Ah."

"The P.M. is a tremendous fan of yours."

"Oh."

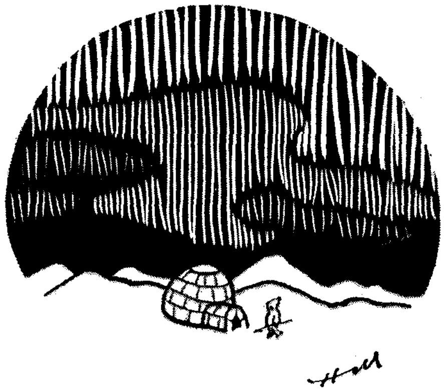
"Didn't you know?"

"I can see about as much reason to want to be a politician now as to be a p-parking-meter attendant. Could I have a piece of plum cake?"

"We've never really dug into this, have we?"

"Into what?"

The man gestured. "The whole question of where you *stand*. A famous dissident by action, and yet an authoritarian by religion—I'm not treading on any toes, am I? A Socialist, and yet one who detests, and I quote you, 'the Labour Party's carefully assumed new suburbanism.' A great guru, and yet a man who casts off followers." His voice rolled on, flowering into Biblical parallelisms, and Henry dunked his plum cake into his whiskey and was recalled to the fidgets he got if ever he read Isaiah. Then he made a face at himself because he had dropped a bit of the wet cake onto his bedroom slippers. He happened to do this at a moment when the journalist was asking his opinion of some Parliamentary commentator about whom Henry had no opinion at all, and the journalist appropriated the face as an answer to his question. "*Exactly*," he said, laughing. "The chap defies *genre*." He said this as if it were the ultimate disparagement.

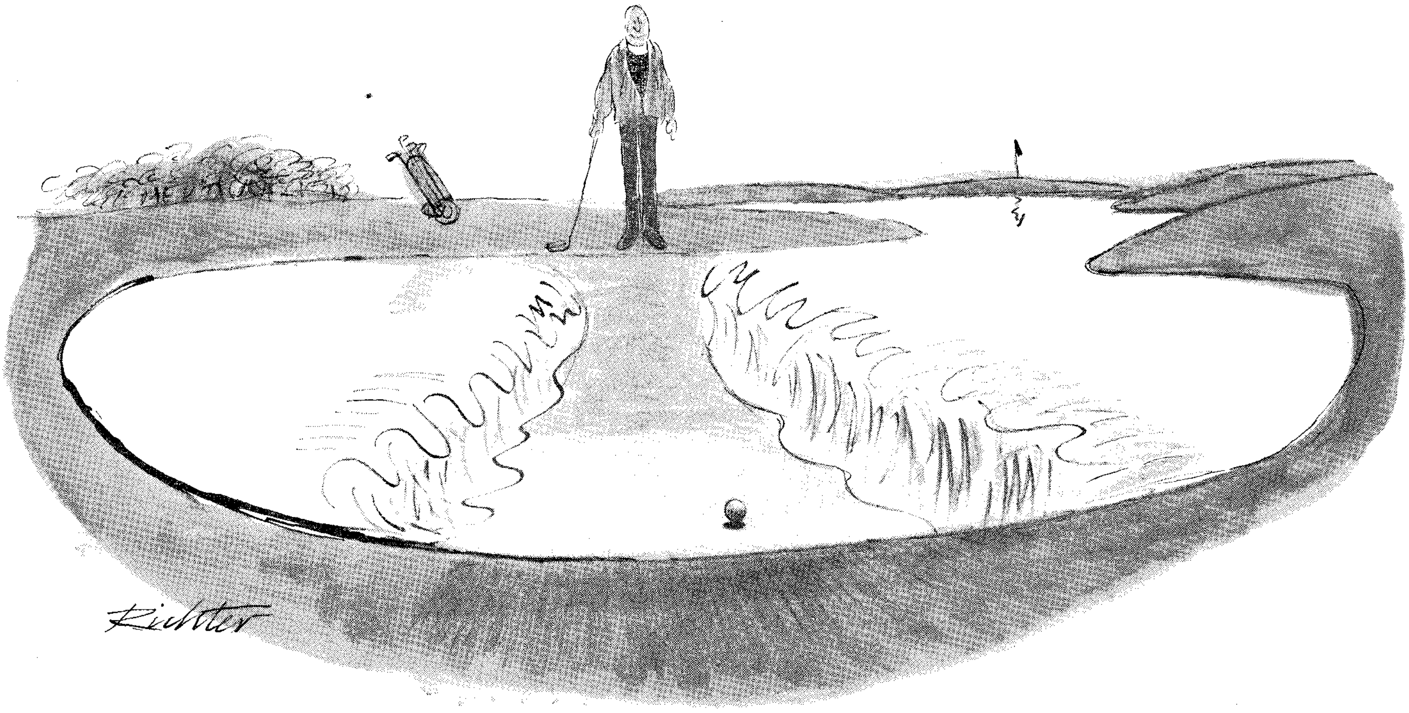


Dear heaven, thought Henry, he's a bitch, to boot. I suppose I call it out in him.

The journalist looked down at his signet ring and asked what Henry thought of a trades-union leader who had a name with the tabloid press as a bluff prophet.

Henry thought him a posturing sycophant who was all too apt to go far, but said in a faint voice, "A good man . . ." and went in search of a dishcloth for his bedroom slippers, finishing the sentence to himself in the pantry: ". . . in the worst sense of the term."

AS a toddler, Professor Tenterden already possessed a bilious sense of humor. It seemed fully formed before he was out of rompers, and his stepmother, who was American, recoiled in loneliness from its alarming Englishness. Its mixture of violence and stoicism was alien, and so was the fact that it appeared to be entirely self-addressed. He realized at the age of five that he was unlikable. His retort to life was to make himself terrifying. His developing stammer then became an aid. He discovered how to turn it on people and scare them with it, as if it were a false eye and he a child of iron. Wrestling with his impediment, mouth opened on a mute howl, he started to experience the thoughts of the watchers as if he were living so many lives, and the sensation of fracturing into prisms made the stammer worse. He learned to wangle with it as he grew up, of course. He called it "the block." When he was laughing, or talking in bed to a girl, it held off, and he was always unafflicted in the presence of anyone whom he failed to intimidate. It became a knotty



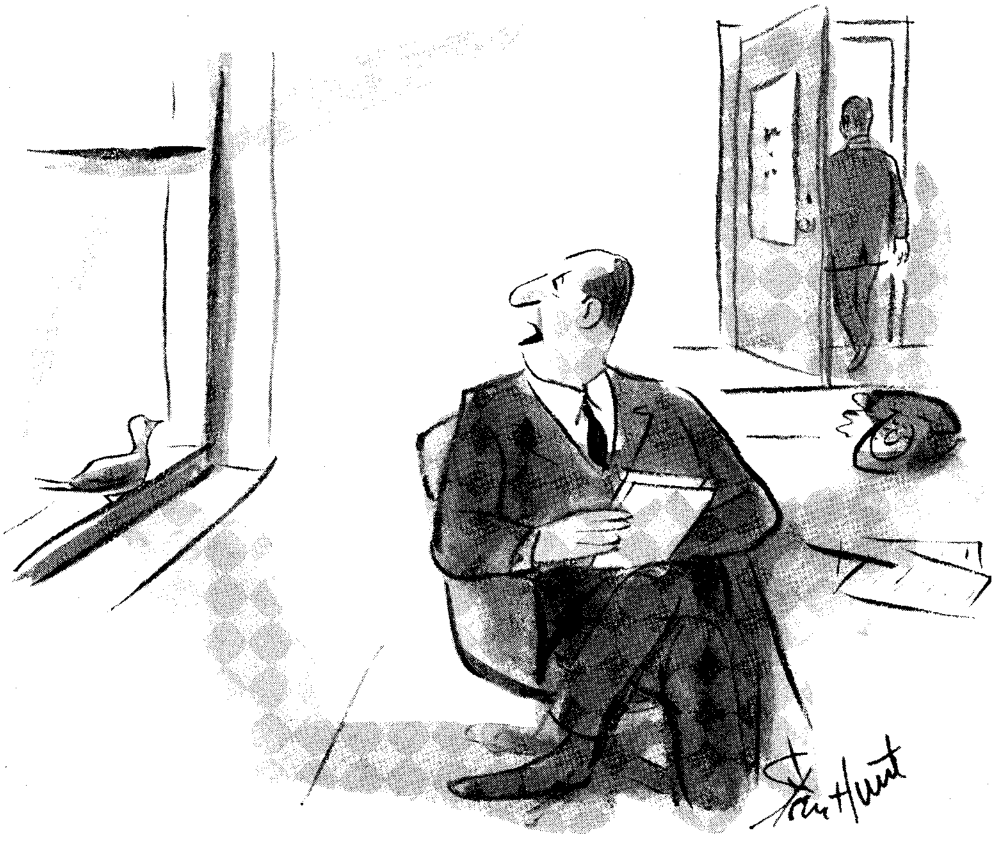
fact of his life that the only people who really engaged and elated him were the few who were impervious to his tactic. The stammer was at its worst when he was with a small number of awed strangers; in front of a larger audience—when he was lecturing, for instance, or on television—he felt the crowd of witnesses merge and disappear, and he lost the feeling of being hacked into fractions. At the age of ten he discovered that the stammer never struck when he was speaking a foreign language. He immediately finished learning fluent French and Latin, and started on Greek, German, and Spanish. He acquired the Slav languages in a cluster during his twenties, and the Scandinavian group when he married Ragnhilde, a famous young Norwegian physicist.

Ragnhilde was a vague, accident-prone girl, with an intellect of powerful buried purpose and a domestic presence that emanated clutter. She made Henry feel exuberant, though sometimes maddened. In their early days before the war, when they were poor, they lived in a shabby flat in North Oxford. Ragnhilde would stand in front of the fire, waiting for the kettle to boil for tea on the gas ring at the side of the fireplace, and do higher mathematics in her head while her husband overwhelmed some circle of acolytes. And then she would absently put the red-hot kettle onto the hearthrug to go away to her card indexes, and the professor would smell a smell like branded sheep and know that she had done it again, and only hope not to pierce her with some barbed crack when she wandered back. He seldom managed not to. One night she lost her Persian cat out of the window. It seemed to him that only Ragnhilde could have had a cat that went for a night walk off a fourth-floor windowsill, though it was also true that only Ragnhilde could have made the poor wreck wish to survive. When Henry was thirty-four, they had a girl child in what struck him as aeons longer than nine months, for all that Ragnhilde seemed to regard the birth as sprung on her splendidly ahead of time. They called the child Logan, and the professor taught her a tongue twister in Czech by the time she was two and three-quarters.

Ragnhilde left him soon afterward and he assumed he had frightened her away. By his witticisms about her cooking, perhaps. Or by the halting spectacle he made of himself in the unkind academic company that he took on to strengthen his nerve. He missed her hellishly, got divorced, wrote to her to remind her that her driving license had run out, and accepted a lectureship abroad for the first time. He chucked it after a term. Talking was easier for him in practically any country but England, but living elsewhere was impossible. He came home to the land of drafts, bad puns, the fag end of rationing, fifty million hermits, and a language that caught his tongue in a steel trap, and knew that he loved the place beyond reprieve. He learned Flemish to give himself heart (throughout his life, there was no buoyancy that compared with the mood of opening a new grammar, apart from the flush of optimism he always felt on looking at the drawing of Ragnhilde that he kept in his desk), and met a placid Catholic girl who seemed not to find him alarming. She cooked him dinner for the first time without showing a qualm, at a waterlogged dinner party where he was suddenly aware that fewer and fewer people felt it was in their power to make the eminent wit laugh themselves. He leaned over to her and said, "*Hommage aux pommes purées.*" He had hoped to say "*Hommage aux* mashed potatoes" so as to send up his pedantry, but the "m" in English prevented it.

He married her within a month of the decree absolute and became a Catholic. For a time he kept Logan in his care by convincing Ragnhilde that a settled household with a line of other children in the offing was the better place for the little girl to be, but she started to show signs of fright in his presence and he sent her back to her mother. In 1960, when Logan was twelve, he began again with her, shuttling her back to Ragnhilde in termtime and using the holidays to turn her into a linguist after his own image. Her ear and application gave him delight, and he had no idea that she pined only to please him and would far rather have had a pony or gone with him to prison, where he spent a month in the early sixties after he had invited arrest in a left-wing demonstration about nuclear disarmament. Not then fifty years old, willfully aged, he was generally classified as a crusty right-wing skeptic, and the action startled everyone but a few of his oldest friends, including Ragnhilde, who could not forget the spectral force of her young and pacifist husband's presence long ago in Trafalgar Square, where he had startlingly made himself speak in support of arming against Germany. She was used to his doing what he found temperamentally most costly. When she read his books, or saw him on TV, he struck her as the same subtle and harrowing man as before and nothing to do with the rancorous coldheart of his reputation. It was not fear that had driven her away to live with someone else but the pain she detected in him and caught, which became more than she could contend with.

HENRY's household with Anna was famous for its weekends—the thundery conviviality, the chances of brilliant warmth from the host between silences, and the dreadful food. When the great scholar couldn't bear his second wife's meals any longer, he would go alone on childish binges to France. They generally gave him migraines of longing for England. He was seldom totally well. He suffered seasonally from fibrositis, sinus trouble, and hay fever. He thought sometimes that his worst physical malady was his fear of being bored; it was some sort of lump at the top of his head, it seemed, and every year or two he shamed himself by covertly having his skull X-rayed. In the middle of coffee after dinner with his houseparty this Saturday, he felt the ache coming on him badly and held his skull for relief, rubbing his scalp to rid the skin of the impression that a sewing machine was stitching across it. The people in the room were talking with difficulty, hampered by the despondent sight of their host in silk pajamas and an old dressing gown from his school days at Winchester. He looked like a man wakened in the middle of the night by fire. He opened his mouth to try to make things go a bit, but the block attacked him before the first syllable was out and he turned the attempt into a grunt. There were four foreign languages that he could choose to speak in this very company, and any one of them would be more accommodating than his own, but he was damned if he was going to. Then he took back that miserable pigheadedness and began to pour out a torrent of French, until he felt his mind start to mince, as it did in French, so he went into Polish for the benefit of a little ironic energy, and then took English by surprise from behind. He managed nearly a quarter of an hour of dazzling monologue about revolutionary theory, longing all the time for an interruption so that he might have someone to talk to. Eventually the block put in its oar and he had a drink while his listeners repeated his words to one another. His prattle appalled him and he stood at the window for a while, and then went into the morning room to play a gigue on his clavichord.



"*Now I suppose you want a raise.*"

"A thrilling mind," he heard one of the voices say, so he changed the gigue to chopsticks.

"It's like standing under Niagara," said the archeologist, who was a fast-talking Highlander with sandy red hair and a cruel expression. "Until the stammer hits him. Niagara with a faulty tap washer."

Henry stomped back through the room and up to the ruins of his library to write a letter to Logan. For his birthday last week she had sent him a set of gramophone records of Paul Scofield's Lear, with an awkward note saying that she had noticed a bookshelf labelled "Lear" lying about the corridors and hadn't known before that he was a fan. The last sorry word had lain under his mind like the pea under the princess's mattress. Fret with it—no, mortification with himself and the people below put him further out of touch with her than usual. He was going to see her tomorrow, but rage parading as punctiliousness impelled him to write a note to her university address:

My dear Logan,
The "Lear" bookshelf you noticed was Edward, not King. I collect his Indian drawings and like the limericks, as you may recall. I have never cared much for Shakespeare's tragedies, particularly in the mouths of actors, though a mistaken impulse once induced me to see Olivier as Hamlet. However, I shall try again.

He looked at his crisp, pretty handwriting, loathed it, and then wrote:

My heart bleeds for you in the boredom you must be enduring before sitting your exams for the second time.

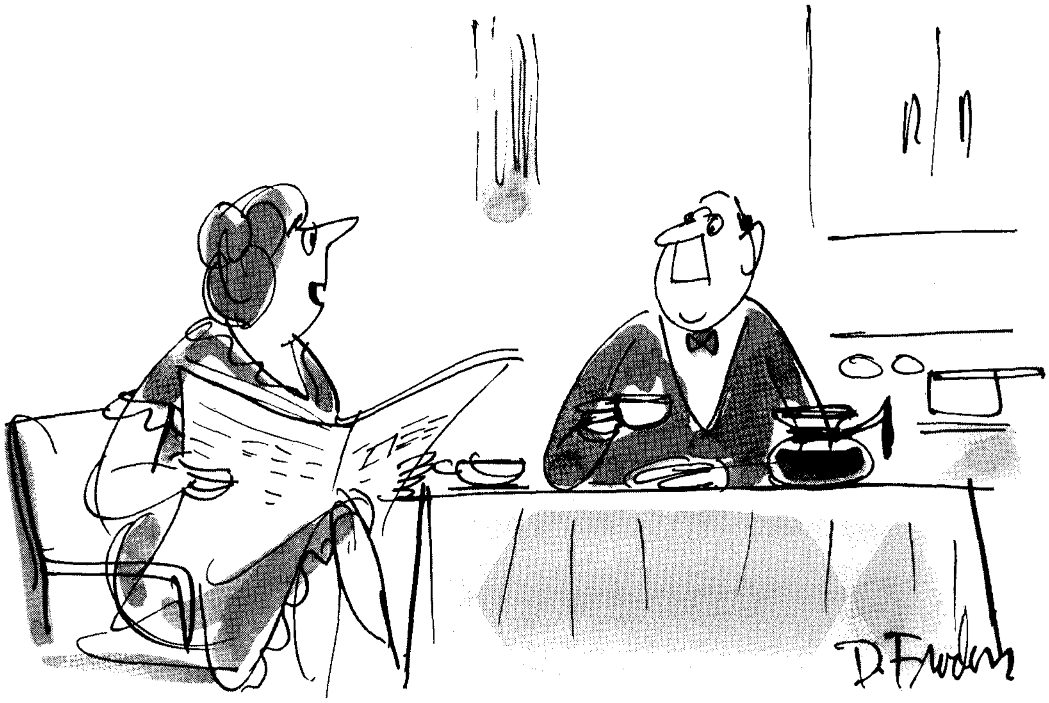
Logan was enduring nothing but terror, yet he could never bring himself to say that he knew such things. He read the note again, wept, tore it up, sat on a paintpot with his dressing-gown skirt held out of the wood shavings that were littering his floor, and contended glumly with the woman Guggenheim scholar, who had come upstairs now to keep him company.

She was very pretty. That was a help. He thought of Logan, and of the weight she had put on in the last eighteen months while she had been failing her exams, and then he thought of Ragnhilde. The scholar asked him some questions about a theme in his work. Henry felt so dismal about such formulas, and about Logan's looks, and the loss of Ragnhilde, that he simulated deafness and said, "Scene? What scene? Are you a hippie?"

"Theme. I meant... How long

have you been working this . . . vein?"

He felt a stammer coming and could only exploit it, rapping out with a frightful chasm in the middle, "You think I'm v-vain?"



"Has this Tom Wicker been with the 'Times' long enough for us to quote him?"

• •

PROFESSOR TENTERDEN was a nightmare to foreigners, especially to Americans, and a cipher to most of the English people who stayed in his house. He was stricken often by a melancholy that seemed disproportionate to his fortunes. He had a house with a billiard room, a garden with lavender beds, an absorbing circle, an equable wife and a row of children, a belief in an afterlife, and a phenomenal intellect, but he was often inaccessibly cast down. It added to his eccentricity that he welcomed the blackness from which even some of his intimates mistakenly sought to retrieve him. Yet the opposite was also true of him: that he was famished for larks and fun, loathed the sight of highly educated acquaintances turning into stalagmites under the drip of intolerably clever conversation that was mostly his, and felt more and more desperately every day that he was spreading himself too thin among too many people and turning himself into a vapor.

When he had made himself come downstairs again and sit with the others in the drawing room, he stayed mum and tried to make a new hole in his watch strap, which had stretched, unless his wrist had shrunk. He failed with the hole and heard the archeologist discoursing irritably about the right price to pay for a second-hand lute. Anna was listening to the Polish historian lecturing her about the date when the Immaculate Conception became dogma. He seemed to have made a mistake about it, whereas she had innocently been right and was now paying for it. Henry went back to wondering if he had perhaps shrunk all over, and tried the watch around his ankle, which it distressingly fitted. He raised his leg so that the silk of his pajamas fell back like a kimono sleeve, and looked at his anklebone for a while. It couldn't be healthy to have an ankle scarcely bigger than a wrist. He gazed around the room in search of a man as thin as himself, for purposes of skeleton comparison, but only the guerrilla fighter qualified and his ankles were visibly twice the size of his wrists. Through marching, no doubt. Henry caught Anna looking at him as if he were an invalid. Her benign almoner's presence left him so cold that his flesh started to shriek. Five children and not a moment of eroticism between them, not a stir, not a sliver, although she was a fine woman and one he would not have hurt for worlds. He felt old and celibate, and decided at nine-forty-seven by the watch on his ankle to go to bed. He grabbed her hand as he went out and muttered "Coming?," but by this time she was talking about poetry to the male Guggenheim Fellow and thought he meant e. e. cummings and said, "No, Lowell," and Henry said, "No, no, no," and left the room, giving a merry shepherd on a Tudor fire screen a glare as he went and thereby frightening Heidi, who was going upstairs with a pile of hot-water bottles. Anna followed him out, her motherly antennae misinforming her that the chill in his loins was a cold on the chest. Heidi mustered herself like a good German, put down the hot-water bottles, shook hands as if she were a businessman at an export party, and said warmly, "Good night, Professor Tenterden. Good night, Mrs. Tenterden. Have a nice time in bed."

Upstairs, he laughed and then tried to explain the rasping joke of it, thinking that the account of his arthritic old longings might, if her perceptions inclined his way, give her some clue to the young man still in him, but she seemed obtuse, and it occurred to him after she had gone to sleep that she might even have been alarmed. He came round to the other side of the bed, keeping his place in a volume of Mr. Jorrocks, which he read when he was feeling low because the hunting and eating scenes kept his spirits up. He sat on the windowsill with his spine against the freezing glass and watched her for a long time by the moon. Later on—an hour, maybe—he heard the others come upstairs and say good night in overhearty voices. One of his children shouted in its sleep. His wife opened her eyes at the sound and looked at him, appearing to be awake, though he hoped she wasn't, for he could see nothing but self-defense in the gaze. The senses as the inlets of the soul? Perhaps. If so, then she was extinct, because blind. Extinct? Gone? Her, too? He smiled at her in fear, but the eyeballs remained dead, and then mercifully disappeared again behind her lids. Gone. What did people do when they were the last to go? "Dredge up the spirit to its former bliss." What bliss? There was only blankness. Then suddenly he knew it with precision, like a color; he was flooded with some sweet native state, and the possibility of it lodged in him after the experience was lost again. He went back to Surtees, reading on the sill and shivering, and thought about the fear of himself that he had seen in Ragnhilde and never been able to do anything to still. Then he groped his way around to his own side of the bed and lay back on a pillow that turned out to be the cat, which scratched his face and neck. He went into the bathroom to see if he was bleeding, closed the door before switching on the light for fear of waking his marble wife, and found claw stripes that looked like lover's markings. He did what he could to caulk the scratches with Anna's makeup, and then laughed again. "What is it?" Anna shouted, with the split-second speed of replies made out of sleep, and he produced some barbarism about his wives and their cats that seemed to send her safely back into her coma, though he had to take into account the danger that she might have fallen silent through dismay. He remembered the Karl Marx aphorism about great historical events happening twice, first as tragedy and second as farce, and he wondered if the remark were also true of minor private events, such as the repelling of wives.

THE house was full of guests fitfully asleep, lonely, guarded, tossing in strange beds, their ears mistaking children for owls and owls for dreams. One of them—the male American scholar—crept down to the stone larder at five in the morning. He had helped himself to a slice of some national thing that he suspected of being haggis before he noticed the Polish historian eating out of a dog bowl by the light of a torch. "That's a dog bowl," he said.

"Yes," said the Pole.

"I can't find anything but this, er, sausage. Where did you find meat?"

"Here. In the dog bowl."

"You mean you found it right in the *dog bowl*? You mean it's the *dog's*? I thought you were just using the *bowl*."

"They always give the best food to the dog here."

"You'll get worms. You can't eat meat a *spaniel's* been eating." He looked round the kitchen for a toothpick to deal with a piece of the possible haggis. "Been slobbering over."

"Labrador."

The ravenous scholar came over to the kitchen table and picked up the torch to shine it into the dog bowl. "By God," he said, "that's *steak*. I think that's awful. Giving a dog steak when we had that rice thing. I don't even know what we had last night. It was something very British."

"They say English, you know," the Pole said. "British also means Welsh. And New Zealand, and so on. It was *paella*, I believe."

"Look. I've had *paella*, and I know *paella* when I get it. *Paella's* Spanish and that wasn't Spanish."

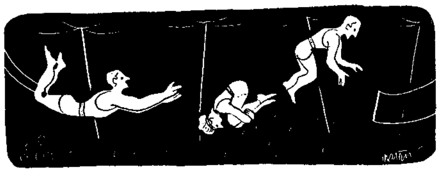
The Pole finished the dogmeat and said it was a good idea to avoid the gravies in this house.

The American nodded, and feared for the man—bugs off the historic floor, maybe emasculating hormones that could wreck his life, for who knew what injections had been fed to the steer (*horse?*) that had yielded the meat. "You should take an emetic," he said. "You should see a doctor."

"Europeans always eat a lot of dirt," said the Pole.

The American suddenly held his head. "I don't know why I'm thinking like this. I know everything you're thinking about me for it, and yet I still go on talking as if I didn't. I mean, I'm thinking like an American, as if I couldn't do anything else, and at the same time I have everything *you* think in my head tonight as well. I don't enjoy sounding ridiculous."

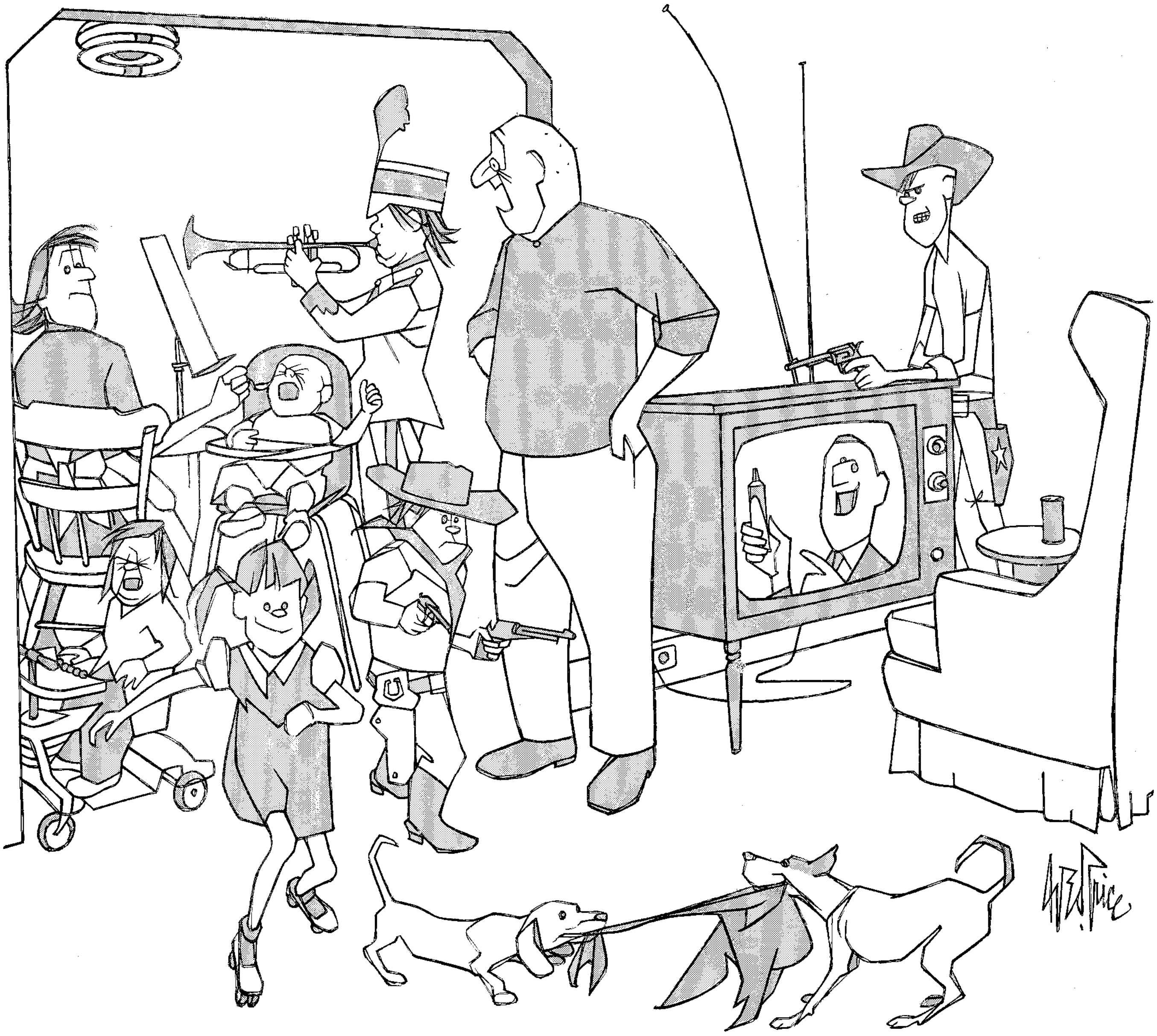
Henry was listening, unseen, and for some reason held himself still. He was in the dining room, drinking the thermos of early-morning coffee that Heidi left ready for him, and the hatch into the old kitchen was open. It was the start of the day for him, though it was the middle of the night for the others, and the psychic lag between them and himself made the marauders seem more clownish and distinct. They became eloquent to him in a way that had nothing to do with what they were saying, as if they were far removed in space and already dealing with death. The Guggenheim Fellow, usually sealed in his traits as hermetically as his host, suddenly seemed to have in his grasp abundant options of being different, and Henry had a moment when he could sustain opposed ideas of the man. He saw his spite, his snobbery, his faltering nerve, and simultaneously thought with affection of his animal mask, snouted like a bear's, and of his hidden knowledge of possibilities not taken, and of the walls of his life closing in inch by inch with the years while the prisoner in his intolerable trick cell devotedly brushed his teeth night and morning. Henry very nearly managed to get up, declare himself and join the two men in the kitchen, but some bankerish caution made him wait for more evidence and then he found his legs hitting an impediment much like his stammer. The moment in the kitchen faded, so far as the listener could judge, and the visitors went upstairs to bed.



Henry lay his left temple on the chair leather for a long while before he could face the dawn ordeal of talking to himself in a hand mirror, which his latest crank speech therapist had prescribed for him as a final resort for a case that answered no rules. She had an exaggerated respect for Henry's intellect and sense of the ludicrous, and her notion was that a man of his lugubrious wit, if he watched his physical equipment closely enough when it floundered, would find the spectacle funny and soluble. So the professor faced his wrenching mouth for an hour every morning, watching his lips, jaw, tongue, throat beaten by his own language, and the words would pile up behind his teeth until he was sometimes forced to look away. There was an inhuman hum in his head this Sunday, as if he were an electric typewriter with the keys jammed, and he turned aside and put the hand mirror down in hatred of himself, for the stammer suddenly seemed a technique for hiding something. It was a bitter experience of insight, and his judgment was that it befell an apt subject.

When he had done his stint, and contemplated taking the therapist to bed in Finnish as a courteous form of vengeance, and gone to Mass with Anna, he sat on the window seat of his violated library and watched his guests dealing with the English Sabbath. The Swedish mountaineering mystic was crouched over the greenhouse stove reading a comic. Anna was trying to close the political gap between the male American scholar and the Bolivian by showing them her new fruit trees. The Scots archeologist had understandably struck out on his own, carrying the *Observer* under his arm and stopping to read it as soon as he felt alone, leaning against a bust of George II at the end of the yew walk. The Pole disappeared with the three youngest children in the pony trap and Henry wished himself with them. Then the garden was empty, and he read Macaulay until noon, when Logan drove up in her car.

She came into the house and then went out again, and started to drink something with the Bolivian under the big chestnut tree. They kept laughing



"I'd like to point out that there are people trying to listen to a message of importance in here."

* * *

together; their breath hung on the air like horses'. Henry joined them and they had a fine hour. Then the children, all five, descended like a horde of boozed bandits, sweeping along with them a beautiful friend of nine and a half. Her name was Olivia Turpin, and Henry had an old game of pretending to be in love with her. In front of his own children he referred to her as "your future stepmother." It occurred to him today that Logan, whom he unsuccessfully loved, might be unhappy about that, and the stammer immediately stopped him dead so that he had to go into Spanish. His younger children groaned loudly about this, which comforted the Pole. Logan's Spanish was good. When she turned out to know something about Bolivian politics, Henry was invisibly pleased and said that he might take her to Latin America if she went on failing her exams. This simultaneously buoyed her up and trussed her with shame.

"Did you get the records?" she said in a cramped voice.

"Thank you," he said. He had torn up the letter, but he still couldn't say that he liked Shakespeare's tragedies.

"Did I remember the date wrong?"

"No, it was the right day." He paused. The children were bowling hoops down the lavender walk and the Pole was leaping over the bushes, with Olivia clinging round his neck. "Very well timed."

"If you've got them, you can change them. I expect you've got them already."

"I haven't any Shakespearean records."

"Then I can give you some every year and add to them, like you add to my bracelet." She explained in Spanish to the Bolivian that her father gave her a new opal for her bracelet every birthday and Christmas, and Henry sat down on the frost-bound ground in his pajamas, overcome with the idea of Shakespeare's tragedies forcing entrance into his own house twice a year. "Have they done the histories?" he asked faintly. "Or 'Measure for Measure'?"

Logan and the guerrilla fighter didn't attend and he became paranoid. After they had been talking politics for five minutes, he said furiously, "Desdemona is a silly girl and her footling with a Moor of seriously under-endowed mind is of no interest. The murder of Duncan in 'Macbeth' is disastrously positioned. 'Hamlet' would be tolerable without the soliloquies and I am interested by Fortinbras, but unfortunately the play exists in no satisfactory version."

"Don't you like Shakespeare, then?" the guerrilla fighter said cheerily.

"I don't much care for fiction," said the professor. "As one grows older, one finds it a lot of cock and bull. All made up."

"What do you read?"

"Grammars," Logan said.

"History," said Henry. "But history can get you down, don't you know. It's rather dismal. Dead kings and so on." He sat with his chin on the end of a silver cane, his immensely long legs stretched out in front of him, and the cold damp travelled his spine.

QUENCHED by gin, the visitors lost the tang of the bad night and chatted boldly at luncheon. Henry drank claret in silence and thought that he would gladly die at this table, as and when the event came up. In a kind of vision, he saw the door open and his corpse rise with a heave on the shoulders of presumable friends to be borne successfully away from the party, which it would have marred.

"Sunday in England is a Puritan vestige," the political journalist said irately to the baffled Bolivian, who was having a happy day. "Even if one doesn't go to church."

"I always feel there's a special weather for Sunday," Anna said in a robust voice. She tried hard not to embarrass atheists with her Catholicism. "Overhanging. Damp."

The archeologist gobbled like a turkey, which was the way he showed agreement. "Yes-yes-yes. No wind."

"Where are your lovely children?" the woman American scholar asked.

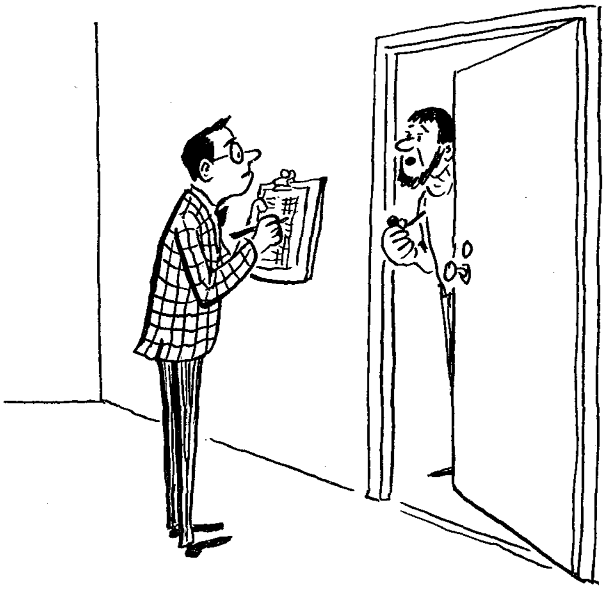
"They eat in the nursery on Sunday," Anna said. "They get affected by the atmosphere and it upsets Henry. They don't like the cigars, and the overeating, and the naps, and so on. I remember how we used to feel, my brothers and sisters, about grownups on Sunday. Don't you? I mean, when we wanted to run around after eating. And other things."

Henry shrank, and his fibrositis bothered him. Anna seemed to him to be talking about now, not then, and it was his doing.

"I remember it even used to make us hate Sunday that the shops were closed," she said. "Like struggling for breath."

"Rather," said the political journalist, made anxious by the great man's silence and nightclothes. He attempted to please him with a remark that he had been keeping for some time. "Sunday should be abolished except between consenting adults in private."

Henry's face showed nothing at all. He was asleep, perhaps. No, he drank from his claret glass. He had that joy, at one-forty-eight in the afternoon this Sunday, toward the end of another winter very nearly achieved. The shouts of his children floated down from the rotunda dome over the stairway and he again thought himself dead.



"No opinion."

• •

"Are you in school?" the male Guggenheim scholar asked Logan.

"I'm at university. I'm about to mess up my second go at exams," she said truculently, looking at her father.

There was a silence.

"Just read Spode's little masterpiece," said the archeologist.

"Any good?" the journalist asked.

"Riddled with inaccuracies. Worm-eaten with them. I've written to the T.L.S."

"Is that B. J. Spode?" the American man asked. "I thought O.U.P. were his publishers. Surely O.U.P. have people who check?"

"B. J. Spode is beyond checking," said the archeologist.

There was another silence. The Bolivian stoked up with more Stilton. Logan was staring down at her plate, and Henry watched her. She looked beautiful, and calm in her fatness, which seemed no disadvantage to her when she was seen in this sitting position. He was overcome by great loathing of the strangers in his house. "I'm in the prime of life," he said loudly.

People looked round at him as if they weren't sure whether or not he had spoken. He got up, and Anna said hastily to the table, "You won't mind if Henry goes to bed?"

"I'm not *going* to bed!" he shouted, making for the door fast.

He saw his books piled everywhere. Getting out of hand, though it was better than the shambles his executors would make—a sight he would escape, by good luck. He wanted a Serbo-Croat dictionary to look up the names of the playing cards so that he could play demon patience with Logan in their old language for fooling, but all he could find were volumes about fly-fishing and sets of early-nineteenth-century Swedish novels. Then he recalled putting the book into the refrigerator, but when he looked there was nothing there but food. He went up to the nursery, where he never stammered, even in English, and pulled faces for the children.

"Your future stepmother," he said, "who is riding elegantly on the rocking horse while you scum play your messy games, is going to have to support me from now on because someone has pinched my dictionaries."

"People don't pay children for working," Olivia said from the rocking horse.

"Hurrah, a burglary!" shouted Timothy, his middle son, who was still immobilized at the table in front of a plate of cold cabbage and gristle.

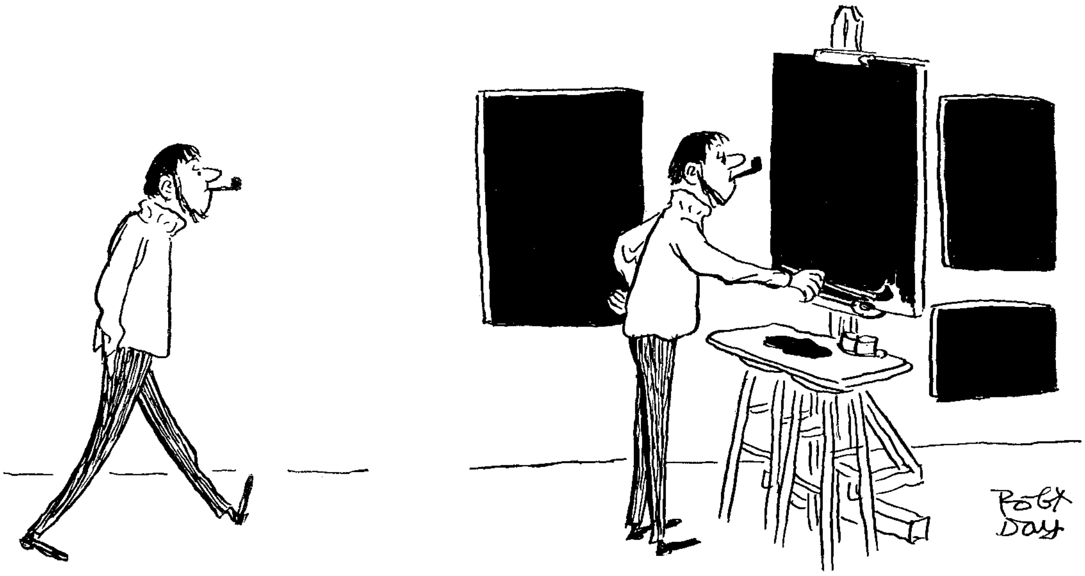
"Then we'll have a long engagement," Henry said to Olivia, "until my next birthday, and you can earn an immense amount of money at an early age by writing a best-seller which will be in all the bookshops, and it will be made into a film by the richest idiot in the world, who will invite you to his yacht for champagne and meringues." This sounded pleasant, and he thought about it.

The nanny snorted.

"Who whipped the dictionaries?" Timothy asked.

"We can rule out Nanny, can't we, Nanny?" Henry said, and Nanny said, "I don't know, I'm sure."

"Can I play trains with them?" Henry asked her, meanwhile scooping some of Timothy's remains into his



handkerchief with his back turned to the woman.

"We haven't eaten up our nice luncheon," Nanny said.

"Which of us hasn't? Oh, Timothy. Timothy, eat up the nice luncheon. The cabbage was grown by your devoted present mother and served by your devoted nurse, and the gristle was bought with my money." Henry reached for his handkerchief, giving the children spasms of anxiety by pretending to have forgotten what was in it. He warded off a sneeze and his younger daughter shrieked.

"What are we all going to live on if you can't earn any wages because of the burglary?" she said.

"You five can manage on chocolate, which is extremely cheap, and your future stepmother will eat rare fruits grown by her idle stepchildren, and Nanny and I will eat leftovers." Henry sat down beside Timothy and ate half the cabbage and meat scraps for him and said, "Delicious."

"There, Timothy," said Nanny. "You see how your father enjoyed it."

Henry pushed the plate away, wishing it were Nanny, and walked over to her television set. She had looked after the Archbishop of Canterbury and there was a pastel-tinted photograph of him on the TV, showing him naked on a rug when young. "I bet the Archbishop ate up his gristle," Henry said. Nanny's sewing basket held a pile of clippings recording her charge's present successes, cut out of newspapers and magazines to be pasted into a scrapbook. Henry looked at the project with distaste.

"This is one of him with the Queen," Nanny said.

"What a becoming costume it is," Henry said.

"Daddy went to school with him and says he was a squirt," said Olivia, rocking contemplatively.

"Not *our* Archbishop. He must be thinking of the Archbishop of York," Henry said, dealing with the rest of Timothy's cold plateful. "Look, Timothy's finished." Then he thundered, "For what we have been permitted to leave may the gods make us truly grateful," speaking in Latin, which all of his children grasped.

Nanny stiffened at the Popery that was rampant in the house and said, "Time we had our walk."

Seen through the landing window, the crocodile of shivering children in their Wellington boots and gray flannel coats took Henry's energy with them. He went back to thinking of Logan and grew full of something more corrosive than irritation—at himself, at her weight and her stupidity over exams, at his inability to talk easily to anyone over twelve, and at her own nettled and self-defacing awkwardness when she had once been as tranquil as Olivia. He tramped around the house looking for his lost dictionary, remembered the words for diamonds, spades, and hearts, found a pack of cards, and went into the drawing room.

"Aha!" said the journalist. "Mine host."

"I will answer your question," the French poet was saying to the male American. "Frankly, I do not read. I have not read a newspaper for twenty years. Without question, the tragedy of Vietnam enters my work, but not through the eyes and ears. Through some more secret orifice of the spirit. No doubt such communal emergencies account for the fatigued and saddened state in which you find me." He beat his thorax and said, "This is a cave of private anguish. They tell me it is a strongbox full of treasure, but for me it holds only anguish. If I see a newspaper in a room, I feel knives. I take flight."

The coffee was cold. Henry said, "Do you know the Serbo-Croat for clubs?"

"*Comment*?"

"I know the Russian for hammer," the woman Guggenheim scholar said roguishly. "Because of Molotov. It's *molot*, isn't it?"

"The p-playing-card club," Henry said. He made a plait of his dressing-gown tassel and looked at Logan, who was struggling to remember the word. She produced something, thinking she was onto it, but got it wrong, and he crushed her, which was wretched for both of them.

"That's pretty impressive," the political journalist said to her. "Do you speak Serbo-Croat?"

"Father started me on it but I'm no good." She said something rapidly to show off, powerless to stop herself, and Henry was powerless not to correct her.

"Is it allied to Czech?" someone asked, and she supplied comparisons, with her eyes sliding round to Henry and her cheeks reddened in patches on the bone. He tried laying out a patience game to take his mind off her, but the attention of the room seemed to have turned upon her and he could only watch her burn.

"Like father, like daughter." Some man's voice. "How many languages do you speak?"

"None," she said, laughing loudly. "I told you. I failed my exams."

"Your father taught you, did he?" said another voice, meaning to be kind no doubt. "Rare language, Serbo-Croat."

"I'll bet you speak French like a native. And German. We certainly envy you Europeans. And of course you had the greatest teacher in the world right here."

"My German's hopeless," she said. Henry thrashed, but the stammer had him in irons. "I'm fairly good at French," she said. She was looking at him all the time, this performing dog, and he could have killed her. "Daddy's not too disappointed about my French. I can speak Villon's French, too." She reeled something off, watching him, and he got up hopelessly to give them all a brandy.

"C-c—?" he asked the male American, and gave it up and poured a cognac whether the man wanted it or not.

"*How's your Middle English?*" said a voice, and Logan obeyed the stimulus and said something in Middle English.

"My," said another voice.

Henry took the cognac bottle toward the Bolivian, whom he liked, and purposely upset a coffee table on the way, *in the hope of making anything* else happen.

The Frenchman was nearest to the table and exclaimed over the damage in a Comédie-Française fluster, which someone asked Logan to translate. She did, and then announced, "The only language I can really speak is Polish. Father taught at Warsaw University in Polish."

"Did you like it there?"

"I didn't go. My mother had me."

Henry surfaced beside the Bolivian and poured the nice man a large slug. "Say when," he said to him.

"*Kiedy*," Logan said.

"No!" Henry yelled.

"Yes it is," she said, with a smugness that maddened him with shame.

"N-n—," he said, holding up the room in horror while he fought for his tongue. "Not in P-Polish, you little showoff. Can't you speak English?"

Logan ran from the room, and there was the sound of her car roaring away down the drive. Henry immediately went to sleep. The party looked at the great man, snoring in his pajamas in a Carolean tapestry chair, and deduced that their stay was over. One of the famous drolleries of a Tenterden weekend.

Anna was out in the vegetable garden, and the party shook hands with her cordially over the turnips. "You've really got to go?" she said.

"You know what the Sunday traffic is like."

"What a pity. I'd cooked us a *risotto*. You've seen Henry?"

"Henry's asleep," someone said.

"Bored stiff with us. Out like a light," said someone else.

"I think your daughter . . ." said a third, and faded.

"Where is he?" Anna asked. "He must have been pretending. He never goes to sleep in the daytime. Not unless it's an emergency."

"Rather a funny woman in her own right," the archeologist said when she had left for the house. Rooks were wheeling around the roof. The Bolivian looked stern, and moved up and down in his new English walking shoes, which he had bought in Oxford Street with some of the ready cash that he had insisted on from a high-minded newspaperman who thought he was interviewing him free about being a revolutionary.

Henry woke up at half past six and saw Ragnhilde and Anna drinking sherry together. The two had met so seldom that he wondered if he might be having delirium tremens. Ragnhilde had her leg in a plaster cast.

"W-where's L-Logan?" he asked, banging against the words with his full weight, it seemed.

"In a discothèque," Ragnhilde said. "Are you all right?"

"One of you get me two p-pins."

"What, dear?" said Anna.

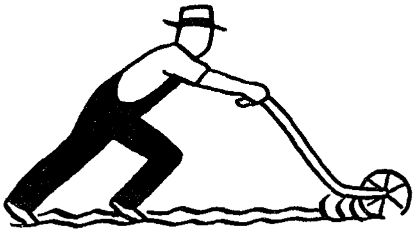
"Two p-pins."

"Two pins," Ragnhilde said to Anna.

"What does he need two pins for?" Anna asked Ragnhilde.

"He just said he wanted two pins," Ragnhilde said.

"Stop talking like a music-hall act!" Henry shouted. "What have you d-done to your leg?" He found a dry-cleaner's staple in the arm of his dressing gown and started to fiddle it out.



"I fell down some stairs."

"W-what are you doing here, anyway? It c-can't be safe to d-drive, with that l-leg."

"Anna asked me to drive down because she was worried about you and Logan. The leg's fine."

"Is it w-withered?" Henry used the staple ends on the balls of his fingers to test whether he had peripheral neuritis. It seemed possible that he hadn't. "I d-don't need the p-pins any longer, th-thank you. Hell, c-can't at least one of you go?" He roared around the room, angry with Anna for asking Ragnhilde to come and angry with Ragnhilde for breaking her leg. Anna went upstairs to see to the children and Ragnhilde laughed at him. He lay back like a man in a Bath chair and said, with his eyes closed, "The builders won't get finished. My life's impossible. My books are all over the place."

"What did you do to Logan?"

"Nothing."

"She's in a terrible state."

"She was making an exhibition of herself. Give me a whiskey, please." He looked at her beautiful back, which hadn't changed at all, and felt some donkey's kick in his stomach. Worse than the old days. "How can I work when I haven't any books?" he bawled.

"Do you hate my being here?" she asked.

"I suppose Anna said she couldn't do anything with me. You've dyed your hair."

"I'm afraid so. I look awful. I've got old."

"My darling, you mustn't say such things of yourself." Now he had suddenly gone much too far with her in

AT THE ALGONQUIN

He sat at the Algonquin smoking a cigar.
A coffin of a clock bonged out the time.
She was ten minutes late, but in that time
He puffed the blue eternity of his cigar.

Did she love him, did she? His youth was gone.
Humiliation's toad, with its blank stares,
Squatted on his conscience. If they went upstairs,
Some version of them both would soon be gone.

Before that, though, drinks, dinner, and a play—
The whole expensive dull expense account
You paid these days for things of no account.
Whatever love may be, it's not child's play.

Slowly she walked toward him. God, we are
Unnatural animals! The scent of roses
Filled the room above the carpet's roses,
And, getting up, he said, "Ah, *there* you are."

—Howard Moss

• •

his head, and shook with regret and happiness.

Fortunately Ragnhilde attacked him about Logan. "You don't realize what it's like for her to be your daughter."

"If it makes her behave like this, then you must be encouraging it. The other children aren't hysterical." He looked at his hand to see if it was shaking. Ragnhilde propped her plaster cast on the Tudor firedogs and this made him think of lighting a log fire. No, of getting her to do it. "Light a fire," he said.

"Do you think I should?"

"You're exploiting your damned leg again."

"No, I'm not. It isn't my house."

"Aren't you cold, then?"

"I put a newspaper under my skirt before I came down."

"Oh, I thought you'd got fatter."

"I knew it would be freezing here. What are those radiators?" She touched them and clenched her jaw with the cold of them.

"Central heating," he said. "Bad for the books."

"Where are the logs?"

"In the wine cooler."

He watched her try to light the fire and told her bitterly that she crackled as she moved. "Make a *wigwam*," he said. "Otherwise it'll never draw."

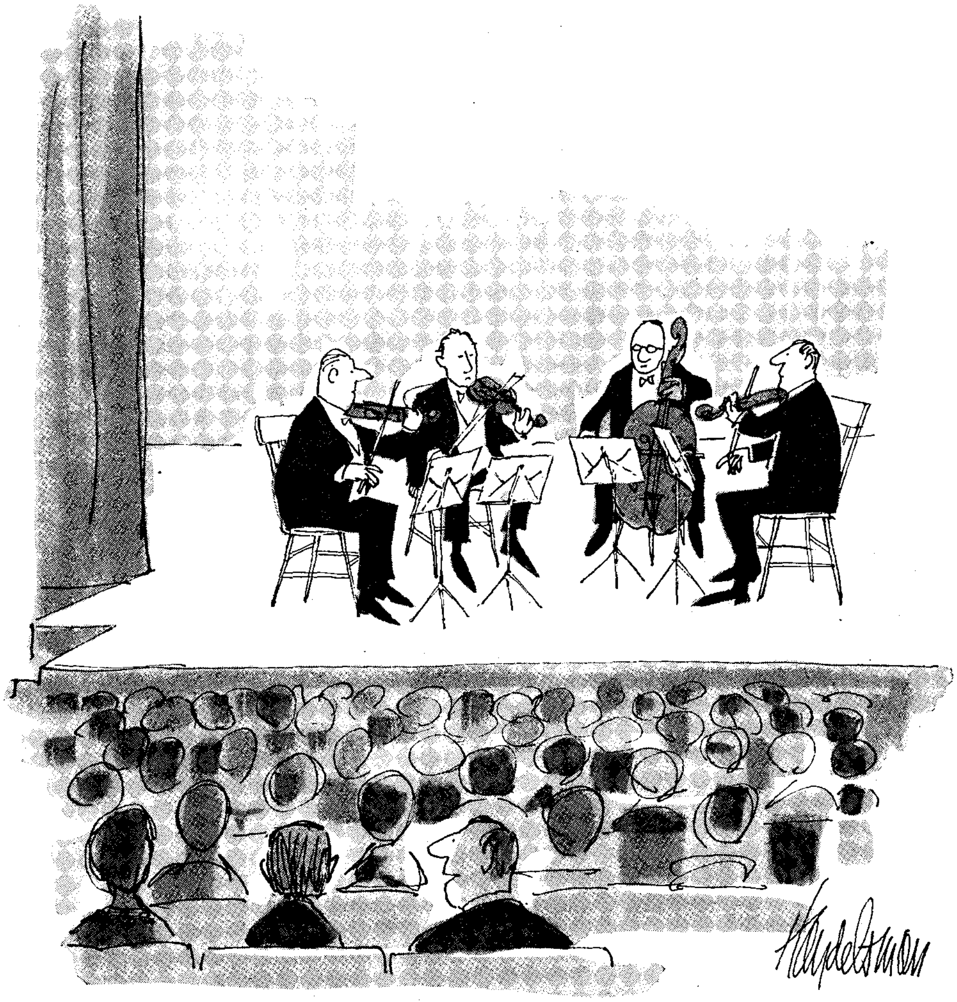
"You do it, then," Ragnhilde said, blowing on her fingers.

"I'm ill."

"I don't think you are, really. Shock about Logan, wasn't it? She's all right. But lay off her a bit."

He returned to his health, making some complaint about the food turning him into an alcoholic wreck, and asked her what she was doing at the moment. She propped herself in front of the fire and talked in a way that interested him very much, though her wigwam of kindling was a typical failure. Then she used the Cromwellian leather bellows on the cinders and burned through the hide because she had her head faced in his direction to speak. It tore his heart to look at her, so he victimized her and railed at her leg. He made her cry, and got up furiously. "You'd better go. It doesn't work," he said. (*It might if he were another person.*) He drove on. "You keep catechizing me."

"What are you talking about? I haven't asked a single question," she said, looking as if she were going to cry even more. Luckily she banged her toe on a caster as she was getting up to borrow his handkerchief. There was a moment when Henry thought she might have broken it, the big toe on this remaining leg.



"It's dull now, but at the end they smash their instruments and set fire to the chairs."

• •

"Simply your *presence* is rebuking!" he shouted, carefully tending the toe. "Bringing down that cast. What a prop."

"I didn't exactly *bring* it."

"You're wondering why I became a Catholic, for instance. Your old-fashioned rationalism. It's none of your business. I don't see why you're surprised."

"I'm not." They were both silent. She had always imagined that the root instinct of his conversion was terror of another breakup, and that he must feel comforted by a wife religiously bound not to quit. "I can see that it makes sense for you," she said. "I make that assumption."

He knew the idea she was keeping back, which was correct, and her forbearance struck him powerfully. They sat in truce for a time without speaking. The fire went out, of course.

"Anna keeps saying I'm not myself," he said.

"You seem exactly yourself to me."

"I've gone wrong somewhere." He drank three whiskeys in a row at the window, and then the tall pajama'd shape blundered toward her, tilting like a Neolithic rocking stone. "It's the stammer."

"Don't be self-pitying."

"In any other country I'm all right, don't you see?"

"No, in other countries you just don't have the stammer."

"I don't seem to say what I mean any longer. Things don't happen in the way I intend them to."

"No."

"Perhaps I'll go and live abroad."

"You'd mope to death."

"You don't understand. There's something lost. I can't put it right. My real life is the one I don't lead."

"Of course."

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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Last year was a good growing season at Woodlawn. Rainfall was ample, and after five years of drought the entire Cemetery seemed to revive.—*Letter from the Woodlawn Cemetery.*

Were there any unusual noises?

ANNALS OF LEGISLATION

IF YOU LOVE YOUR GUNS

NOTHING renders Congress less capable of action than the need for it. The more urgent the need, the more controversy it is likely to create, and the more controversy it creates, the greater is the danger for any member who takes a stand. Among the many controversies that Congress has been embroiled in during recent years, few have engendered the wrath, the deceit, the frustration, and the stalemate that have attended the controversy over what should be done about one of the most spectacular ways in which this country has for a long while surpassed every other country—our crime rate. In 1960, William H. Parker, the chief of the Los Angeles police department, said, "The United States has the dubious distinction of being the most lawless of the world's nations, and the statistical experts foretell a continued increase." The subsequent rate of increase was steeper than even the most pessimistic experts had predicted. To foreign observers, nothing is more astonishing than our casual recourse to violence in personal disputes, unless it is our failure to restrain it by law—in particular, our failure to control the indiscriminate sale and use of guns, which in recent years has lain at the heart of the controversy and at the same time has made it politically insoluble. "There is an element of violence in American society which the outsider has to learn to comprehend," Henry Fairlie, a British journalist living in Washington, wrote in 1966. "History and character cannot be reversed and changed overnight. But this is no excuse for allowing violence such an easy access to the weapons which it not only needs, but which actually encourage it, tempt it, incite it. However much I may love and admire America, its gun laws come near to ruling it out of civilized society."

In this country, some twenty thousand laws deal with the manufacture, sale, and use of firearms, but most of them are technical provisions that don't amount to much. In forty-one states and the District of Columbia, one can buy either a rifle or a pistol without a license of any kind; in seven states the law requires a permit to buy a handgun (that is, a revolver or an automatic pistol); one state (South Carolina) prohibits the sale of handguns; and two states (Hawaii and New Jersey) now require the registration of all guns by description, serial number, and ownership. The only federal laws concerning firearms—"antiquated and impotent legal travesties," according to one commentator—are two in number. One is the National Firearms Act of 1934, which effectively limited the traffic in sawed-off shotguns, sawed-off rifles, and fully automatic weapons such as machine guns by requiring their registration and a two-hundred-dollar tax on their transfer; that is, it was effective until part of the registration system was found un-Constitutional by the Supreme Court a few weeks ago, on the ground that this amounted to a requirement that a man be forced to testify against himself, and it thus violated the Fifth Amendment. The other is the Federal Firearms Act of 1938, which requires anyone making interstate sales of guns to obtain a federal license, and also prohibits interstate shipment of guns by or to convicted felons, persons under indictment for felony, and fugitives.

Laws aside, no one can make even a rough guess at how many guns are in private hands in this country; estimates have ranged from a low of fifty million to a high of two hundred million. But it is known that each year two million domestically made guns and one million imported guns are sold. In other words, in the course of each working day around ten thousand guns reach private hands. And it is also known what toll guns take annually. In 1966, for example, guns were used in an estimated sixty-five hundred murders, ten thousand suicides, and twenty-six hundred accidental deaths—an estimated total of nineteen thousand deaths; in addition, they were used in an estimated forty-three thousand serious assaults and fifty thousand robberies, and they caused an estimated hundred thousand non-fatal injuries. Since 1900, three-quarters of a million people in the United States have been killed by privately owned guns, or a third again as many as have been killed in all our wars.

In his book "The Right to Bear Arms," Carl Bakal points out that since Congress took its last, rather weak, step to control guns, in the nineteen-thirties, a number of bills intended to further regulate the sale, possession, and use of firearms have been introduced, but, because of determined opposition from owners, dealers, and manufacturers of guns, nothing has come of any of them. In later years, he goes on, one of the leading congressional advocates of stricter firearms control was Senator Thomas C. Hennings, Democrat of Missouri, who sponsored several bills providing for such control but finally gave up in despair. "Many members of the House and Senate will vote for construction of dams costing millions of dollars," he remarked in the late fifties. "But they won't vote a nickel to stop the tide of waste and tragedy." Not until after the most shocking of the tragedies—the assassination of President Kennedy—were there signs that Congress might stem, if not stop, the tide, for after the events in Dallas public insistence on federal action to control firearms appeared politically irresistible. As early as 1959, polls had shown that a majority of citizens favored stricter federal gun laws, and after Kennedy's death in November, 1963, that majority had climbed toward unanimity. Early in 1964, a Gallup Poll showed that seventy-one per cent of the men and eighty-five per cent of the women in the country felt that no one should be permitted to own a gun without a police permit.

As it happened, a gun-control bill had been pending before Congress for several months prior to the assassination. Introduced in August, 1963, by Senator Thomas J. Dodd, Democrat of Connecticut—Hennings' successor as chairman of the Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency—the bill was a modest affair that fell far short of what the Gallup Poll indicated the public wanted. Officially designated S. 1975, the measure, drafted after more than a year of investigations and hearings, was aimed at limiting the mail-order sales of handguns, which, according to F.B.I.

Spain
France
Germany

"Well, what's your pleasure, folks? Twilight on the Seine? The Taj Mahal by moonlight? Dawn on Kilimanjaro? Running of the bulls in Pamplona?"

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figures, were used in seventy per cent of the murders committed with guns, and which could be obtained through the mail for as little as three dollars and fifty cents by, among others, minors who were prevented by local ordinances from buying them over the counter. Dodd's bill required the buyer of a handgun by interstate mail order to send the seller a notarized statement to the effect that he was over eighteen, that he was not a convicted felon or under indictment for a felony, and that shipment of the gun would not violate any law in the area where he lived. As for the seller, the bill required him to notify the carrier (normally Railway Express, since federal law had long prohibited the shipment of handguns by mail) whenever he dispatched a package containing a handgun, and the carrier was required to refuse delivery to anyone he knew, or had reason to believe, was under the age of eighteen. Although the bill was glaringly weak—for one thing, a notarized statement that someone has said he is over eighteen means nothing more than that this is what he has said, and, for another, anyone over the age of eighteen could arm a battalion of twelve-year-olds without violating the law—it was the best that Dodd could come up with after months of negotiating with gun manufacturers and representatives of hunters and other gun owners. The manufacturers (so many of whom have plants in Connecticut that it is sometimes referred to as "the arsenal of America") went along with the proposal because it was a protectionist measure, mail-order guns being mostly cheap imports that cut into their business. And the sporting groups were not unduly put out, because it did nothing to limit traffic in rifles and shotguns, which are the arms used in most gun sports, and because the leaders of these groups feared that if they didn't accept a halfway measure then, they would sooner or later—probably sooner—be forced by public demand to accept a much more comprehensive one.

At the time the bill was introduced, there were fourteen million licensed hunters in the country, four or five million members of gun clubs devoted to target and skeet and trap shooting, and a million or so additional gun collectors. For many years, the unofficial but widely acknowledged leader of this assemblage had been the National Rifle Association. Founded in 1871 by some officers of the New York National Guard who were distressed by the sloppy performance of Northern riflemen during the Civil War (the soldiers were said to have hit what they were aiming at only once in a thousand shots), the N.R.A. had as its original purpose "to promote and encourage rifle shooting on a scientific basis." Chartered as a nonprofit organization, the N.R.A. later redefined its aims more grandly, stating that its principal goal was "to promote social welfare"—a statement that, as it happened, rendered it exempt from federal taxation and from any requirement that it be registered as a lobby. Today, the Association operates from a three-and-a-half-million-dollar, nine-story marble-and-glass Washington headquarters, which houses two hundred and fifty employees, and which, according to the Association, "stands as a symbol of an ideal." It also stands as a reminder that the N.R.A. has more than ten million dollars in assets and an annual income of better than five million; sixty-three per cent of the latter sum comes from dues paid by eight hundred and fifty thousand members, and twenty-six per cent comes from arms and sporting-equipment manufacturers and dealers who buy advertising space in the Association's monthly magazine, the *American Rifleman*. Although the N.R.A. has nowhere near the means or the membership of groups like the American Legion and the A.F.L.-C.I.O., it is far more successful in exerting pressure on Congress. In fact, it is considered to do the most effective lobbying of any non-lobby in Washington, and no one in the government doubts its repeated boast that it can produce within seventy-two hours more than half a million letters, postcards, and telegrams to members of Congress on any gun-bill issue. "I'd rather be a deer in hunting season than a politician who has run afoul of the N.R.A. crowd," a senator from the West remarked not long ago. "Most of us are scared to death of them. They range from bus drivers to bank presidents, from Minutemen to four-star generals, and from morons to geniuses, but they have one thing in common: they don't want *any*one to tell them *any*thing about what to do with their guns, and they *mean* it."

The N.R.A. claims that it always approaches proposed firearms legislation—whether local, state, or federal—with a positive rather than a negative attitude, but the record shows that just about the only firearms legislation that it has approached positively has been legislation that would weaken existing laws. In 1963, for example, a bill was submitted to the Montana legislature that would make it legal for children under the age of fourteen to use guns under certain conditions; for children over fourteen there were no conditions anyway. The N.R.A. labelled the proposal "Good" in a bulletin to its Montana members, and the bill was enacted. To substantiate its claim about its positive attitude, the Association often cites the part it played in getting the 1934 and 1938 federal laws passed. Indeed, it did support both bills—after fighting them to a standstill until provisions in them making it illegal to sell handguns in interstate commerce were dropped. In the eight years preceding the introduction of S. 1975, thirty-five gun-control bills were introduced in Congress and the N.R.A. opposed all of them. (One of them, which was designed to protect the Massachusetts gun industry, was submitted in 1958 by Senator John F. Kennedy and would have prohibited "the importation or reimportation into the United States of arms or ammunition originally manufactured for military purposes." The main target of the bill was the largest-selling import, the Mannlicher-Carcano 6.5, one of which Lee Harvey Oswald bought with a mail-order coupon cut out of the *American Rifleman.*)

After ninety-two years of opposing restrictive firearms bills, the N.R.A. was apparently at a loss for ways in which it might support one, for its endorsement of S. 1975 was possibly the most reticent, and certainly the most ineffectual, act in its long history. The year the bill was introduced, the Association sent out forty-two "legislative bulletins" to several hundred thousand of its members notifying them of impending gun bills in state legislatures and county and municipal councils. It sent out nothing on S. 1975. When the bill was filed in the Senate, the *American Rifleman* described it in detail but did not identify it by number or sponsor, as it always did when it opposed a piece of legislation. Expressing its views in a roundabout fashion that was unprecedented for the magazine, it gave the impression that it was not against the bill but never explicitly stated that the N.R.A. had endorsed it. Instead, after saying in an editorial that "steps must be taken to stop the traffic of mail-order guns into unauthorized hands," it made it appear that it had no particular bill in mind by observing, "It is reassuring that proposed solutions to this particular situation are being directed at irresponsible merchants and purchasers. With this approach, steps can be taken toward a reasonable solution to the problem of mail-order guns."

Four days after President Kennedy's assassination, Dodd amended S. 1975 to include rifles and shotguns. A few days later, he amended it further, to require each buyer of a gun by mail order to list the name and address of the chief law-enforcement officer in his area, and to require the seller to notify that officer by registered mail, before shipping the gun, that the purchase had been made. Alarmed by the public mood following the assassination, the N.R.A. told Dodd privately that it would go along with these changes, but again it did nothing to generate support among its members.

"YOU keep after that gun bill," Senator Mike Mansfield, the Majority Leader, told Dodd at the beginning of December, 1963. "I'm with you." So, it appeared, were many other senators, including Everett M. Dirksen, the Minority Leader, who agreed that some kind of gun legislation was essential—which meant he agreed that it was inevitable. Warren Magnuson, chairman of the Commerce Committee—which, under Senate rules, had final jurisdiction over the bill—assured Dodd about this time that a majority of the sixteen committee members had told him they were for it, and that he was willing to send it directly to the Senate floor for a vote without holding any further hearings. When about a week had passed after Magnuson's statement and nothing more happened, Dodd got

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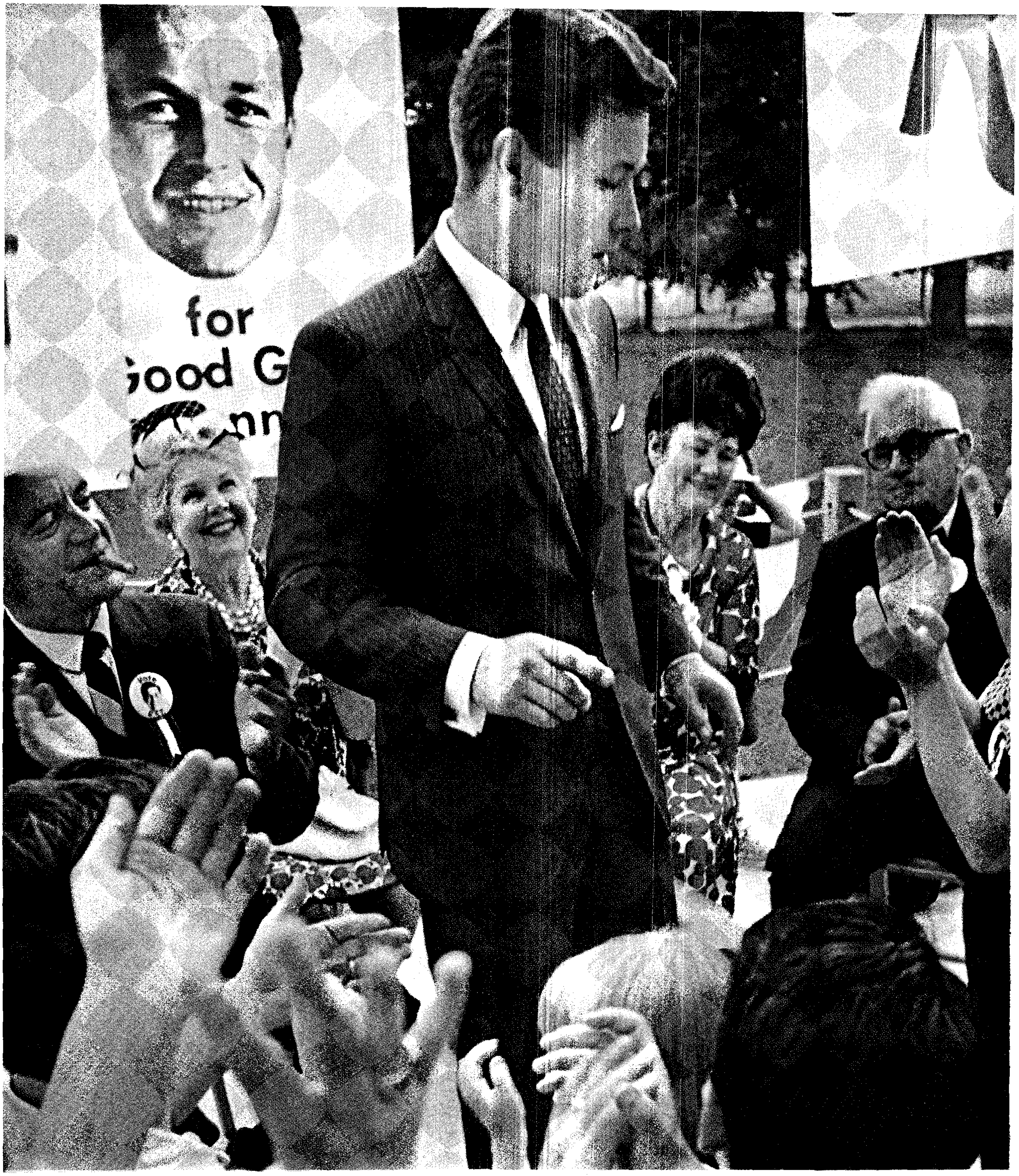

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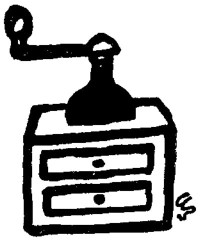
in touch with each member of the committee urging action on the bill; most of the replies were evasive and apologetic. Then, on December 10th, Magnuson unexpectedly announced that his committee would hold hearings on S. 1975 after all. He did not announce that he had reached this decision only after he and other members of the committee had heard from the N.R.A. Better than two-thirds of the committee's members were from so-called hunting states, and nine were coming up for reelection the following year.

When the hearings opened, on December 13th, it was clear that just about everyone on the committee had taken fright. Magnuson himself didn't appear at all the first day but sent in a statement opposing the bill on the ground that it might appear to be a solution but was too weak to be really effective. Although Magnuson could presumably have remedied its defects by conducting rigorous hearings and then proposing strong amendments, he rarely attended the sessions, which ran on and off until March, 1964. Apparently, the chairman's seat was considered a hot one, for no one seemed to want to occupy it, and finally the job of chairing the hearings fell to the lowest-ranking Democrat on the committee—Howard Cannon, of Nevada. Although by this time more than eighty per cent of the people polled by Gallup on the subject wanted the strictest gun law possible, of the thirty-seven witnesses who were invited to testify before the committee only seven, including Dodd, gave S. 1975 their outright support.



Most of those who opposed all or parts of the bill tirelessly reiterated arguments that the N.R.A. had tirelessly reiterated for years, until they had acquired the force of incantations. The first, and most sacred, of these was that S. 1975—and, for that matter, any bill that controlled guns in any way—was un-Constitutional, because the Constitution guaranteed every citizen "the right to keep and bear arms." The reference was to the Second Amendment, which states, "A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." Usually, the N.R.A. quotes only the last half of the sentence. The courts, on the other hand, have always been more interested in the first half and have consistently interpreted the amendment to mean that the states have the right to maintain armed citizen militias. Attorney General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach, testifying before the Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency, said that "the Supreme Court of the United States long ago made it clear that the amendment did not guarantee to any individuals the right to bear arms." Although the N.R.A. has asserted that it "takes the bedrock stand that law-abiding Americans are Constitutionally entitled to the ownership and legal use of firearms," it has never been confident enough of its footing to carry a test case to the Supreme Court, which has yet to knock down any local, state, or federal law regulating firearms—with the exception of part of the 1934 federal law, which it faulted on the basis that it was an infringement of the Fifth, not the Second, Amendment. In the Court's own words, in its 1939 decision in the case of the United States v. Miller, the Second Amendment applies only to those arms that have a "reasonable relationship to the preservation or efficiency of a well-regulated militia."

A close second in popularity among gun men is the argument—or slogan—that goes, "Guns don't kill people; people kill people." Like the first one, this has appeared in millions of copies of the *American Rifleman* and in other millions of N.R.A. pamphlets, brochures, leaflets, bulletins, and letters, and, in the form of posters and stickers, it has been plastered all over the countryside on gun-club buildings and at firing ranges. Those who are fond of it are endlessly amused by carrying it to its illogical conclusion, which is that if one is going to regulate the use of guns because they are sometimes used to kill people, one should then regulate the use of knives, hammers, baseball bats, rope, fireplace pokers, hands, feet, and on and on. The counter-arguments put forth by gun-bill proponents—that more than half of all the murders committed in this country are committed with guns; that on the basis of the N.R.A. argument the sale of narcotics and poisons should not be regulated, either; and that although the other lethal instruments mentioned have a variety of legitimate uses, guns have only one use, which is to destroy something, whether a target, a clay pigeon, an animal, or a person—have been utterly without effect. One witness at the Commerce Committee hearings, Senator Bourke B. Hickenlooper, Republican of Iowa, made a favorite N.R.A. point when he

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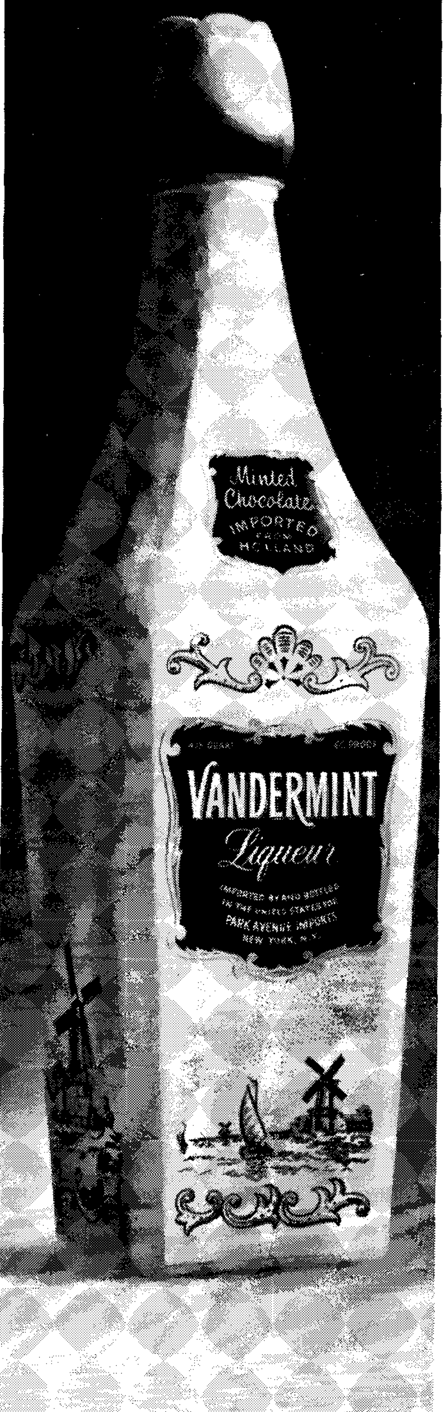
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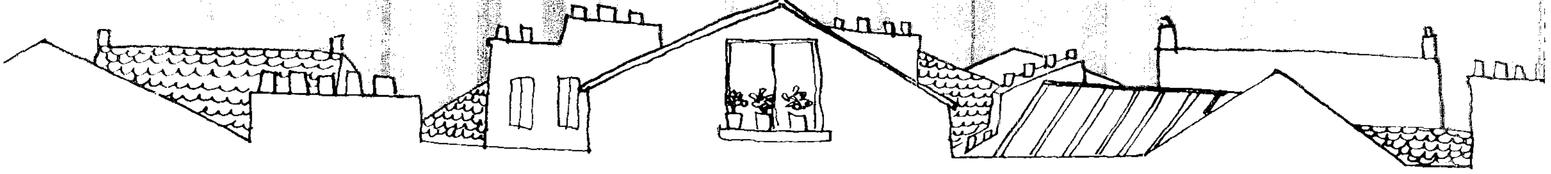

le Voyage par Air France

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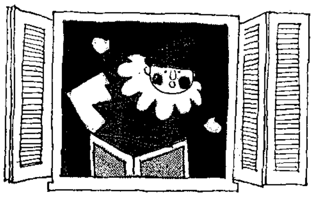
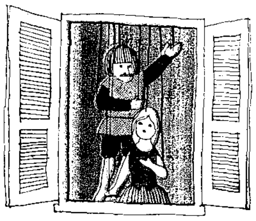


Magasins de jouets

Superb continental toys can be seen and bought at: Le Chaperon Bleu 14-bis, ave. Hoche; Farandole 48, ave. Victor-Hugo; Au Nain Bleu 406-410, rue St.-Honoré, Paris' oldest toy store with celebrity customers from all over the world and a stock to fit; Baby Train 9, rue du Petit-Pont, fantastic miniature train store, the bulk of whose customers, needless to say, are adults.

les Baby-sitters

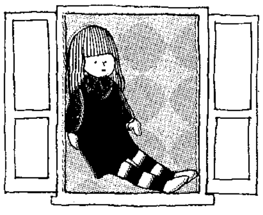
You can find suitable baby-sitters through these organizations: L'Association des Etudiants en Médecine ODEon 25-44; Comité des Oeuvres des Etudiants ODEon 06-70; Azur Baby-Sitter 265-69-26. In addition, For Children Only offers half-day and full-day chaperoned excursions for young people through Taylor Travel Service ANJou 68-31. The number to call for help concerning children arriving in Paris alone is 225-91-88.



Marionnettes

The famous Guignol shows are performed during the summer months once or twice every afternoon in the Tuileries, Luxembourg and Champs-Elysées Gardens (the last being the oldest puppet show in Paris). In the winter months: André Blin Marionnettes 2, rue Emile Boutroux (Thursdays only); and Claude & Daniel Brazilier 76, rue Mouffetard.

Vêtements

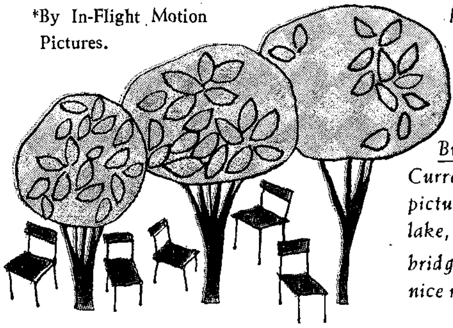


The children's wear departments of the large department stores are a good place to find reasonably-priced clothes—the kind Parisian children wear. In addition, the following shops offer the fancier type of things you'd expect to find in Paris: Bellina 7, Fbg. St.-Honoré, top luxury togs; Celine 3, ave. Victor-Hugo, shoes for boys and girls; La Châtelaine 170, ave. Victor-Hugo, the kind of clothes visiting royalty buys to bring home; Jones 39, ave. Victor-Hugo, extraordinary collection of clothes for boys and girls from infancy to 18; Baby Dior 28, ave. Montaigne, the name says everything.

Curiosités

Excursions to the following will delight almost any child: Dog Market 106, rue Brancion, Sundays, 2-4 PM; Donkey and Mule Market, same place, Mon. Wed. Fri. mornings; Miniature Trains 6, cité du Midi, 3 & 8 PM (except Wed.), children can drive miniature trains; Musée Grevin 10, blvd. Montmartre, 2-7 PM daily, fantastic and historical waxworks tableaux; Open-Air Stamp Market corner, aves. Garbriel & Marigny, Thurs. Sat. Sun.; Paris Metro, the illuminated mechanical map is a must—you press a button for your destination and the route lights up; Eiffel Tower, a trip up, up, up, is even more fun for children than for adults. You can arrange to have the Eiffel Tower flood-lit just for the kids at a time of your choice; all you need is two days' notice to the Cabinet du Préfet de la Seine, and $55.00 an hour; Seine Boat Rides, from Alma (right bank) and Jena (left bank) Bridges, boat tours leave almost every half-hour from 10:30 AM to 5 PM.

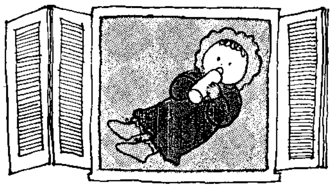
Parcs



There's a real amusement park with rides, funny mirrors, a miniature train, and a miniature motor-racing track at the Jardin d'Acclimatation (zoo to you). The zoo part has lions, bears, etc. Open from 9 AM to nightfall. Also here, a bowling alley open until 2 AM. Plus a miniature golf-course 57 rue Cuvier. Other parks with special-interest events include: Jardin des Plantes, with a winter-garden, live animals, reptiles, aquarium, stuffed animals, paleontology, etc.; Buttes Chaumont, Place Armand Currell at Belleville, is the most picturesque park in Paris—small lake, 100 ft. waterfall, a suspension bridge, puppet theater, swings, nice restaurant.

Théâtres

For the very young (for whom language is not yet a problem): Théâtre des Enfants Modèles, Salle-Chopin-Pleyel 252, Fbg. St.-Honoré, 3 PM; Théâtre des Enfants, Théâtre de la Porte Saint-Martin, 3 PM; Théâtre le Kaléidoscope 5, rue Frédérique-Sauton, 2:30 and 4:45 PM.



les Snacks

The best ice-cream in Paris? Try Berthillon 31, rue St. Louis-en l'Ile, or Fauchon 26, Place de la Madeleine. When the kids must have a hamburger or milkshake, there are close approximations at Le Drugstore 133, Champs-Elysées, and at the Pam-Pam and Wimpy luncheonettes dotted around Paris.

Vocabulaire

yes: oui
toilet: lavabo
I am hungry: j'ai faim
I am thirsty: j'ai soif
ice-cream: la glace
please: s'il vous plaît

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testified, "I am perfectly aware that tens of thousands of people are killed in this country every year by automobiles. . . . I don't think anyone proposes to make it impossible to buy an automobile because tens of thousands of people are killed." The analogy was very popular in gun circles, even though no one had proposed to make it impossible to buy a gun. Moreover, as the backers of the bill repeatedly pointed out, again without effect, automobiles are essential to modern life, whereas guns aren't, and, in any event, the increasing death toll from automobile accidents has led to increasingly strict regulation.

An inevitable corollary of the contention that people, and not guns, kill people, is that people, and not their guns, must be more strictly regulated. Ultimately, a plea for harsh penalties against anyone using a gun criminally became the gun lobbyists' sole alternative to any proposal for new gun laws. One of the many witnesses to advance this alternative proposal during the hearings was William H. Beers, outdoor editor of the Prescott, Arizona, *Evening Courier*. He asked for "a broadening of the search and seizure laws, an enlargement of the powers of arrest so police officers can make arrests without fear of reprisal, and, above all, mandatory penalties for crimes committed with firearms—that is, five years without parole for the first offense, ten years without parole for the second offense, and up to life on subsequent conviction." Senator Ralph W. Yarborough, a liberal Democrat from Texas, the only member of the committee who was anything but courtly to the bill's opponents, heard Beers out and then said, "A number of witnesses have stressed 'No more laws, but tough penalties. Send them to the penitentiary longer, or do away with their rights of defense, anybody that is charged with crime.' Some of the testimony has assumed you have two classes of citizens: the law-abiding and the non-law-abiding. There are, but the only way you tell which is which is after trial. . . . Many of the witnesses here have offered what seemed to me harsher alternatives than the things we propose."

To a man, the gun people lined up behind Representative Bob Casey, a conservative Democrat from Texas, when he later filed a bill in the House to make any serious crime committed with a firearm a federal offense carrying a mandatory sentence of twenty-five years in prison. The proposal had some drawbacks. For one, it would have usurped the states' jealously

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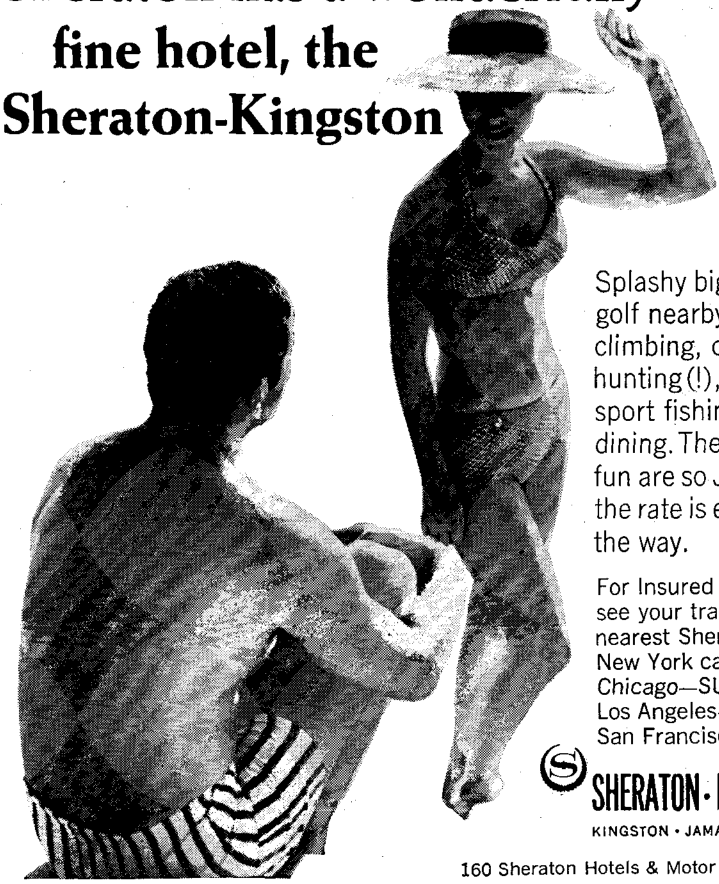

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guarded police powers. (Even so, a number of states'-rights states, such as Alabama and Louisiana, were sufficiently influenced by the gun men to pass resolutions in their legislatures supporting the Casey bill.) For another, it would have converted the hundred thousand and more crimes that are committed each year with guns into federal crimes—a change that would have required the creation of an immense federal police force, of the kind that has heretofore been known only under dictatorships. And, for still another, it would have produced the largest federal construction program since the public-works days of the Depression, since the present capacity of the federal prison system is only twenty-one thousand. Such legal and economic aspects of the proposal aside, the notion that stiff penalties deter criminals has few defenders among criminologists today. That approach has often been tried, they say, and it has always failed. For example, as recently as the early eighteen-hundreds in England, when more than two hundred offenses were capital crimes, one of them, picking pockets, was most frequently practiced during public hangings. Instead of making a criminal hesitate to use a gun, the criminologists say, the most probable effect of a bill like Casey's would be to make an armed marauder hesitate to let the witness to his crime live.

Still another N.R.A. argument against restrictive firearms legislation is that laws of this sort "disarm the law-abiding citizen without affecting the criminal." Of course, S. 1975 would not have disarmed anyone. Even its most fervent backers saw the bill as little more than a means of making it slightly harder for the young and the deranged to get hold of guns. As its proponents repeatedly explained, always without effect, their hope was that the law would deter some of those who couldn't buy a gun over the counter from trying to buy one by mail, simply because it made mail-order purchases somewhat more difficult to carry out. As they also explained, the bill would certainly not prevent a determined criminal from getting hold of a weapon, but it might well dissuade a boy or someone who was unbalanced from going to the trouble of ordering one by mail if he had nothing more in mind than the notion that it would be fun to have a gun—a notion that has far too often led to accidents and mayhem. In addition, they noted, the business of sorting out the law-abiding was far from an easy task when it came to murder. They cited F.B.I.

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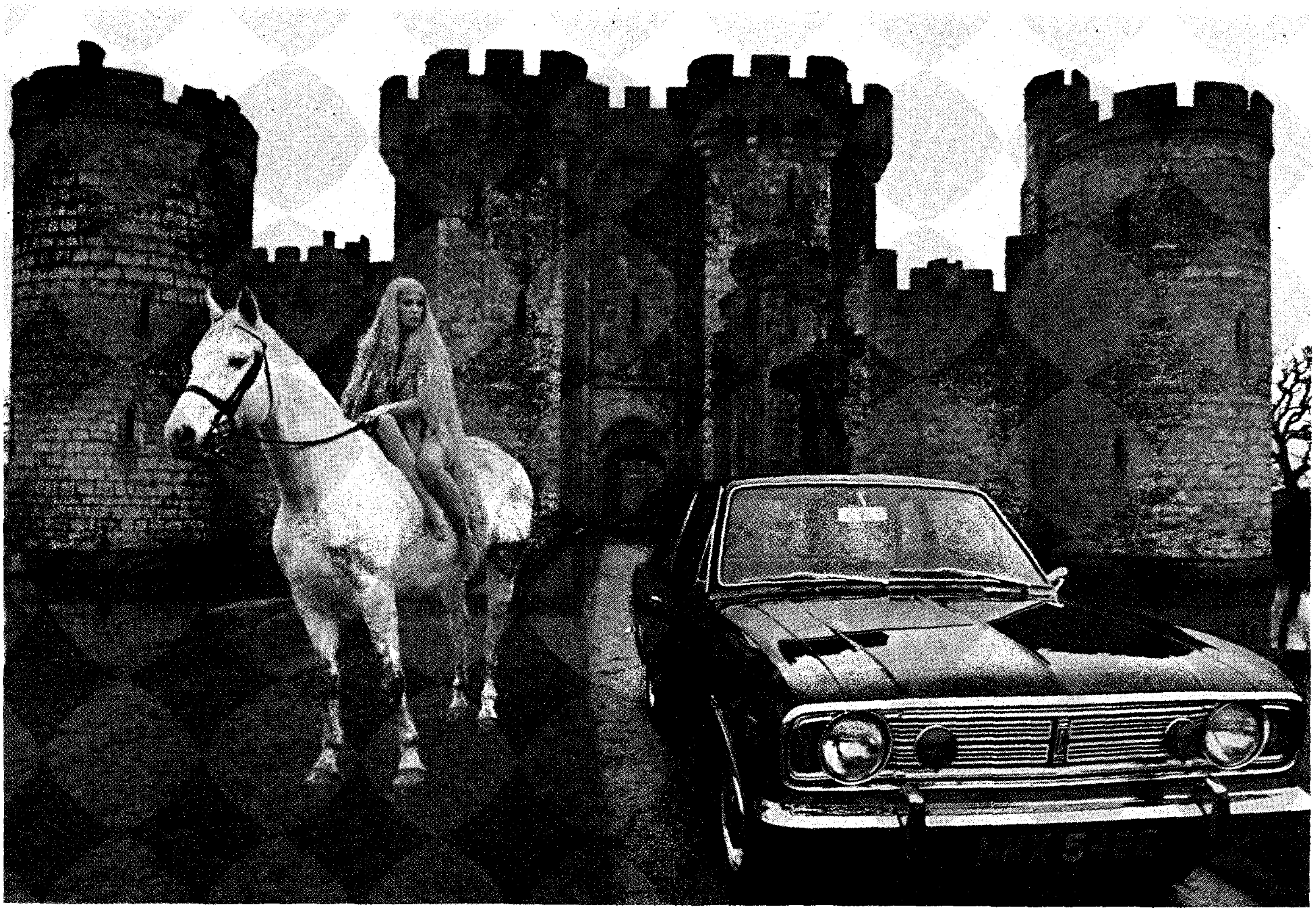

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The engine is larger than that found in many imports. And the seating room is larger, too. Automatic transmission and GT styling are available. Front disc brakes are standard.

Those are the features that help make Ford's Model C Cortina the largest selling car in England. And these features make it so right for America. (Sales more than doubled in the U.S. last year.) One other thing helps in this country. Parts and servicing are available at hundreds of Ford dealers across the nation. They never horse around.

Ford's Model C

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CORTINA Ford

figures showing that eighty-two per cent of all murders were committed within families or among acquaintances—generally by people who had been law-abiding citizens until the murder occurred.

Although the N.R.A. officially conceded again and again in congressional hearings that there was an urgent need to do something about making guns less available to felons, addicts, mental incompetents, and minors, it hotly contested at the same time the idea that the general availability of guns had anything to do with the crime problem. "Much has been said in public and in the press about the part that firearms play in the commission of crime," John M. Schooley, who had recently stepped down as president of the N.R.A., asserted in the hearings that followed the Kennedy assassination. "Some persons have gone so far as to maintain that the accessibility of firearms plays a major part in the increasing crime rate." Indeed, some had, including most of the country's leading law-enforcement officers and criminologists. Unable to outweigh this body of opinion, the N.R.A. did its best to out-talk the proponents of S. 1975 on this point, depending, as usual, on frequent repetition. Here, it relied on two arguments. One, which Schooley brought up at the hearings, consisted of a quotation from a book called "Patterns in Criminal Homicide," by Marvin E. Wolfgang, a professor of sociology at the University of Pennsylvania, which went, "It is the contention of this observer that few homicides due to shootings could be avoided merely if a firearm were not immediately present, and that the offender would select some other weapon to achieve the same destructive goal." The statement was constantly quoted by the N.R.A. and its allies, and it still is, even though it was repudiated by Dr. Wolfgang in March, 1964, in a letter to former U.S. Bureau of Prisons Director James V. Bennett: "I am one of those persons who believe that violence and instruments of violence breed violence. Legislation which makes more restrictive the manufacturing, sale and distribution, and licensing of firearms is, I think, desirable in almost any form. If pushed to the wall, I would probably support the Japanese ruling that no one except a police officer should be allowed to possess or carry a pistol." The second N.R.A. argument was that the F.B.I.'s annual *Uniform Crime Reports*, which is the most comprehensive statistical and analytical compilation of information on crime in

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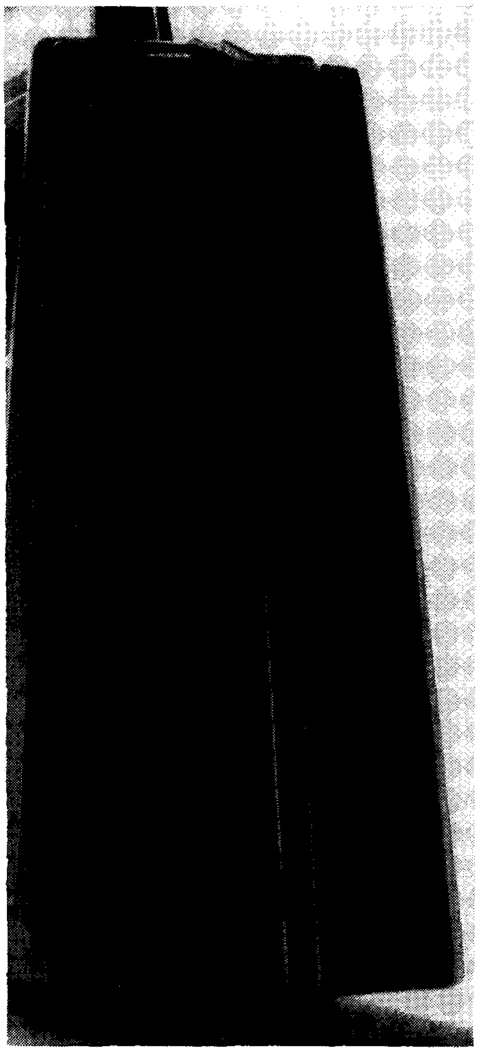

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Radio has the advantage of sending and receiving with complete mobility.

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When a man dials the number he wants, logic devices in the unit automatically search through several radio channels to find static-free ones and avoid those already in use.

If the unit he is trying to reach is within direct range, the call will be completed in less than two seconds.

If the unit is beyond direct range, the call will be automatically routed to a retransmission unit (in effect, an automated radio switchboard), which will search out the unit being called and put the call through.

The system handles up to 400 calls simultaneously. Conference calls are possible. An "override" feature allows a man with an urgent message to cut into a call between other persons. Data and pictures can also be transmitted.

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this country, did not list among the factors contributing to the crime rate the availability of guns. At one hearing on S. 1975, a member of the N.R.A.'s board of directors cited the 1963 F.B.I. report to substantiate this point. A staff member pointed out to him that the list he was referring to was in the introduction to the report, and that on page 7 of the body of the report was a full analysis of murder by guns, which concluded, "The easy accessibility of firearms and the lethal nature of the gun are clearly apparent in these murder figures." The witness retorted, "Director Hoover is entitled to his opinion, and you are entitled to yours, and I am entitled to mine." J. Edgar Hoover has, on various occasions, taken an even stronger position on this subject, saying, among other things, "Those who claim that the availability of firearms is not a factor in murders in this country are not facing reality," and "A review of the motives for murder suggests that a readily accessible gun enables the perpetrator to kill on impulse," and "The spotlight of public attention should be focussed on the easy accessibility of firearms and its influence on willful killings," but the N.R.A. has continued to cite the supposed omission in the *Uniform Crime Reports*.

Another of the N.R.A.'s arguments against any legislation designed to control guns is that it would have no effect on the use of guns in crimes because, as one of the Association's pamphlets has put it, "most weapons used by criminals are stolen guns." Since the criminals in the country have never been polled on how they got their guns, no one knows what their usual source of weapons is. However, statistics submitted during the Senate hearings indicated that many of them bought guns legally. According to a study made in 1965 by the commissioner of the Massachusetts Department of Public Safety, only six guns out of forty-five hundred and six recovered from criminals in that state during the previous eight years had been stolen. Nearly eighty-seven per cent of the weapons, the commissioner added, had been obtained not in Massachusetts, which has had fairly strict firearms laws since 1957, but by over-the-counter purchases in Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, which have lenient laws. According to the Newark police, eighty per cent of the guns confiscated from criminals there in recent years were found to have been bought outside the state. New Jersey's Attorney General, Arthur J. Sills, reported during the hearings on S. 1975—in re-

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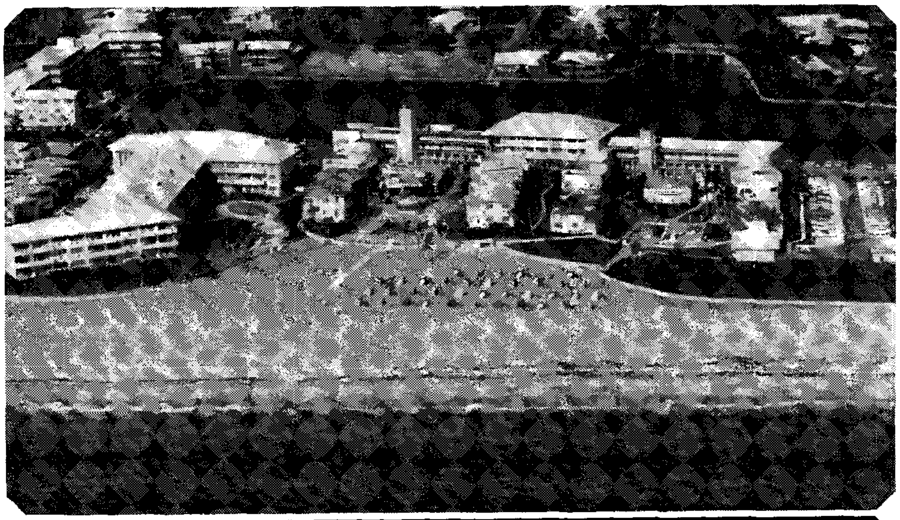

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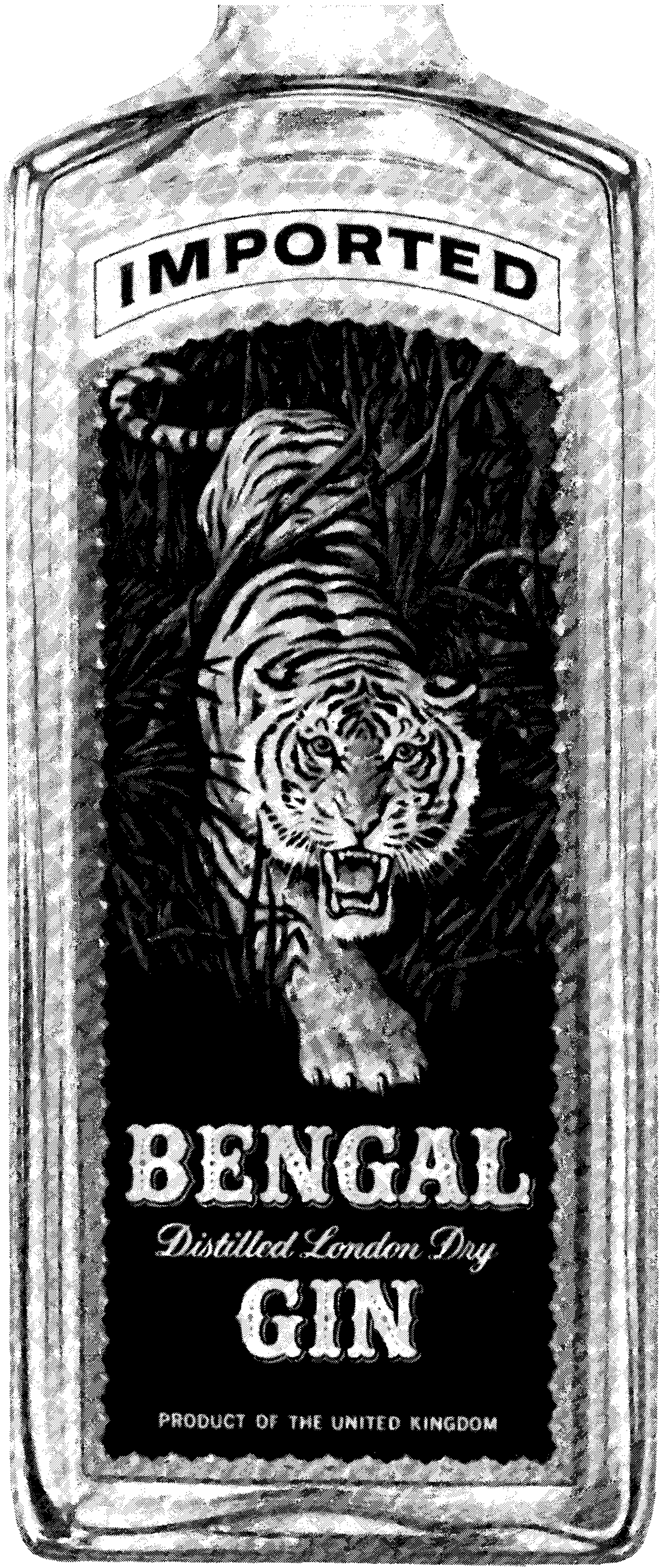
buttal of a claim by members of the gun fraternity that strong gun laws would delight criminals, because the laws would create a nation of helpless citizens—that when he proposed that New Jersey adopt very strict firearms regulations, he checked on the writers of three hundred and thirty-five of the thousands of letters he got in opposition and found that twenty-five of them had been convicted of crimes ranging from highway robbery to manslaughter.

As part of the N.R.A. campaign to prove that restrictions on guns are irrelevant, the organization has repeatedly attacked what it invariably calls "the vicious" or "the notorious" Sullivan Law, which for fifty-odd years has made it illegal for New York State residents to buy or own a handgun without a police permit. (The law is so sternly administered that out of New York City's population of about eight million people only seventeen thousand hold permits.) According to one of the N.R.A.'s directors who testified at the 1964 hearings, "New York's so-called Sullivan Law is the most restrictive gun legislation on the statute books. Yet it is a complete failure, not only in keeping guns out of the hands of the criminal element but also at reducing the crime rate." This contention has been made thousands of times, in thousands of places, by thousands of people—in fact, by just about everyone except people who have some knowledge of the law and its effect. During Senate hearings held in 1965, Attorney General Katzenbach pointed out that in the country as a whole fifty-six per cent of all murders were committed with guns, and he went on, "In Dallas, Texas, and Phoenix, Arizona, where firearms regulations are practically nonexistent, the percentage of homicides committed by guns in 1963 was 72 per cent in Dallas and 65.9 per cent in Phoenix. In cities where there are strong regulations we have the following figures: Chicago, 46.4 per cent; Los Angeles, 43.5 per cent; Detroit, 40 per cent; and Philadelphia, 36 per cent. And in New York City—which has been disparaged in many ways as being thought of by some as the center of crime in America—with its much maligned Sullivan Law, the rate of murder by gun was 25 per cent." Despite New York's fearsome reputation, when compared with the country's nine next-largest cities it turned out to have the fifth-lowest assault rate, the third-lowest murder rate, and the lowest robbery rate. Not the least noteworthy effect of



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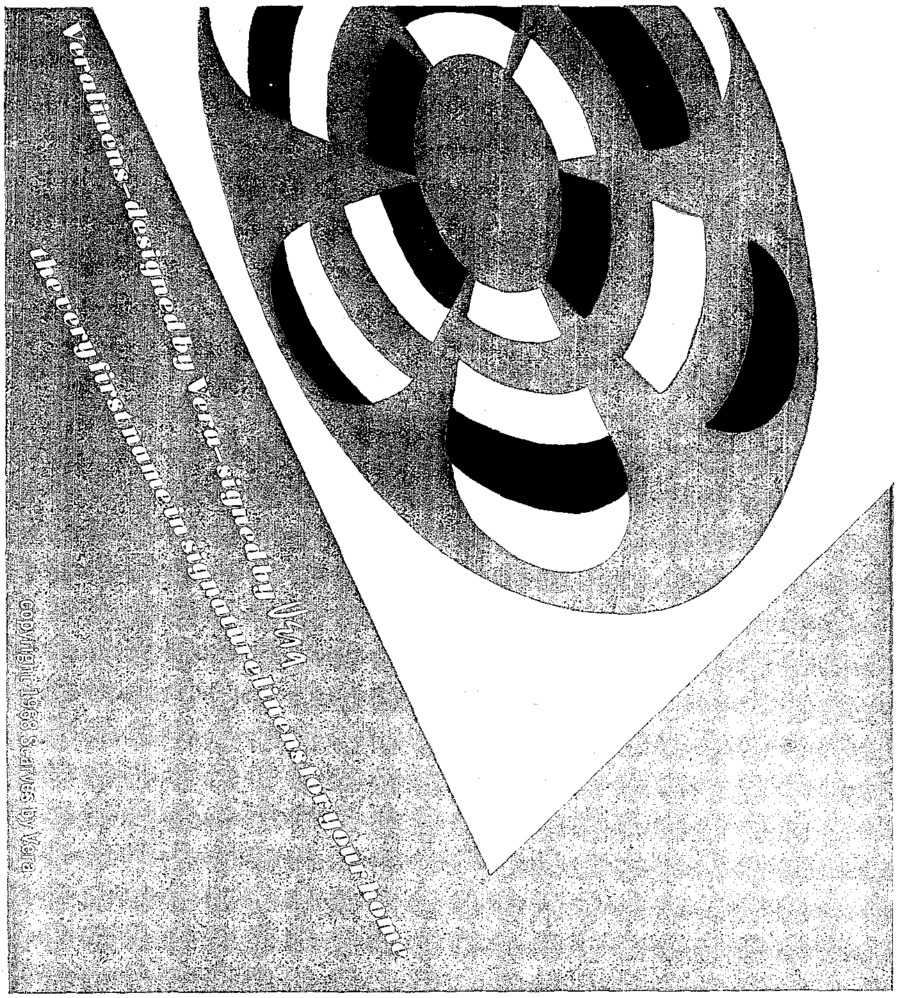
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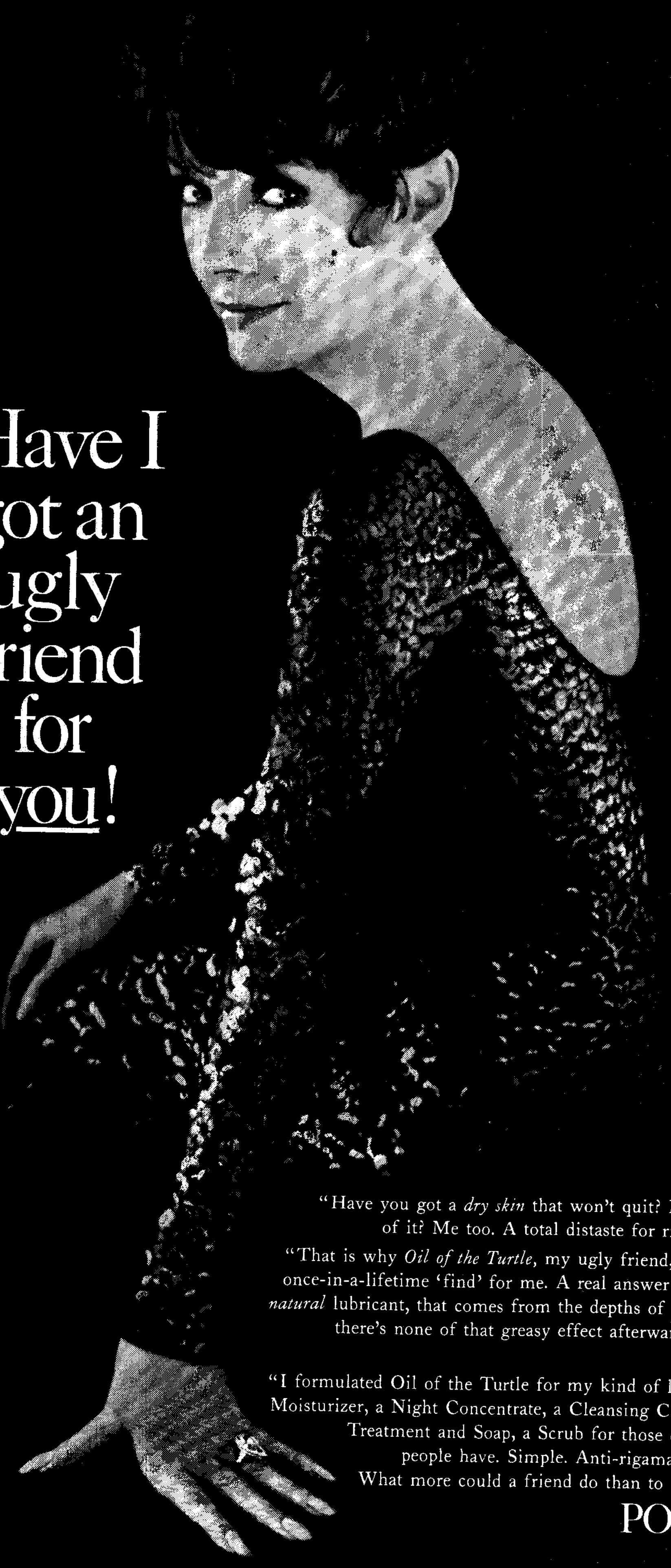
the Sullivan Law, Leonard E. Reisman, deputy commissioner of the New York City Police Department, testified, was that it had enabled the police "to make many arrests for the illegal possession of pistols and revolvers before the possessor has had the opportunity to commit a crime of violence," and he added, "On this score, we have had a substantial degree of success. We have been able to prevent many crimes of violence by such arrests."

ALTHOUGH Dodd had long been known as the Senate's foremost anti-Communist, an astonishing number of gun owners considered his bill prima-facie evidence that he was either a Communist agent or, at the least, a Communist dupe. One of the many inexpert witnesses who testified at the hearings in 1964, a physician from Bagdad, Arizona, by the name of William E. Gorder, stated that S. 1975 was patently un-Constitutional, and added, "I further believe the Dodd bill represents a further attempt by a subversive power to make us part of one-world Socialistic government." Taken aback, Senator Yarborough asked him, "You don't really think that Senator Dodd's bill represents any effort by any subversive power to take over this government, do you?" Dr. Gorder nodded. "Yes, sir, I do," he answered firmly. Still unable to believe it, Yarborough repeated his question. Dr. Gorder repeated his answer. His conviction reflected a fear shared by many gun owners that the bill would be used to disarm the populace and render it helpless before an invading army. Senator Yarborough listened as several other witnesses expressed concern over this dire eventuality, and then he finally lost his patience and told one of them, "I was on the staff of an infantry division, and I saw the invasion of Germany. Hitler called on every German to die in his home, at his post, and the first time a sniper fired in a town at an Allied soldier, they learned. [Our] men were trying to be nice to the civilians, and the snipers fired, and after that the towns were simply sawed down. And pretty soon there was total surrender. . . ." The rebuttal had no effect on those who were persuaded that they were about to be turned over, empty-handed, to an invader. In fact, this complaint grew so clamorous that Dodd, forgetting for the moment that his bill wouldn't disarm anyone, asked Secretary of the Army Stephen Ailes for an official opinion on the defense of the nation in the event of an inva-



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sion. "I have not seen any contingency war plan where the citizenry was included," the Secretary replied.

Far and away the most persistent complaint about S. 1975 concerned a feature that it did not contain—registration of firearms. Gun registration ordinarily means that anyone who owns a gun registers it with the police, but for many years the N.R.A. has been spreading the idea that a registration system gives the police the power to grant or withhold permits for gun ownership. In one of its pamphlets, entitled "The Pro and Con of Firearms Registration," the Association stated:

> As to the argument that "you don't object to registering your automobile, why object to registering your gun?", this is a "smoothy." In the first place, the registration of an automobile is automatic. The police register the car, the city and state collect their taxes and no one questions the right of the citizen to own the car. The whole essence of gun registration is to permit the police to say WHO may own a gun! The difference is obvious and vital!

Since the whole essence of gun registration is the same as the whole essence of automobile registration—that is, to let the police know who owns which car or gun—the obvious and vital difference was the false distinction made by the N.R.A. In the opinion of a senator who has been one of the N.R.A.'s leading antagonists, the reason for its misleading statements on this score is fairly simple. "A lot of people wouldn't buy guns if they had to record them, because of the embarrassment that often entails," he explained. "And if there were fewer owners, there would be fewer N.R.A. memberships, fewer guns sold, and fewer of those lucrative, nontaxable ads placed in the *American Rifleman*." Whatever the explanation, the Association has done such a thorough job of terrifying its followers about the perils of registration that the mere mention of the word is enough to make those who own guns reach for them. In addition to equating registration with permits, the N.R.A. has encouraged the fear that a registration system would lead to personal disarmament. A member of the Association's board of directors testified at the hearings, "Gun-registration lists, no matter how subtly obtained nor how intensely desired by law-enforcement agencies, can and will provide the most effective and convenient way of disarming the private citizen should a subversive power infiltrate our police systems or our enemies occupy our

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country." (A subsequent witness suggested that a simpler way for an occupying power to find out where a lot of the guns were would be to drop in at the N.R.A. office and look at its membership list.) Most of the gun clubs and gun collectors' associations that sent witnesses to Washington at the time of the hearings or submitted resolutions to the committee for the record were convinced that S. 1975 called for the registration of all privately owned firearms. Ben Avery, the secretary-treasurer of the Arizona *Republic* and an officer in the Arizona State Rifle and Pistol Association, read a statement at the hearings expressing his opposition to registration, and then submitted several resolutions adopted by gun clubs in his area.

Mr. Avery: The first is a statement by the Mesa Gun Club, in which they oppose the registration and licensing of all firearms. I have another from the Miami—

Senator Cannon: You say they opposed registration and licensing. That, of course, is not required in the bill. Do they take a position on the bill that we are considering or not?

Mr. Avery: Sir, they didn't know what was in the bill. They were honestly trying to express their opinion.

The members of the Mesa Gun Club and millions of other sportsmen around the country didn't know what was in the bill because the N.R.A. had done nothing to inform them and a great deal to confuse them. Besides neglecting to tell its members that it supported the bill, to explain to them what the bill would accomplish, and to urge them to lend their support, the N.R.A. implied during the hearings that the bill contained practically everything it had long taught its followers to fight to the death. On the first day of the hearings, Franklin L. Orth, the Association's executive vice-president and its chief spokesman, devoted most of his opening statement to matters that were not under consideration. After telling the senators on hand that the N.R.A. was "highly respected at all levels of government for fairness, logic, and a wealth of information and experience," he outlined in detail what the Association opposed, including "the registration of the ownership of firearms," "the requirement of a license to purchase or possess a firearm," "police approval" to buy or own a gun, any kind of law that "would have the effect of disarming the honest man," and "discriminatory or punitive taxes or fees on the purchase or ownership of firearms." As for the Association's positive

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approach to gun legislation, he said that it consisted of support for "increased and mandatory sentences where armed force has been used in the commission of a crime" and, finally, for S. 1975 "as originally introduced." His statement did not mention S. 1975 in the version before the committee.

Ordinarily, reporters who cover congressional hearings base their stories on witnesses' prepared statements, which are distributed to them in advance, so press reports seldom cover the clarifying questions and answers that follow. As a result, many of the stories appearing in newspapers around the country after the first series of hearings on S. 1975 concentrated mainly, and sometimes entirely, on what the N.R.A. objected to. And this, of course, gave newspaper readers the impression that what the Association objected to was what S. 1975 contained. They were not the only ones who were confused about the N.R.A.'s stand. Earlier on the opening day of the hearings, Senator Dodd had taken pains to praise the N.R.A. and to announce its endorsement of his bill. By the time Orth had completed his statement some hours later, however, no one was sure where the Association stood. One member of the committee who was intent on finding out was Senator Philip A. Hart, Democrat of Michigan, who had eight hundred thousand licensed hunters back home to deal with.

> SENATOR HART: Lest a reader of this record or others present may have any doubt, does the association support the bill in the form introduced this morning by Senator Dodd?
>
> MR. ORTH: In the form introduced this morning, the association supports the bill of Senator Dodd. I would like to add, parenthetically, that normally we are opposed to legislation relative to guns of any kind because we don't think that they reach the criminal. We think the criminal gets the gun anyway. You mentioned, Senator Hart—
>
> SENATOR HART: Don't leave me hanging there. Is that a "Yes, but . . ." or—
>
> MR. ORTH: No, it is not a "Yes, but. . . ." We support Senator Dodd's bill as presented here this morning.

Senator Dodd and his aides later came to believe that the N.R.A. had only pretended to support S. 1975 and had all along been covertly urging its followers to oppose it—a stratagem that they feel was evidenced by Orth's confusing testimony. It seems more likely, however, that Orth's testimony was confusing because it reflected bitter dissension within the top echelon of the Association, which was said to be split into two factions—one that wanted to take the Dodd bill then rather than

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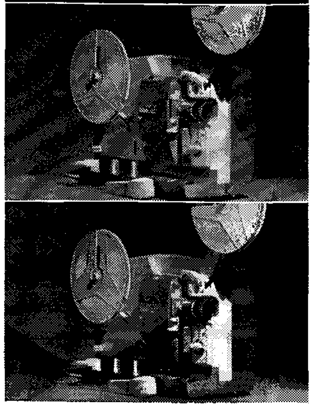

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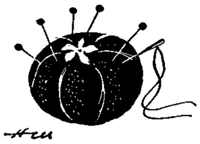
risk getting something far worse later on, and one that wanted to fight all gun legislation to the end, whatever the cost. That Orth's testimony was misinterpreted by some reporters and most readers did not prove that Orth had meant this to happen, or even that he could have expected it to happen; the probable explanation is that he devoted most of his testimony to describing what the Association would *always* oppose both as a warning to the committee and as a sop to the hard-liners on his board. If he had, as Dodd thought, purposely misled the N.R.A.'s members into believing the bill contained all the features that the Association had opposed for years, then his subsequent outright endorsement of it, under Senator Hart's cross-examination, could be construed only as executive suicide.



When word got out that Orth had actually appeared before a Senate committee and spoken in support of a gun-control bill, the reaction among sportsmen was much like what the reaction of members of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. would be if George Meany were to come out for the Taft-Hartley Act. A typical response was an editorial that appeared shortly after the hearings in Seattle's weekly *Fishing & Hunting News:*

> NRA STABS SPORTSMEN IN BACK ON GUN BILLS
>
> Sometimes your best friends will turn on you . . . so don't turn your back. *Fishing & Hunting News* has been forging its Postal Protest against proposed anti-gun legislation in Washington, D.C., with the endorsement of the National Rifle Association (NRA) as our fighting brother in the big capital. Our fighting brother just stabbed us and every sportsman who ever belonged or believed in that organization in the back. . . . We don't want the Dodd Bill or any other anti-guns bill. And if the NRA wants to compromise with politicians and jilt the sportsmen who paid for their big building in Washington, their suites of plush offices and their stuffy ranks of personnel, then we at *F & H News* say: To hell with NRA—we'll fight this thing from the home front.

A large number of members angrily resigned from the N.R.A., some of them demanding as a condition for their return to the fold that Orth and anyone else who had had a hand in the endorsement resign. Others wrote letters or made telephone calls threatening to assassinate Orth and his family. (This was reported to have convinced him that there were indeed some people who should not be allowed to have guns.) Apparently in the hope that the clamor would subside if the issue was ignored, the N.R.A. left matters up in the air by neither repudiating its policy nor asking its members to support it. In the January, 1964, *American Rifleman,* the Association observed, "The use of a rifle to assassinate our nation's leader is a calamity," and then washed its hands of any responsibility for remedial legislation by saying, "It is important that each gun owner formulate a policy to govern his own thinking and that he accept the responsibility, as well as the privilege, of making his views known to his elected representatives."

Following the abdication of the N.R.A., others quickly moved into the power vacuum with a bid for leadership. Foremost among them were various independent gun magazines, most of which had been frightening their readers with phantom gun legislation for years. *Gun World* ran an editorial mourning the President's death, observing that the assassin had used inferior equipment, and warning its readers, "The enemies of freedom, of our right 'to keep and bear arms,' are not removed by sublime character from seizing opportunity at this time of bereavement." *Guns* offered a "7-Point Program of Action to Stem the Anti-Gun Hysteria," of which the four main points were harsher penalties for the misuse of guns; a thirty-day moratorium on congressional action, because "the country is in a state of hysteria and we cannot hope to get clear thinking;" legislative assurance following the moratorium that the right to keep a gun on hand would "in no case ever be restricted;" and a mass mailing of letters to members of Congress from "responsible individuals and gun enthusiasts." *Guns & Ammo* observed in an editorial, "Congressional hearings have been underway which would seriously hamper all shooters from buying firearms," and added, "It seems imperative that all of us get in touch with as many casual shooters and hunters of our acquaintance as possible and let them know what is happening. The more good, well-written, and factual letters we can get to legislators and the news media, giving our side of the story, the better the chances of educating the general public to the idiotic proposals which will be cropping up for some time to come. This job is up to us. If you value your great Constitutional rights and your sport, now is the time to shed your coat and go to bat."

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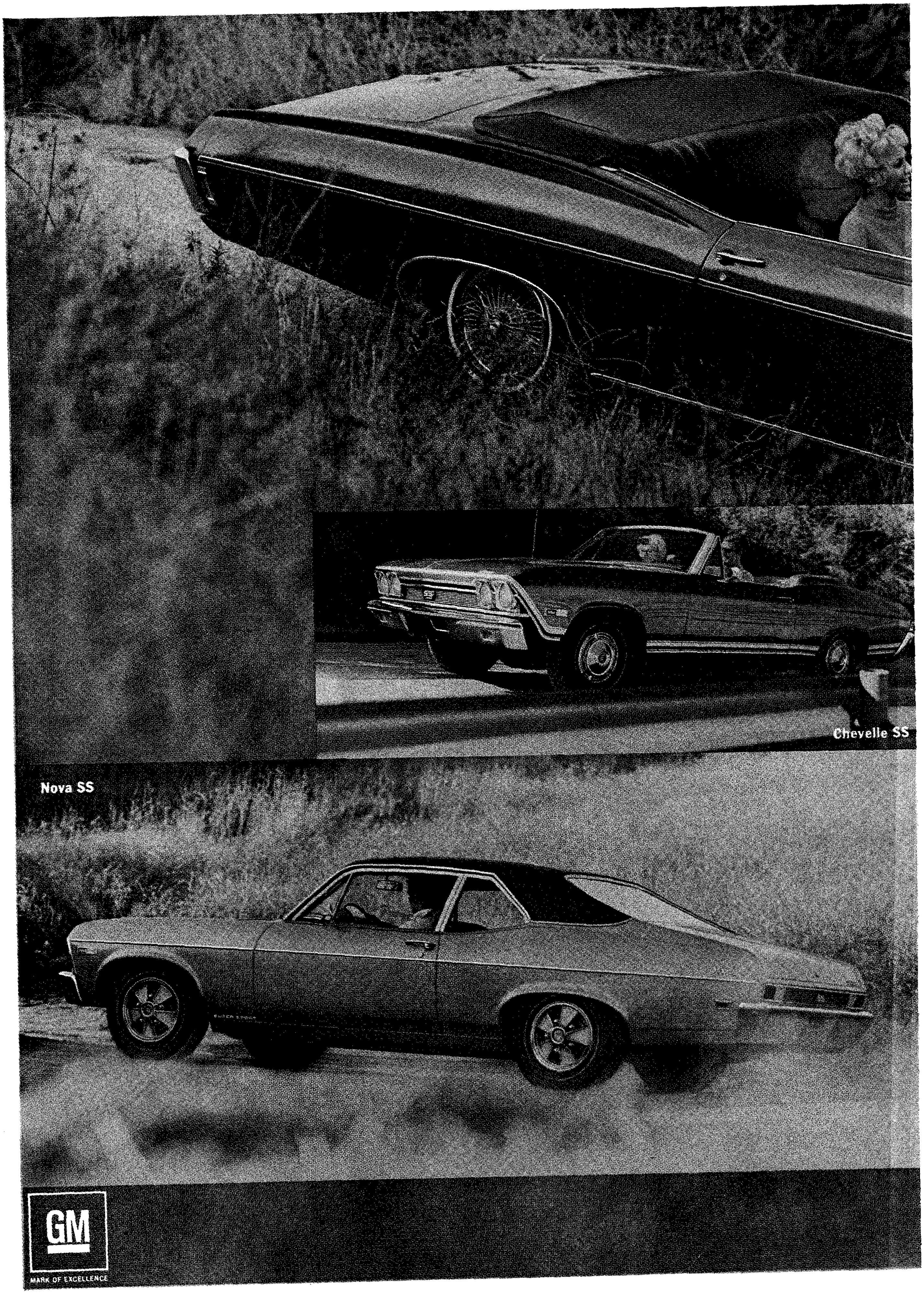
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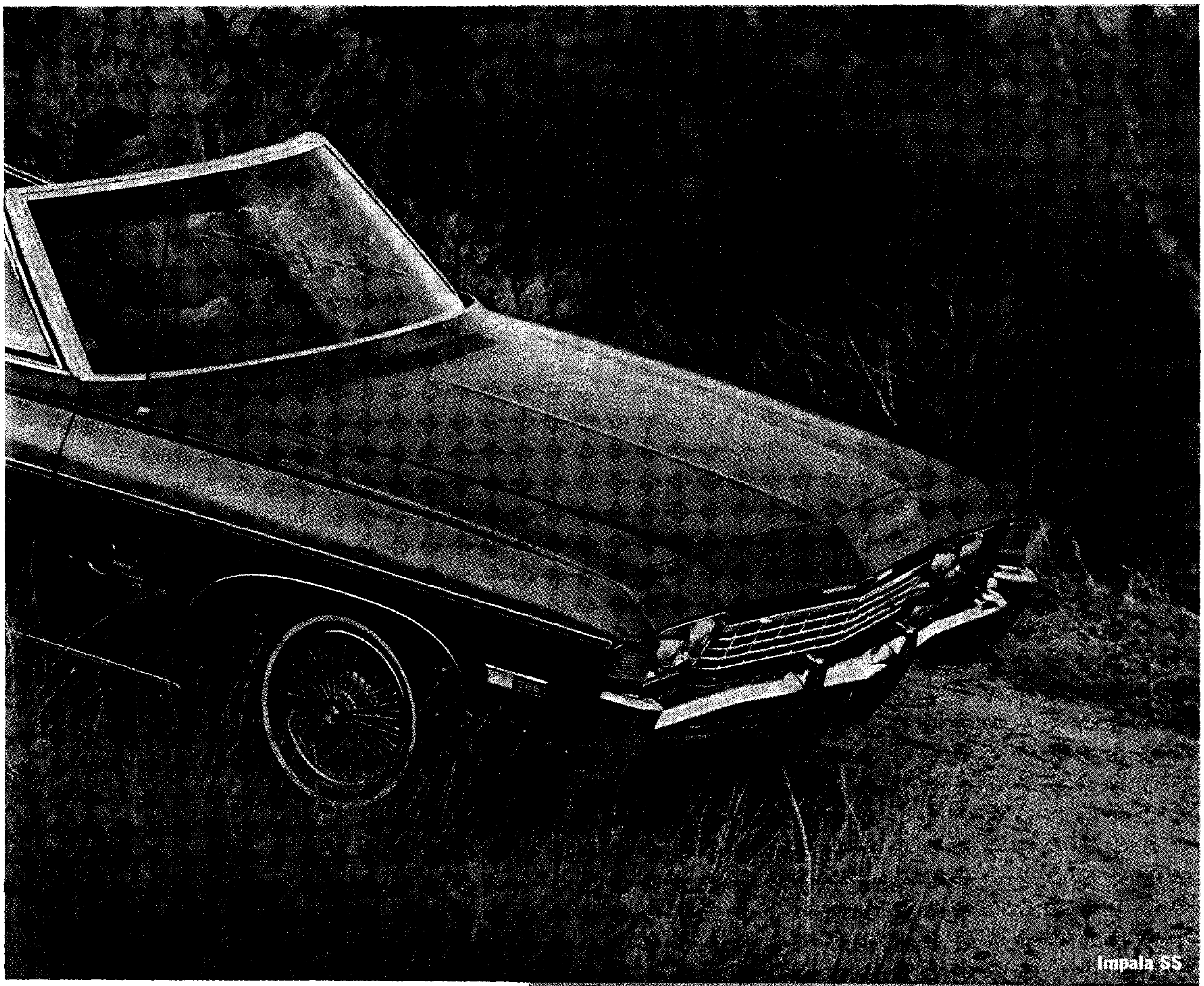

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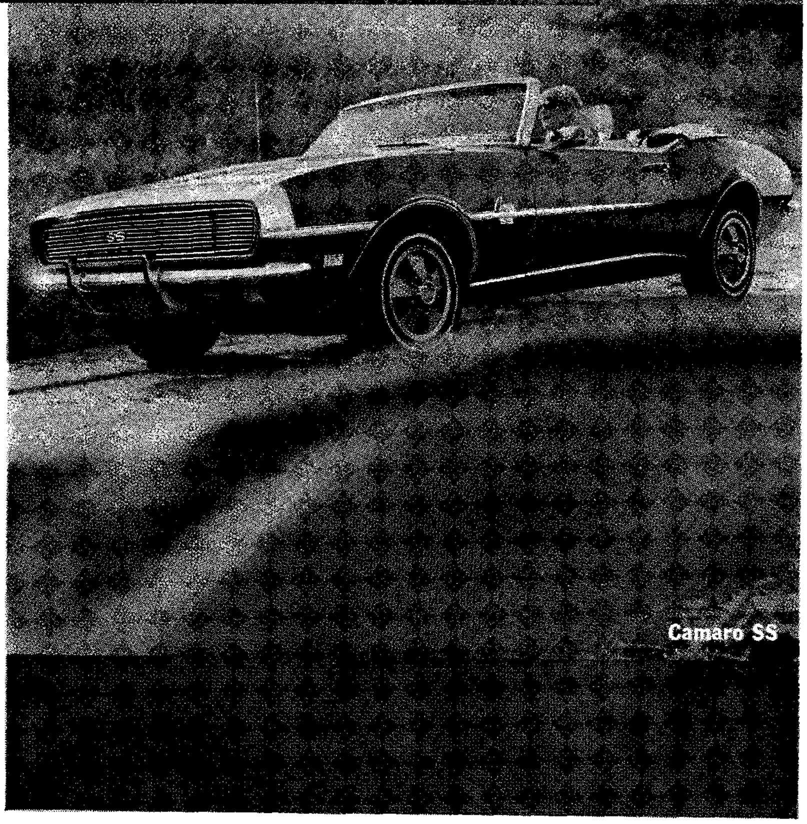

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mitted his amended bill, in December, 1963, his mail ran eight to one in favor of it. Within weeks, his mail became much heavier—"It was stacked knee-deep all over the subcommittee offices," a member of the staff has recalled—and almost all of it opposed the bill. Over a two-week period around that time, the Commerce Committee received twenty thousand letters, postcards, and telegrams, exactly two of which supported the bill. The Commerce Committee hearings ended on March 4, 1964, and that month *Guns & Ammo* informed its readers that S. 1975 was "virtually assured of passage." The statement would have been familiar to the kind of Washington lobbyist who warns his clients about the imminent passage of an undesirable bill that actually has no chance, so that he can take the credit when it isn't passed. By this time, it was well known in Washington that the Dodd bill was dead for that session, because the negative response had been strong enough to scare most members of Congress in an election year. At the N.R.A. convention, held that April, Frank Daniel, the secretary of the Association, told the delegates, "It would appear that there is little likelihood of our being forced to accept, in 1964, any legislation at either the federal or state level which does violence to the N.R.A.'s announced policy on firearms legislation." Two days later, the board of directors, in a closed session, passed a resolution praising Senator Magnuson for "displaying leadership and calm judgment . . . in the face of hysteria" and for thwarting "impulsive attempts to disarm our law-abiding citizens." Magnuson kept the news of the citation to himself until late in June, when his committee was in executive session, to decide what should be done about S. 1975. Then he released the news to the press. As far as the majority of the committee's members were concerned, what was good enough for the chairman was good enough for them, and they agreed to defer action on the bill. According to one of them, "There was an overwhelming sentiment for doing nothing."

IN January of 1965, after President Johnson's landslide victory and the convening of the most liberal Congress since the days of the New Deal, there was suddenly an overwhelming sentiment for doing everything in sight. Two days after the new Congress convened, Dodd reintroduced his bill, which was numbered S. 14. But

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the Administration was in far too ambitious a mood to settle for that measure, which it had felt all along was something less than half a loaf. On March 9th, the President sent Congress a Crime Message, in which he called for stringent firearms legislation, and then, on March 22nd, to show that he meant it, he sent over his own gun bill, of which Dodd became chief sponsor. Compared to S. 14, the new measure, which was designated S. 1592, was a full bakery. It prohibited all mail-order sales of firearms to individuals in interstate commerce and restricted interstate traffic to transactions between manufacturers and dealers, importers and dealers, and dealers and dealers. It prohibited over-the-counter sales of pistols or revolvers to people under the age of twenty-one and to those who were not residents of the state in which the sale was to be made, and it prohibited over-the-counter sales of rifles and shotguns to those under the age of eighteen. (In both cases, parents could buy the guns in question for under-age children.) It prohibited the importation of surplus military arms not suitable for sporting purposes and of all "destructive devices"—a catchall phrase for such heavy arms as bazookas, mortars, and siege guns, which were freely available to anyone who had the price—and, as Dodd's staff had found, thousands of youths and older paramilitary extremists had it. The bill required all firearms dealers to keep detailed records of their sales, which were to be available to the government, so that it could prosecute violators of the federal law and turn violators of local law over to local authorities. It raised the annual license fee for manufacturers of ordinary guns and ammunition (except shotgun ammunition) from twenty-five dollars to five hundred, and for manufacturers of destructive devices from twenty-five dollars to a thousand. Finally, it raised the annual license fee for gun-and-ammunition dealers from one dollar to a hundred dollars. (Under existing law, anyone who went to the nearest federal building, filled out a short application form, and paid his dollar was entitled to a dealer's license. Between fifty and sixty thousand people took advantage of this opportunity every year, though most of them were not legitimate dealers. The licenses enabled them to buy guns at wholesale prices and also rendered them exempt from local firearms laws.)

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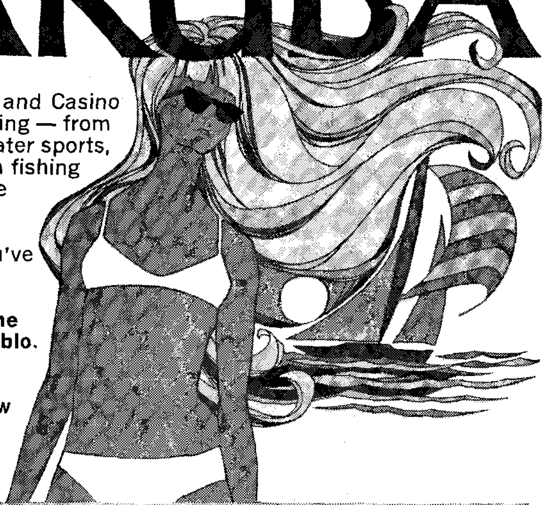

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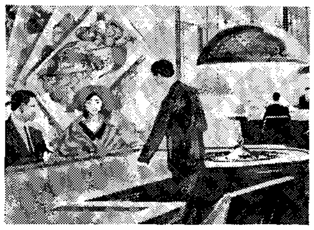

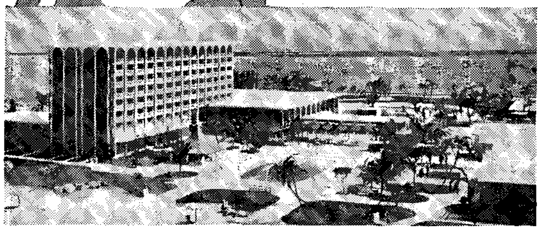

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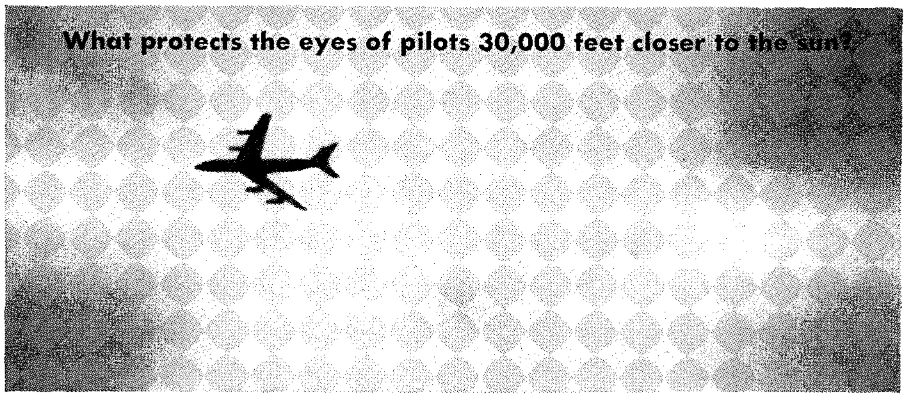
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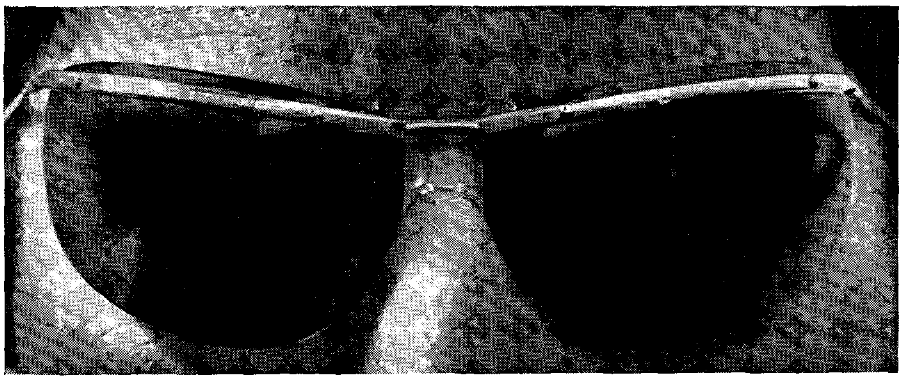

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enbach, who was responsible for drafting the Administration bill. "It is merely to help states protect themselves against the unchecked flood of mail-order weapons to residents whose purposes might not be responsible, or even lawful." His statement was based on evidence uncovered by field investigators on the staff of the Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency. They had learned, for example, that of slightly more than four thousand guns shipped from two mail-order firms in Los Angeles to buyers in Chicago twenty-five per cent had gone to people with criminal records—an indication that the 1938 federal law was unenforceable. They had also learned that although Chicago law required a permit for a handgun, ninety-five per cent of those who had bought handguns by mail order did not have permits. A similar check made in the District of Columbia revealed that a quarter of the buyers of mail-order guns had criminal records, and, moreover, that in some precincts of the capital with high crime rates the figure rose to eighty per cent. Behind the provision prohibiting over-the-counter sales of handguns to nonresidents was another study made by the subcommittee investigators, which showed how easily local gun laws were circumvented. In the District of Columbia, for instance, any prospective buyer of a pistol or a revolver was required by law to give his name and address to the seller and then wait for three days before picking up the gun; the waiting period gave the purchaser time to cool off if he was bent on an impulsive act, and it gave the police time to check on him and make sure that he wasn't an ex-convict or a mental patient. But a few miles away, in Chillum, Maryland, anyone could walk into a hardware or sporting-goods store, buy a pistol or a revolver, and walk out with it. As the staff investigators had learned, that was exactly what many Washington residents did; a check of the Apple Hardware Store in Chillum showed that fifty-eight per cent of all its handgun sales were made to people who lived in the District, and that forty per cent of the buyers had criminal records. Other spot checks and reports from police departments indicated that the situation was much the same elsewhere in the country. If S. 1592 was enacted, Katzenbach asserted, each state would have a far better chance of enforcing the laws on its books, and the states that had not bothered to pass gun laws because they could be so easily circum-

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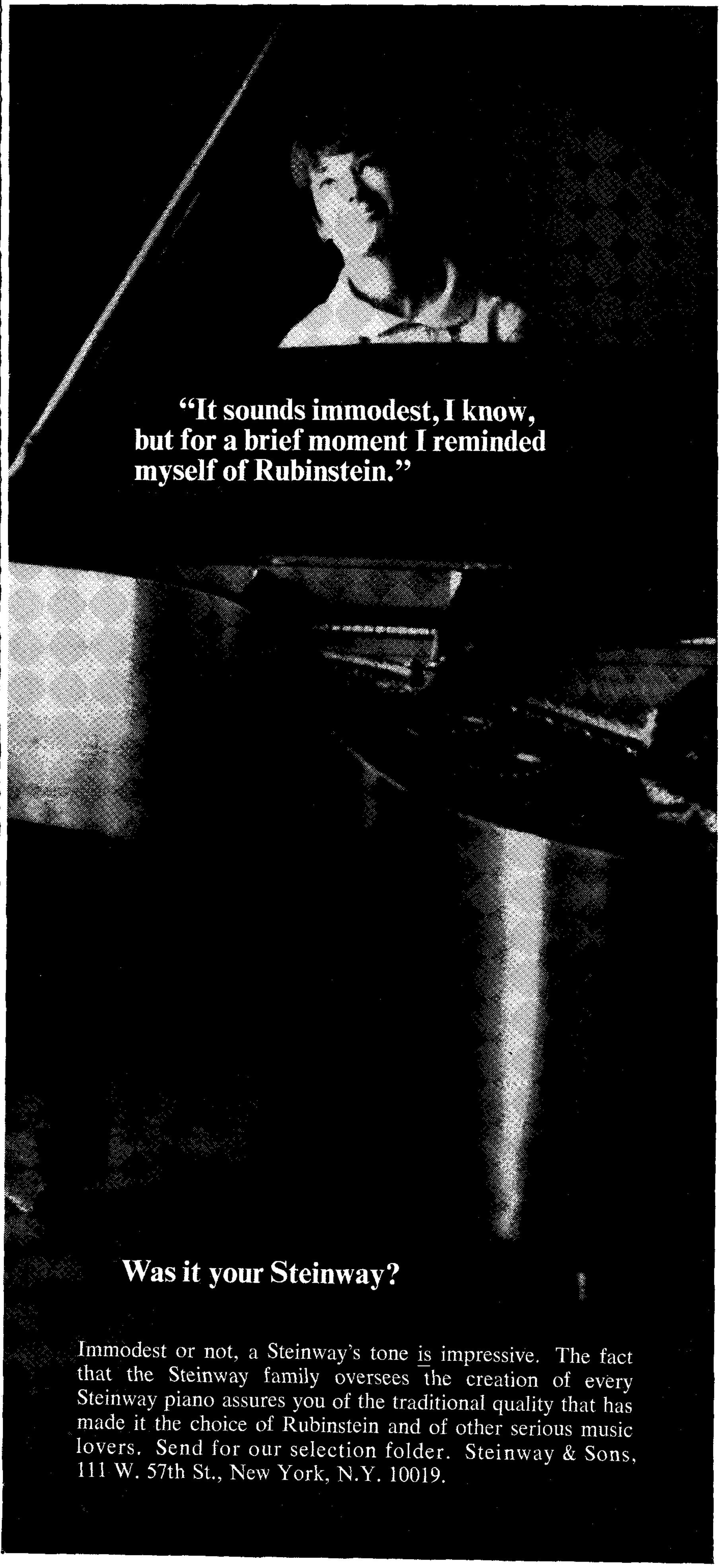
vented could now enact measures of this sort with some hope of making them stick.

IF the Dodd bill had stirred up bitter strife within and around the National Rifle Association, the Administration's bill brought about an immediate truce among the disputants. The gun people again united behind the N.R.A., which, on April 9th, reasserted its leadership by sending a letter, signed by Orth, to all the Association's members (there were then about seven hundred thousand) and its eleven thousand affiliated clubs, which had four hundred thousand additional members. The letter criticized S. 1592 on nine grounds. According to an analysis prepared by the Treasury Department, which would have been responsible for administering the law, all nine were misleading, meaningless, or false. The N.R.A.'s arguments and the substance of the Treasury's rebuttals went as follows:

N.R.A.: "S. 1592, the latest bill, prohibits all mail-order sales to individuals and permits such sales only between licensed importers, manufacturers, and dealers. Thus, it places harsh and unreasonable restrictions upon law-abiding citizens who wish to order sporting firearms (rifles and shotguns) by mail, especially those citizens who do not have convenient access to licensed dealers for over-the-counter sales."

TREASURY: The inconvenience would have been minimal, because the bill prohibited mail-order sales in interstate commerce only, and did not limit intrastate transactions in any fashion. Further, since large, and reputable, mail-order houses have outlets in each state, anyone who wanted to buy a gun advertised in one of their catalogues could get it from the branch outlet, either by mail or in person. If he wanted a gun from a mail-order concern that didn't have an outlet in his area—say, Abercrombie & Fitch—he could easily obtain the gun by writing to or visiting a dealer in his own state and ordering it through him. In addition to cutting down on gun sales to all comers by mail-order gunrunners, the bill created an incentive for local businessmen to set up their own dealerships, which would have given a small boost to local economies and would have given the states, for the first time, the means to control gun dealers within their jurisdictions.

N.R.A.: "This bill, if enacted, would give the Secretary of the Treasury, or his delegate, unlimited power to surround all sales of guns by dealers with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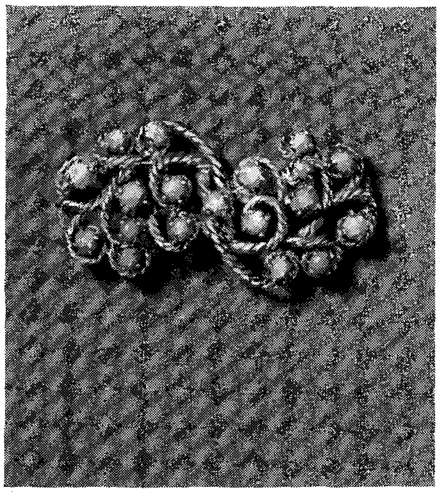

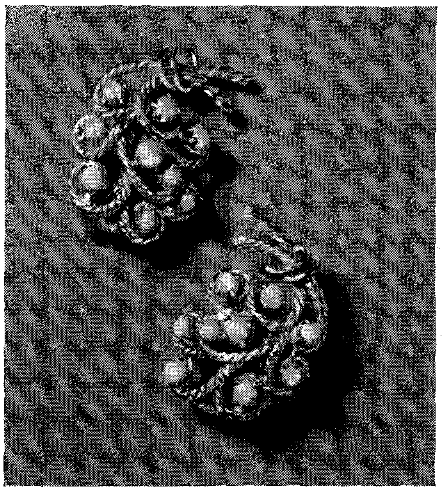

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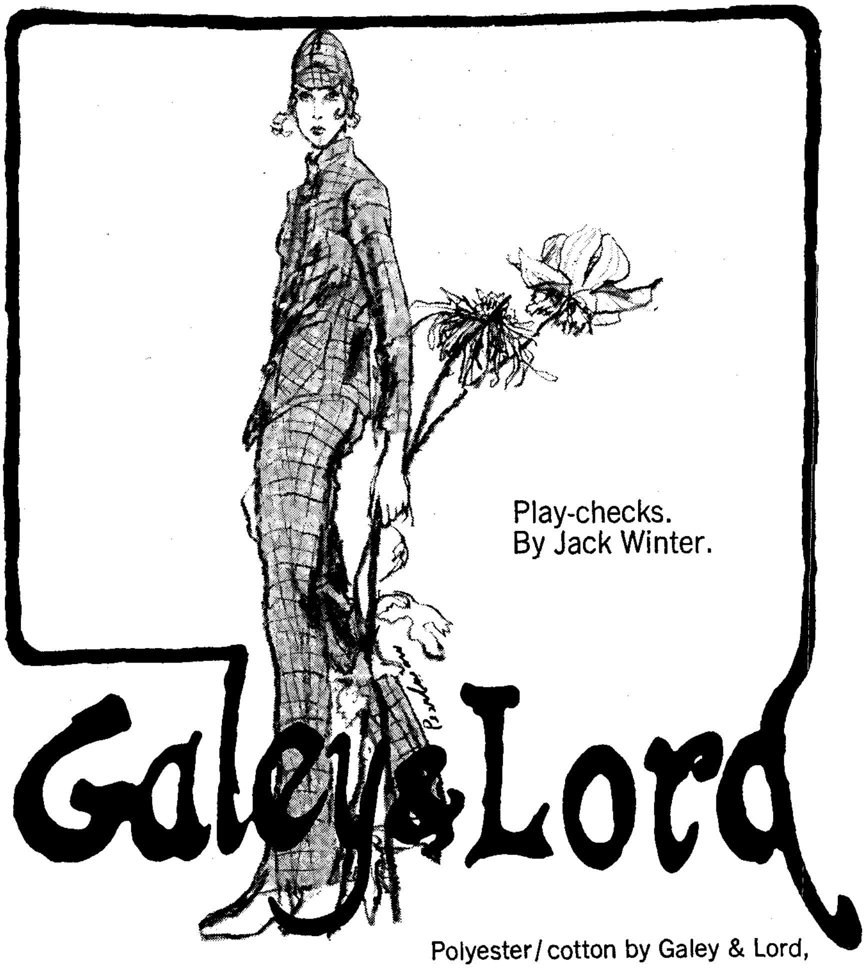

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arbitrary and burdensome regulations and restrictions."

TREASURY: The Secretary's power, like the power of anyone in the executive branch who is responsible for administering a law, is strictly limited—by the requirement that all implementing regulations must not exceed the bill itself, as indicated in the intent of Congress; by the strictures of the Administrative Procedure Act, which affords hearings to all interested parties before regulations are put into effect (an opportunity that the N.R.A. had "taken full advantage of" in the past); and by the legal right of anyone affected to take the issue to the courts.

N.R.A.: "Anyone engaged in the manufacture of ammunition would be required to have a thousand-dollar manufacturer's license. Apparently, this would apply to a club engaging in reloading for its members."

TREASURY: First, the fee for manufacturing any ammunition except ammunition to fit destructive devices was, as the bill made eminently clear, five hundred dollars. Second, reloading—that is, putting new shot in old shells—is done largely with shotgun ammunition, which was specifically, and clearly, excluded from the bill's coverage. And, third, a gun club that reloaded for its own members was "not to be construed to be a manufacturer for the purposes of this act."

N.R.A.: "If you transported your rifle or shotgun to another state for a lawful purpose, such as hunting, you would have to comply with burdensome restrictions and red tape . . ."

TREASURY: There were no restrictions in the bill pertaining to a person (other than a felon or a fugitive) travelling in interstate or foreign commerce and transporting his rifle or shotgun for a lawful purpose, such as hunting.

N.R.A.: "A dealer could not sell to a non-resident of his state. This provision, and the restrictions on transporting guns from one state to another, could be unduly restrictive on a great many people who live near state boundaries or those who must go into another state to shop."

TREASURY: As even a casual reading of the bill made clear, the provision applied only to handguns, which are rarely used in hunting.

N.R.A.: "A gun shipped for service repairs could only be shipped under the regulations of the Secretary of the Treasury, and then only for 'authorized' service. Again, burdensome restrictions [are] threatened."

TREASURY: There was no control

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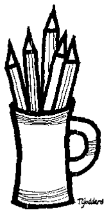
whatever over guns shipped for repair within a state's borders. As for those shipped outside, the bill contained a specific exemption designed to permit individuals to ship rifles, shotguns, pistols, and revolvers to a licensed importer, manufacturer, or dealer for repair or service.

N.R.A.: "A dealer's license could be refused to an applicant if the Treasury believes that by reason of business experience, financial standing, or trade connections he is not likely to operate in compliance with the Act. What does this mean?"

Treasury: This meant that the government hoped to keep dealerships out of the hands of those associated with, or reputed to be associated with, the underworld. Anyone who was refused a license would be granted a hearing, and also, if he desired it, a judicial review. This standard for the denial of licenses—for liquor dealerships, among others—had long since been upheld by the Supreme Court.



N.R.A.: "An importer could not bring in any new firearm unless the Secretary deemed that such importation 'would not be contrary to the public interest.' What does this mean?"

Treasury: This meant that the government hoped to reduce sharply the number of guns imported into this country every year, which amounted to a million or so, the majority of which were surplus military weapons and handguns that were of inferior quality and often defective, and that were of no conceivable use to hunters or sportsmen. In any case, the bill specifically exempted guns that were "particularly suitable for lawful sporting purposes."

N.R.A.: "This bill could conceivably lead to administrative decisions imposing such a burden on the sale, possession, and use of firearms for legitimate purposes as to totally discourage, and thus to eliminate, the private ownership of all guns."

Treasury: At most, the bill might inconvenience some people, but this was of little importance when weighed against the public interest.

When Orth was later asked about the misleading and downright inaccurate material in the N.R.A. letter, he said that it had been based on a study of the bill made by a committee of the Association's directors, including "two presiding superior-court judges and four prominent practicing attorneys," and that if the committee was "guilty of an error, it was not with any intent to mislead."

A few days after the N.R.A. letter was sent out, the firearms industry and some of its friends rolled up another heavy battery—the National Shooting Sports Foundation. Set up in 1961 to fight any and all gun-control legislation—or, as the magazine *Shooting Times* put it, "to educate the American public, to get across the *facts* about guns and shooting, and counter the Red-inspired propaganda 'scare' articles"—the Foundation had by 1965 acquired eighty-seven high-powered sponsors. Among them were gun manufacturers (Browning Arms, Colt Industries, Daisy, E. I. du Pont de Nemours, Savage Arms, High Standard, Smith & Wesson, O. F. Mossberg, Remington Arms, Sturm-Ruger, Winchester), gun dealers (Abercrombie & Fitch, the Buffalo Gun Center, Firearms International), gun and sports magazines (*Shooting Times*, *Field & Stream*, *Sports Afield*, *Trap & Field*, *Shooting Industry*, *Argosy*, *Guns & Ammo*, *Guns & Hunting*, *Gunsport*, *Gun World*, *Guns*), and assorted allies (the Amateur Trapshooting Association, the National Sporting Goods Association, the American Trophy & Award Co.). It also had a non-sponsoring ally, the National Police Officers Association of America, which in 1962 joined it in endorsing a resolution condemning firearms legislation. This action was later cited over and over by gun devotees as proof that law-enforcement officers supported their position. "The anti-gun forces make a heap of noise," an outdoor writer for the Arkansas *Democrat* observed. "They discount the fact that all major organizations of police and law enforcement officers in the nation have gone on record as opposing the Dodd bill." He could have had in mind only the National Police Officers Association. According to Carl Bakal, it had been founded in 1955 by a detective in the Chicago Police Department's "homicide-and-sex" unit, and was a semifraternal insurance-benefit organization without a single high-ranking police officer among its members, most of whom were from small towns. The reporter for the *Democrat*, like other members in the gun forces, also discounted the fact that the International Association of Chiefs of Police, the leading outfit of its kind, supported S. 1592, and that sixty-three of the police chiefs of the country's sixty-nine largest cities did, too.

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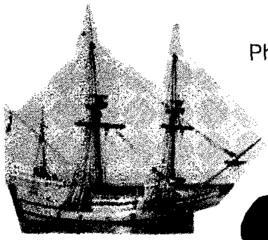

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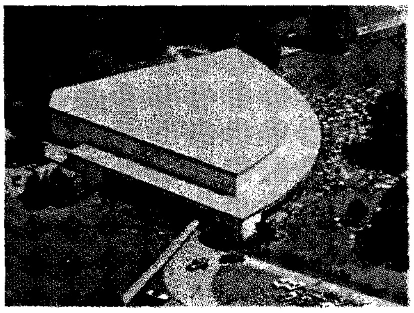

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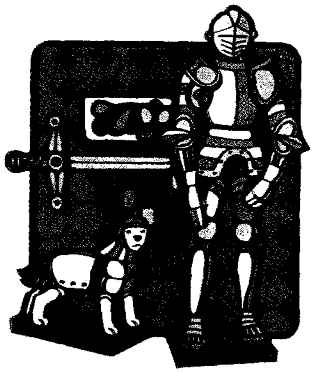

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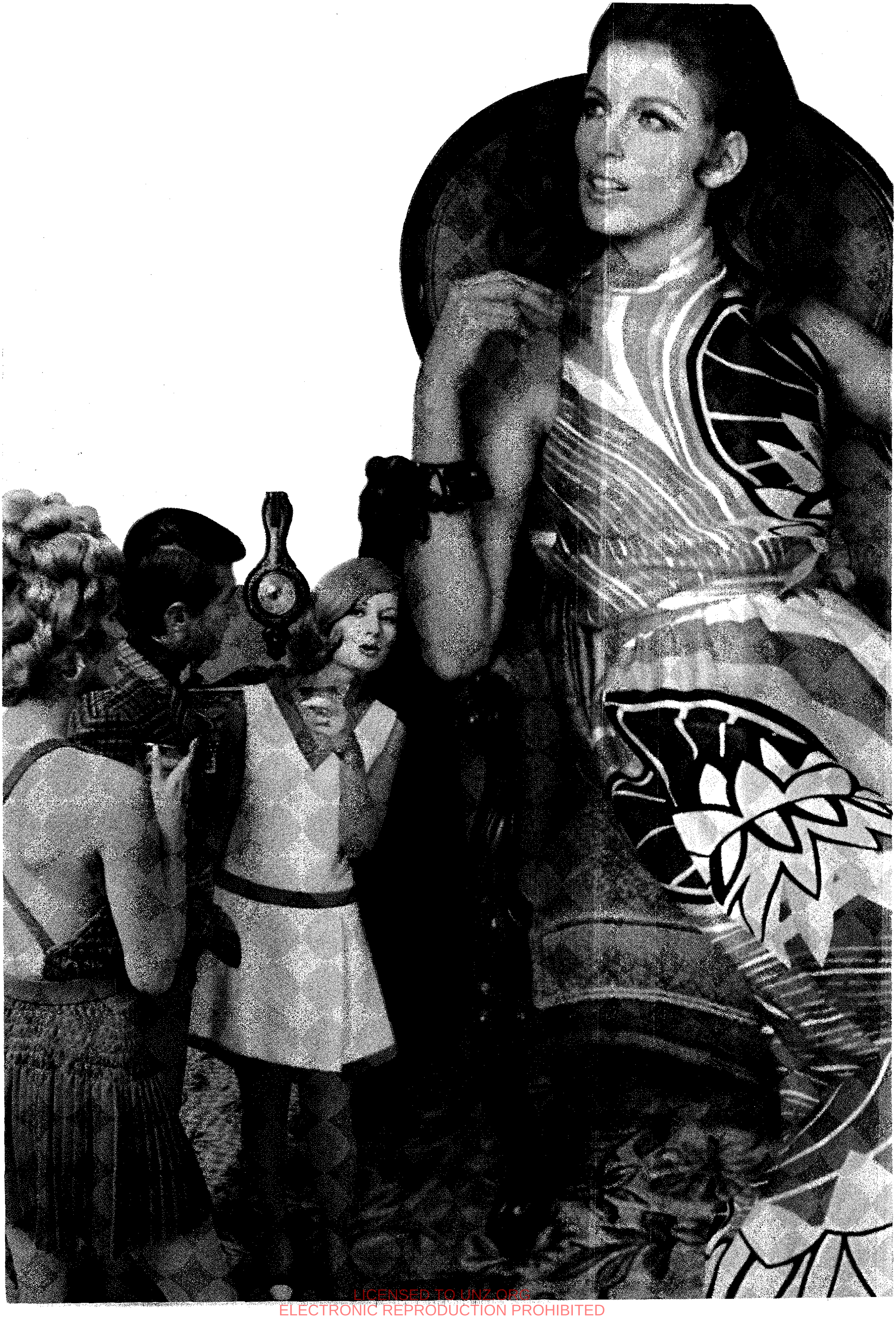

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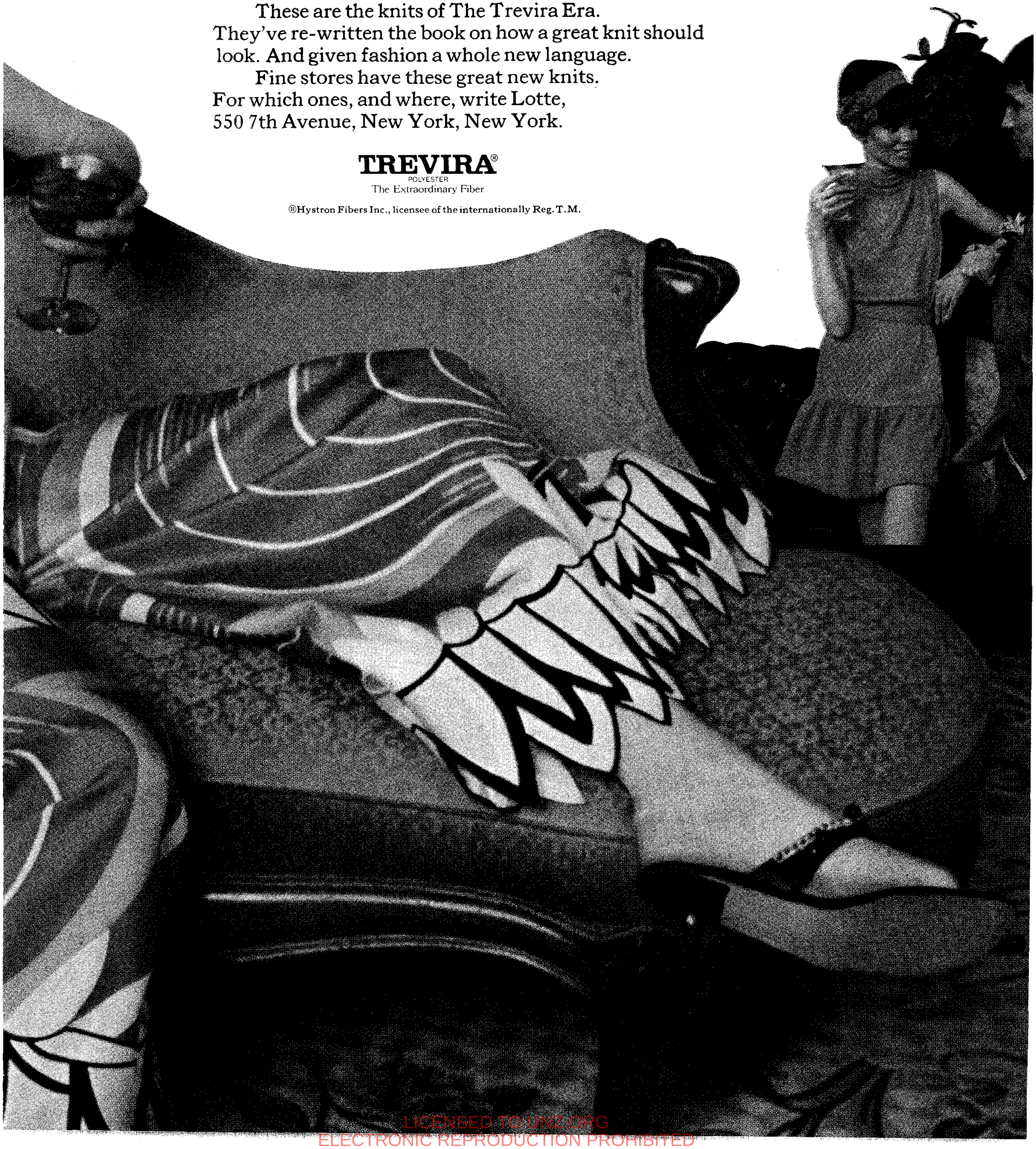

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American public during the spring of 1965, the National Shooting Sports Foundation sent out thousands of copies of various bulletins to individuals and groups across the country. In one, addressed to sportsmen and sporting-goods dealers, it asserted, "A new bill has been entered in Congress which would severely restrict the sale and possession of sporting firearms and ammunition. It would make it difficult for any dealer in America to buy and sell sporting firearms and ammunition. If passed, the bill would mean virtual registration of firearms." "Virtual" soon came to mean "actual." Another bulletin, sent to all farm magazines, declared, "In many regions, 90% of the farm and ranch homes have one or more firearms. . . . A bill has been entered in the U.S. Senate which would allow the Secretary of the Treasury to register all firearms. The history of registration all over the world is that registration finally leads to confiscation." The last statement, which also became a popular rallying cry among gun owners, has never been supported by any evidence—possibly because the only countries in which registration of guns has led to the wholesale confiscation of guns have been dictatorships. In a bulletin to hardware and sporting-goods magazines and associations, the N.S.S.F. warned that the bill would "work a hardship on every firearms dealer and distributor in America," whereas actually every retail firearms dealer would have been handed a sizable bonanza under the bill, since it would have eliminated mail-order sales to individuals but not to dealers.

Another bulletin went to outdoor writers, who, if they were not better informed about the bill, were more likely to have access to accurate information about it. This one stated, "Although the word 'registration' is not mentioned, the bill would give the Secretary of the Treasury the power to register ALL firearms if he so chose, with a central registration bureau in Washington." This bulletin, reinforcing the N.R.A. letter, sent scores of outdoor writers to their typewriters. M'Fadden Duffy, outdoor editor of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, wrote in his column, "Although the word 'registration' is not mentioned, the bill would give the Secretary of the Treasury the power to register all firearms if he so chose, and the power to establish a central registration bureau in Washington." John Wootters, of the Houston *Post*, described the situation this way: "Although the word 'registration' is not used in the bill, it would empower the Secretary of the

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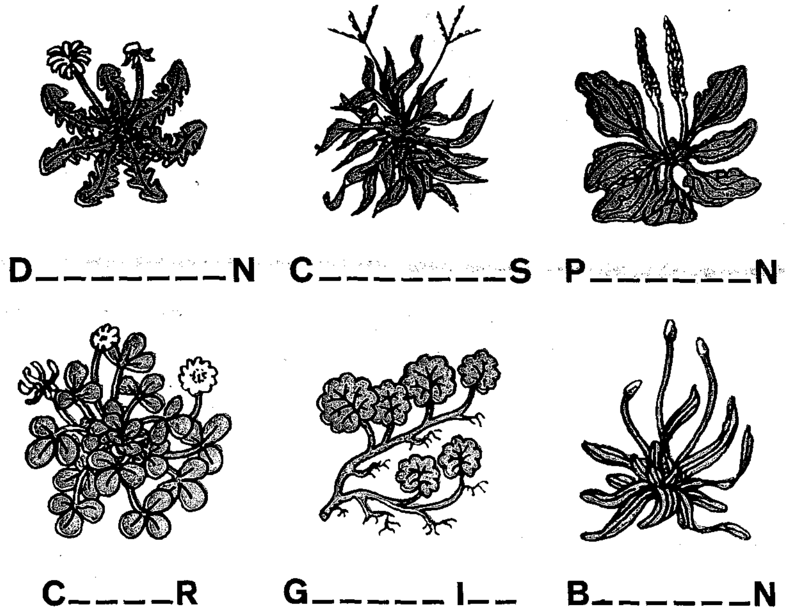

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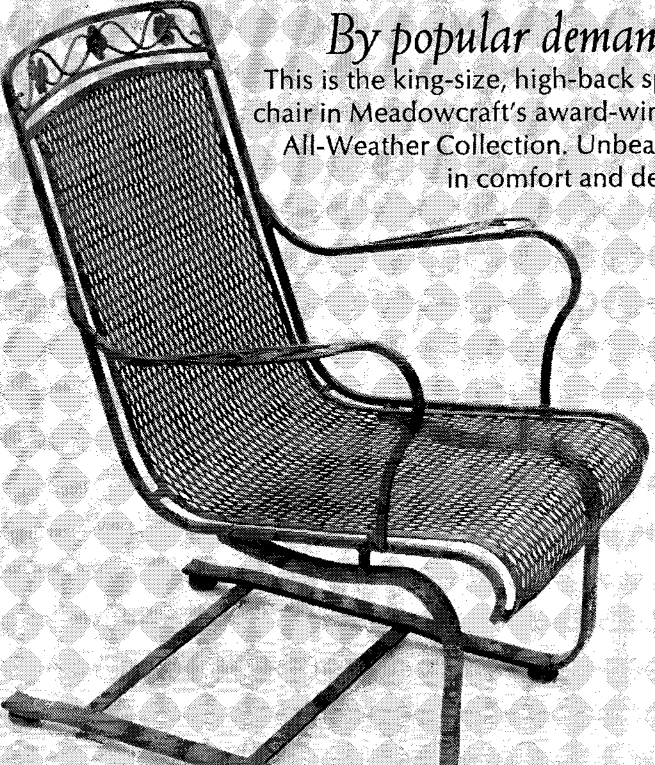

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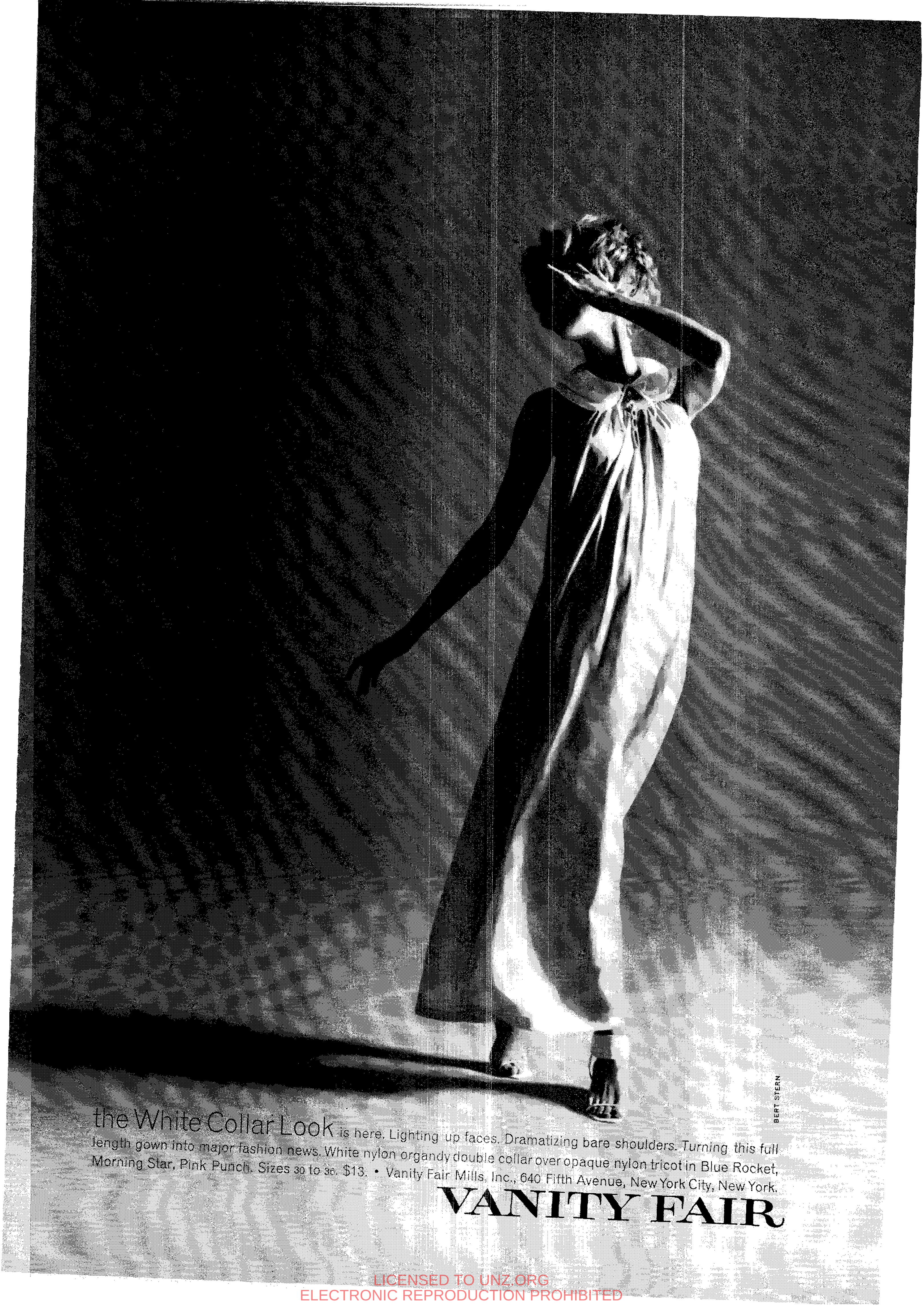
Treasury to register ALL firearms." Jimmy Jordan, of the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, called the bill's supporters in Congress "ill-informed salons [*sic*]" and notified his readers that it would force "each citizen to register any gun he happens to own." Others, apparently unimpressed by the N.S.S.F.'s misrepresentations of the bill, added some of their own; Grits Gresham, author of a column called "Bayou Browsing" in the Amite, Louisiana, *Tangi Talk*, wrote, "S. 1592 would very definitely give to the Secretary of the Treasury awesome power to govern all transactions of firearms and ammunition. He could insist on such severe and unreasonable requirements of identification, waiting period, finger-printing, photographing, and reporting on the part of gun buyers and gun dealers that it would virtually end them. He could seize your guns and ammo if he thought that you 'intended' to use them for unlawful purposes."

By this time, Magnuson had agreed to let Dodd's Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency hold hearings on the Administration's bill as long as Dodd sent whatever came out of the hearings on to the Commerce Committee for its consideration. That Dodd was being allowed to conduct hearings on "his own bill" (actually, on both his and the Administration's bills) produced howls of indignation among the leaders of the gun fraternity, even though the practice has long been the rule rather than the exception in Congress. Announcement of the hearings also produced another batch of bulletins from the N.S.S.F.—these being sent to all outdoor writers and broadcasters in the home states of the subcommittee's members. Each bulletin began, "The future of hunting and shooting in America may depend on . . ." and then filled in the name of the subcommittee senator from the state in question. The claim that S. 1592 called for registration was included in all the bulletins except those sent to Hawaii, the home state of Senator Hiram Fong, who was one of the bill's supporters on the subcommittee; at that time, Hawaii was the only state in the Union that required the registration of all guns. For the people of Connecticut, Dodd's own state, the N.S.S.F. prepared a special bulletin, addressed to all daily and weekly newspapers. "Many sportsmen fear this bill would lead to the eventual confiscation of all firearms," the bulletin said, without mentioning any cause of such a fear. "If so, the bill would also affect the economy of Connecticut—the lead-



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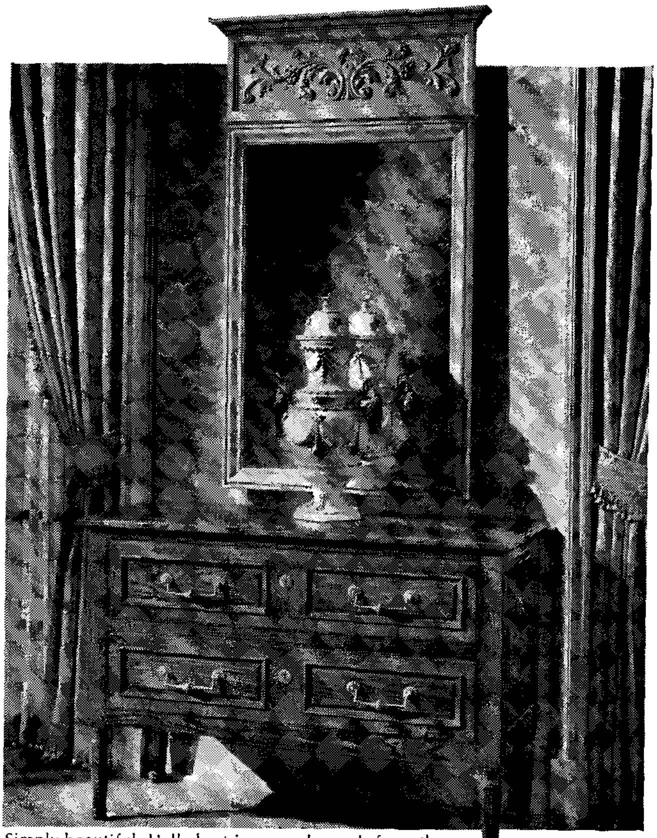

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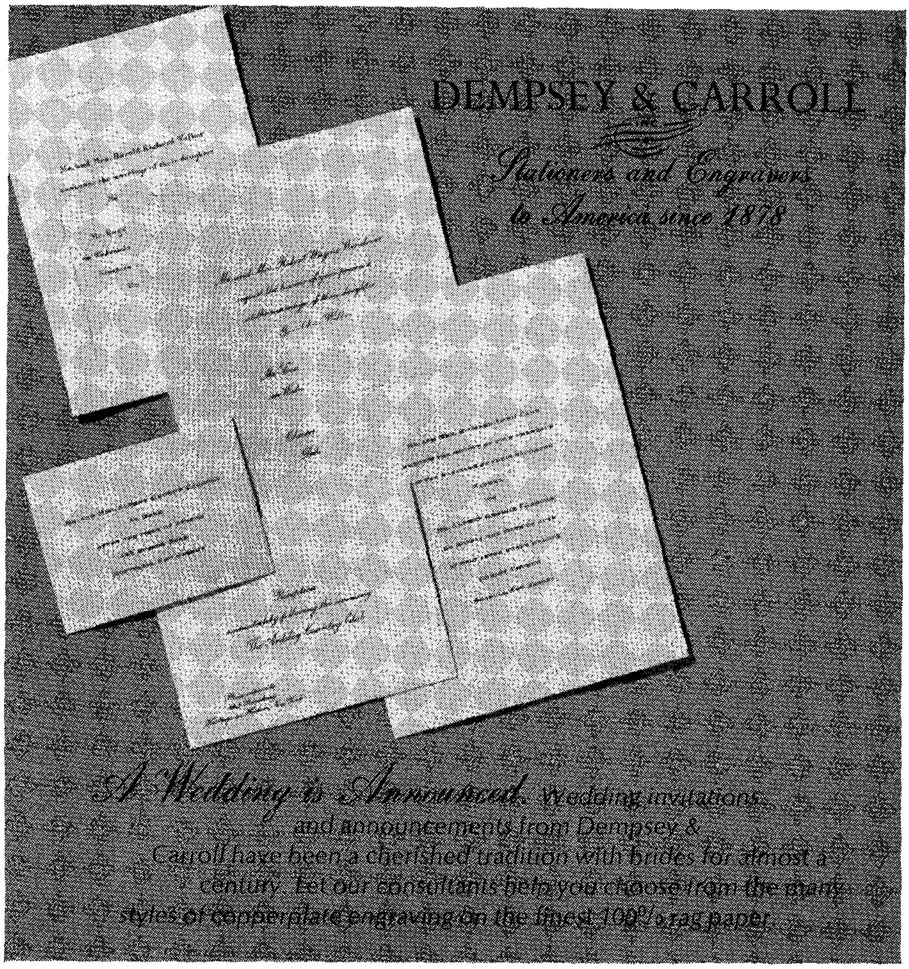

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ing state in the manufacture of sporting firearms." The bulletin went on to relate a homely history of the Connecticut firearms industry.

In still another special mailing, the Foundation offered to lend a hand to sportswriters across the country, saying, "In the event you decide to do a story on hunting, shooting, or firearms legislation, perhaps we can save you considerable time on research." Not all of those who saved time were sportswriters; the head of an outfit called Washington-Exclusive, which put out canned editorials as "an editor-saving service," included one on gun legislation that was based on N.S.S.F. bulletins. It is not known to what extent Richard Starnes, a top columnist for the Scripps-Howard chain, had been influenced by the N.S.S.F., the N.R.A., or his own imagination when he wrote an article on the gun bill for *Field & Stream*, which is an N.S.S.F. sponsor, and whose advertising revenue from gun and hunting-equipment manufacturers was reported to have come to around half a million dollars that year. "The anti-gun kooks insist they are not trying to disarm the United States," Starnes wrote, and continued, "This, as we are about to demonstrate, is nothing but a plain old garden variety of lie, and the fact that it is uttered in the strident accents of the right-thinker makes it no less so." Included in his demonstration were statements that the bill "flatly prohibits sale of firearms of any description through the mail to individuals;" that it "would give the Secretary of the Treasury, or anyone he delegated, unlimited power to impose any regulations he saw fit regarding retail sales by dealers to individuals;" and that "hunters taking guns from one state to another for hunting or any other lawful purpose would have to comply with regulations and restrictions as burdensome as any future gun-hating Treasury Secretary wanted to make them." Whatever Starnes' source of misinformation, his outlet for it was undoubtedly effective, for *Field & Stream* had a monthly circulation of a million and a half.

Late that April, another prominent outdoor writer, Don Carpenter, whose column "Outdoors" appears in the Washington *Daily News*, which has a circulation of more than two hundred thousand, wrote:

> American sportsmen are being shot at with their own tax dollars by Senator T. J. Dodd, who is trying to ram through Congress gun bill S. 1592. Dodd's subcommittee has an appropriation of roughly $220,000 in taxpayers'

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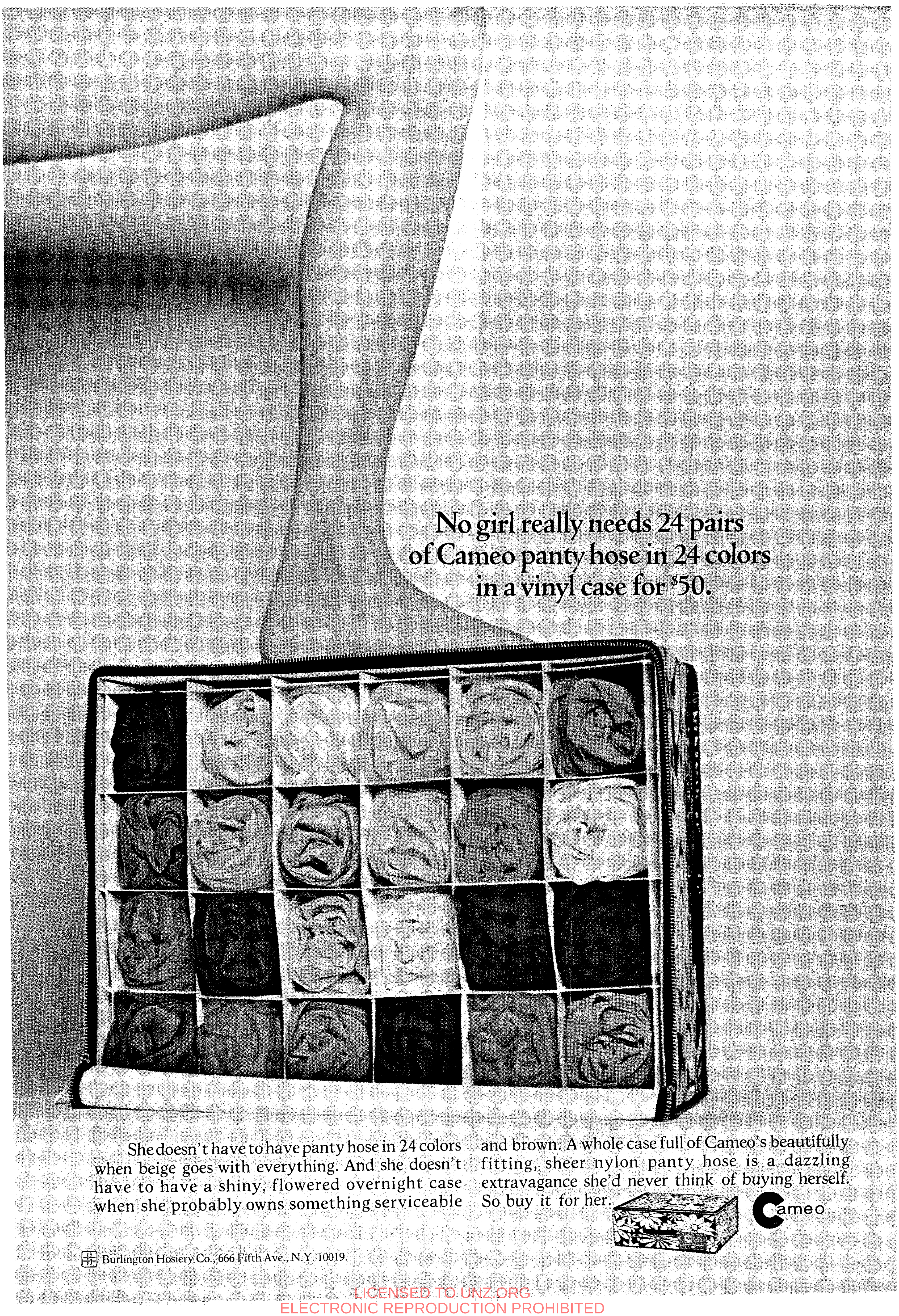

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money for 1965, and he employs Carl Perian to write propaganda against guns for all public media; staff, paper and postage are paid for by suckers, the taxpayers. Charley Dickey, of Riverside, Conn., reveals this flagrant misuse of Federal funds to lobby a bill right in the halls of Congress. I wonder if Carl Perian is a registered lobbyist? Senator Dodd has harassed sportsmen for four years—his wings need clipping.

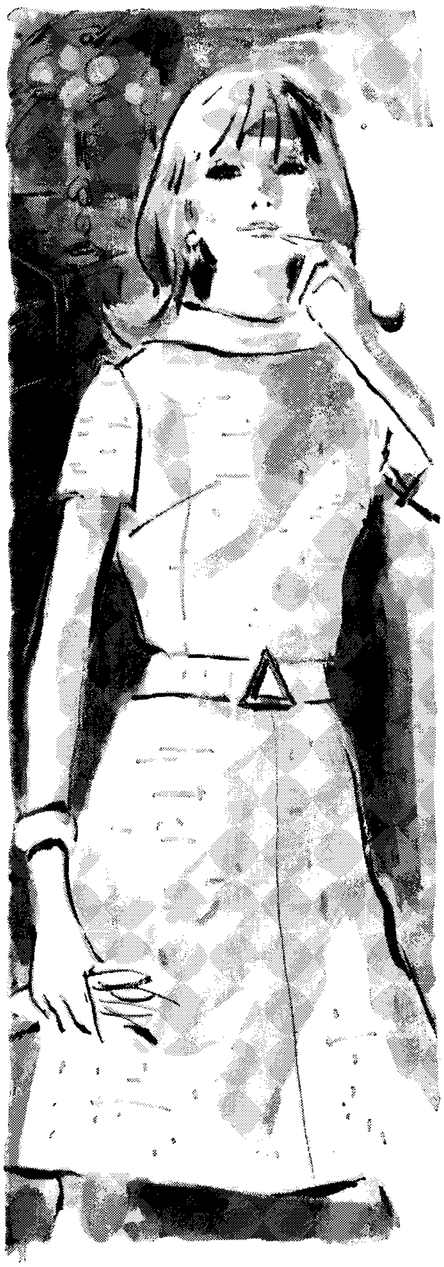
Another outdoor writer, Jim Falkner, of the Baton Rouge, Louisiana, *Advocate*, had an audience of only seventy thousand readers but a somewhat similar viewpoint:

> Senator Dodd's subcommittee has an appropriation for 1965 of about $220,000. Dodd has a publicity department run by a Carl Perian, a sociologist, for writing speeches, articles, press releases and other propaganda. [Dodd] doesn't have to pay for his staff, paper or stamps. All is paid for by the American taxpayer. . . . The American sportsman is in the ironic position of having his tax dollars turned against him.

It was true, as Carpenter reported, that Dickey was from Riverside, Connecticut. Carpenter did not report that Riverside was the home base of the N.S.S.F., of which Dickey was the executive director. In a press release that had been sent to outdoor writers before either Carpenter's or Falkner's column appeared, Dickey wrote:

> Senator Dodd's subcommittee has an appropriation for 1965 of roughly $220,000. Senator Dodd, in his harassment of sportsmen the past 4 years, has had similar amounts at his disposal. Senator Dodd has a publicity department run by Carl Perian, a sociologist, for writing speeches, articles, press releases and other propaganda. Senator Dodd does not have to pay for his staff, paper, or stamps. All of the above is paid for by the American taxpayer. The sportsman is in the ironic position of having his general tax dollars turned against him.

Perian was not head of Dodd's publicity department, for there was no publicity department. He was staff director of the subcommittee. As for Dodd's "flagrant misuse of federal funds to lobby a bill," it was a "misuse" that every committee on Capitol Hill is guilty of, because all of them use the taxpayers' money against the interests of some taxpayers. Perian wasn't registered as a lobbyist because he wasn't one. Dickey and Orth weren't registered as lobbyists, either. When Orth was asked why he didn't consider the N.R.A. a lobby, he answered, "It has nothing to do with monetary or personal profit. It is for the purpose only of the good of the United States." According to the N.R.A.'s operating report for 1965, its outlay that year on



A golden triangle

of gilt buckles this belted simplicity—Maxwell's lightly slubbed bone, navy or black silk-and-rayon dress shaped by David Smith. Sizes 8 to 16, 40.00 Spectator Dress Shop, Second Floor, Lord & Taylor—and all Lord & Taylor stores

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"legislative and public affairs" was $171,485.86, which was more than twice what it had spent before the Dodd bill was introduced. That figure did not include the salaries paid to officers who, like Orth, spent much of their time directly or indirectly opposing gun legislation, nor did it include the expenses that the *American Rifleman* incurred in printing sixty-six pages of editorial material on legislative matters that year, or the cost of running the magazine and the publicity department, both of which were largely directed at securing the Association's place as the leading spokesman, in Congress and out, of the country's gun owners. According to the subcommittee staff, if all these expenses were totted up they would come to more than two million dollars a year. That sum seems inflated, but, whatever the costs to the N.R.A., they were tax-exempt, which meant that the eighty per cent of the population that wanted strong gun laws was subsidizing the battle waged against it by the remaining twenty per cent. In some cases, those "being shot at with their own tax dollars," as Carpenter figuratively expressed it, were also being shot at literally.

FOR a time, it appeared that the N.R.A. and the N.S.S.F. had a corner on the misrepresentation of S. 1592, but before long a number of other operators began trading in the same commodity. One of the first of these was the American Sportsmen's Foundation, of Parlin, New Jersey, which, though it was a small outfit, billed itself as "a national organization for the promotion of shooting sports and wholesome gun legislation." On May 15th, *Shotgun News*, a bimonthly tabloid that billed itself as "the trading post for anything that shoots," ran a banner headline at the top of its usual front-page collection of want ads, asking its readers to "SEE IMPORTANT NOTICE PAGE 4." The notice turned out to be a full-page advertisement inserted by the American Sportsmen's Foundation, stating, "ATTENTION Sportsmen—Target Shooters—Arms Collectors—Firearms Dealers. This is to alert you to the most serious anti-firearms legislation ever proposed." It went on to list seven adverse provisions of S. 1592, all of which were falsified, and concluded by urging its members to write a million letters to the eight members of the subcommittee, four of whose names it got wrong.

Soon afterward, another comparatively small group moved in—spokes-

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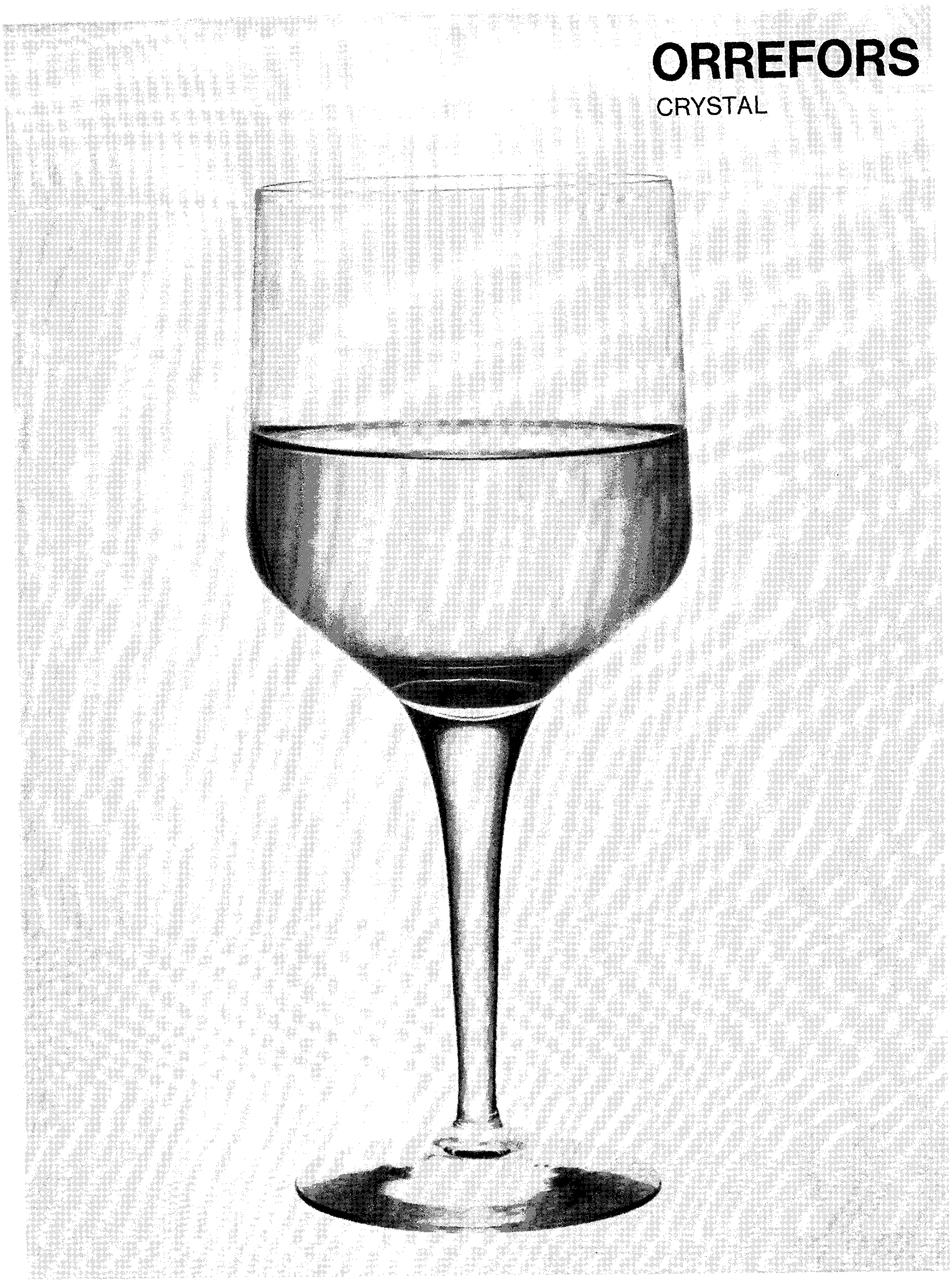

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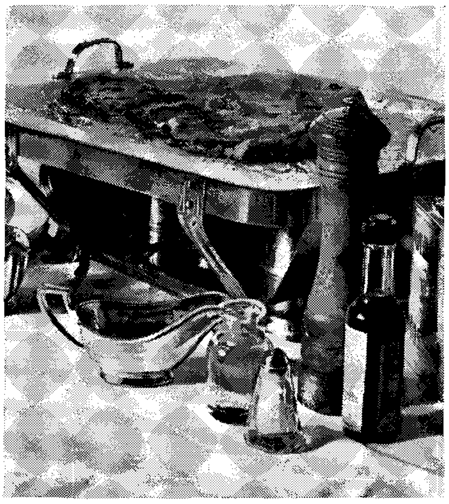

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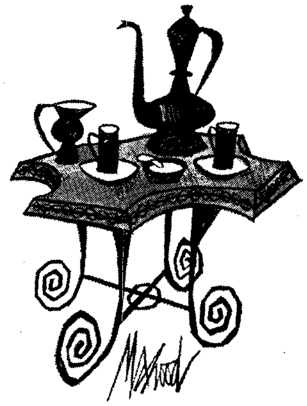
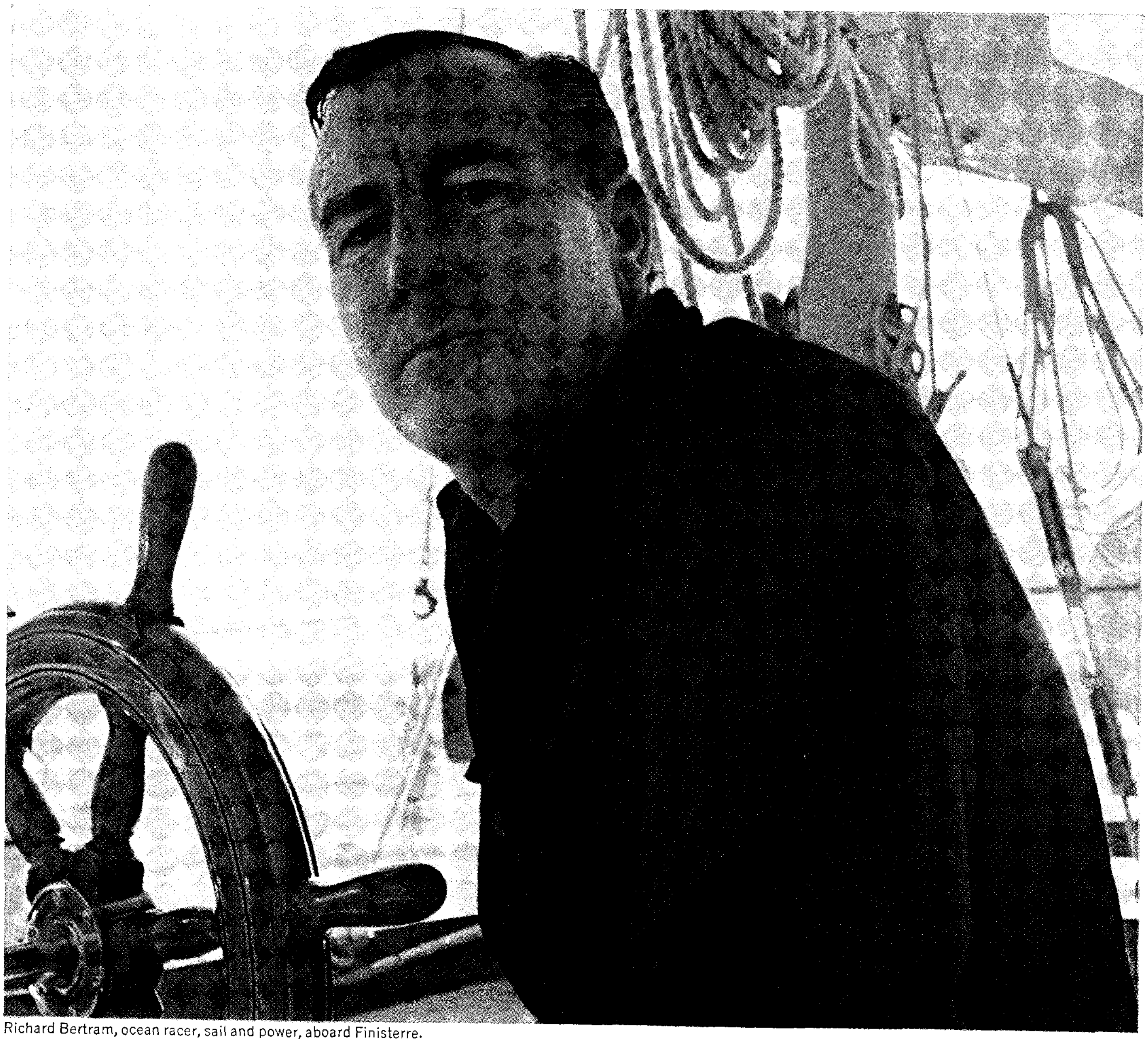
men for some natural-resource-conservation and wildlife-preservation outfits, who were led by the National Wildlife Federation, representing some two million people, and the Wildlife Management Institute, representing some fifteen thousand. Although one might expect such people to be the first to want strong gun laws, they have long been among the last. One of their chief functions is to keep the wildlife population up high enough so that they can stake out hunting preserves and give hunters something to shoot at. The hunters repay them by spending seventy-two million dollars a year on hunting licenses and twenty-seven million dollars a year in federal excise taxes on guns and ammunition; almost all of this money is used to pay the salaries and underwrite the various projects of state game and conservation departments. On May 28, 1965, the National Wildlife Federation's weekly *Conservation Report* included a feature article with the title "Would Firearms Control Lead to Total Disarmament of Individuals?" The text replied to this question by saying that the Administration's witnesses at the hearings had given testimony that "apparently was based on the belief that the ultimate answer to crime prevention in this country is total disarmament of the public." The Wildlife Management Institute was less given to hedging. "The anti-firearms factions make no effort to mask their intention to disarm the American sportsman," it informed its members. "They call S. 1592 the first step." Conservation leaders around the country passed these remarks on, along with the more outright misrepresentations put out by the N.R.A. and the N.S.S.F., at hundreds of conservation-association meetings and gun-club get-togethers. The result was another round of articles by conservation writers, such as one by Earl Schaeffer, author of a column called "Conservation Close-Ups," in the Columbus, Ohio, *Booster*. Schaeffer took the opportunity, in his report on the annual fish fry of the Clintonville Conservation Club, to lace into S. 1592:

> This bill, while it does not mention registration, means just that. It means that all power, all regulation, all authority, and all ownership rights would be in the hands of one person—the Secretary of the Treasury who is under direct orders from the President.... It also definitely means that permission could be given or withheld for the purchase of any type of gun, owning it, transporting it in any way and this be left to the judgment of one person.... This is not for sportsmen only—it is of interest and should be the concern of all people who have become accustomed to the American way of life and who love that life. Believe me, if this bill should pass, that life will never be the same.

The agitation stirred up was so extreme that a number of state wildlife and conservation departments immediately produced, and sent on to the subcommittee, resolutions and memorials officially opposing S. 1592 and stating, among other things, "This proposed legislation poses a direct threat to the continuation of this traditional form of outdoor recreation and calls for further infringement of the right of Americans to keep and bear arms as guaranteed by the Bill of Rights . . . [and] may lead to total gun registration followed by confiscation and the disarming of the sportsmen of this country" (Louisiana); "It has been shown (as in the case of the Sullivan Law in New York) that restrictive legislation will not prevent criminals from obtaining firearms" (Montana); "Guns don't kill people; people kill people" (Wyoming); "This bill must be viewed as the first fatal step toward registration and complete control of the acquisition, possession, and use for lawful purposes of all firearms typical of a police state and completely un-American" (New Mexico); "Truly there exists a foul conspiracy to disarm the law-abiding American public" (Virginia). Because state and local conservation organizations ordinarily devote a large part of their newsletters to notes on what those who support them are doing—that is, to gun-club meetings, hunters' reports, gun collectors' awards, and the like—their publications are widely read, and in this case their attacks on the Administration's bill set off still another flood of communications to the subcommittee. One of these, from the Wabash Valley Gun Collectors' Association of Indiana, asked, "Are these bills in the best interest of the honest God-fearing American citizens who value the heritage of their Founding Fathers very highly of their right to keep and bear arms or, are these bills designed by bureaucrats and power-





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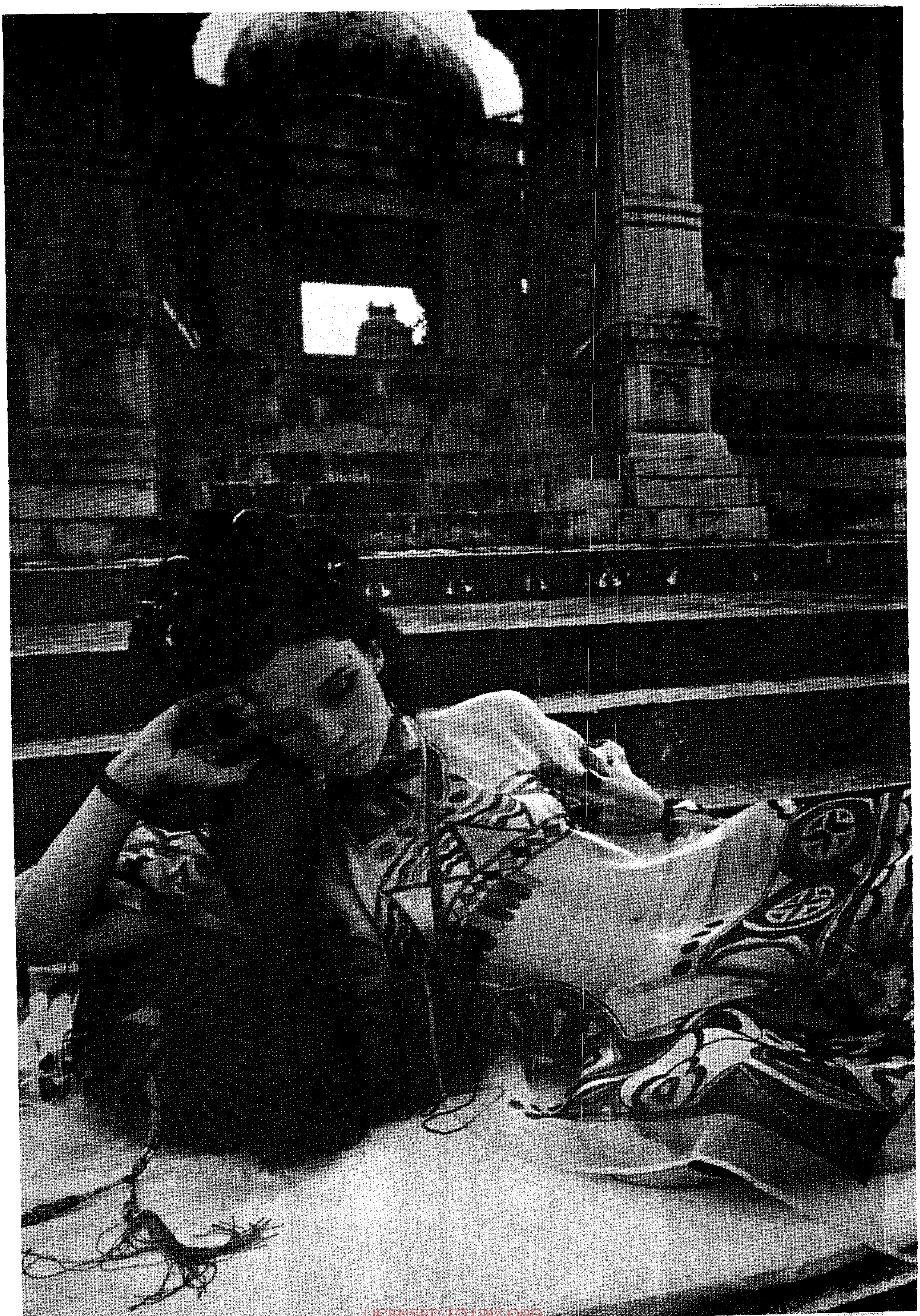

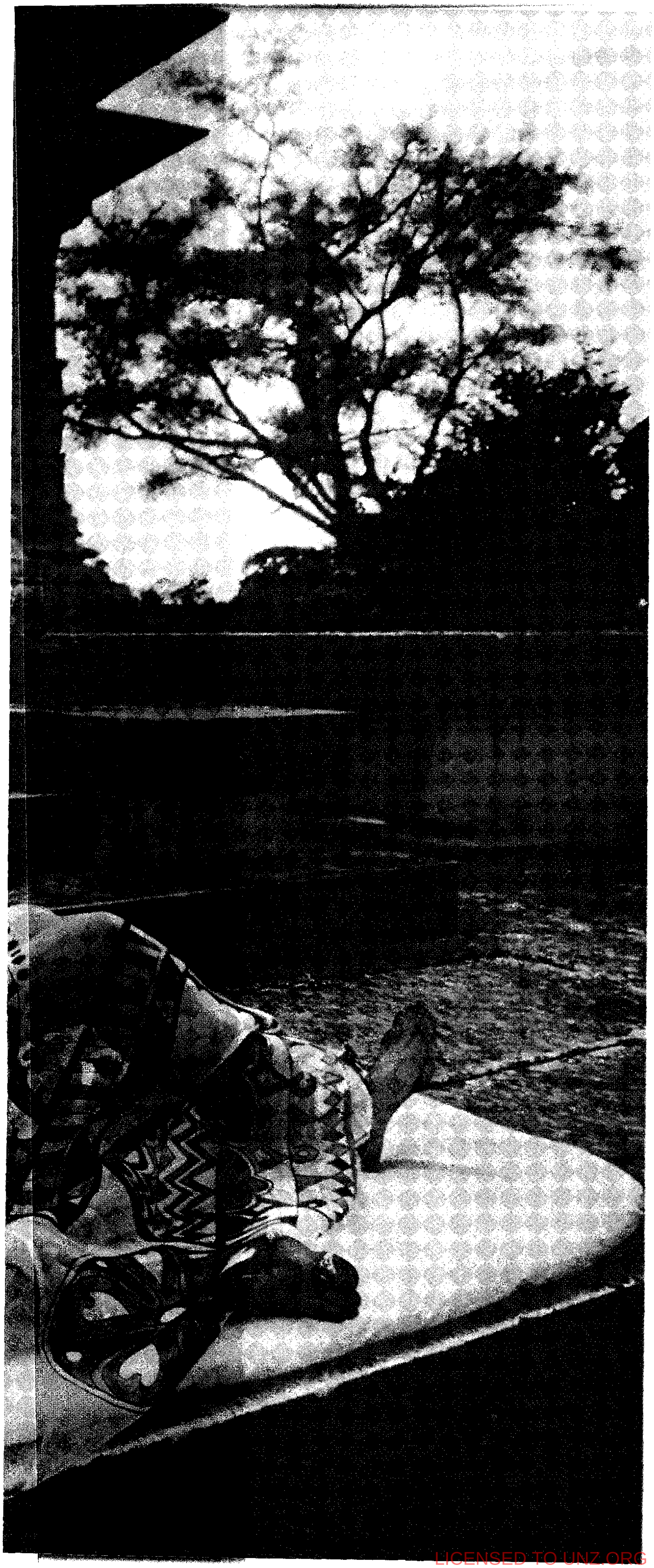

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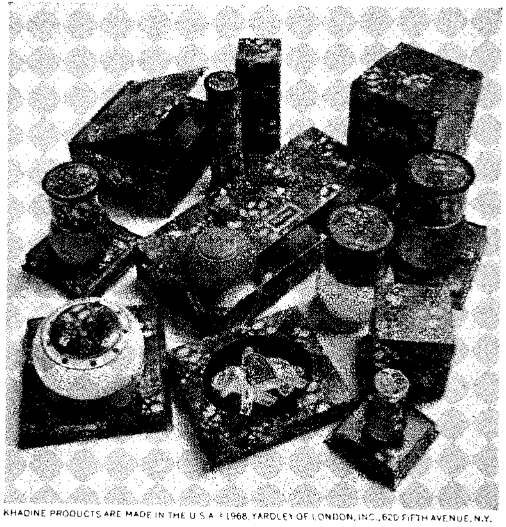

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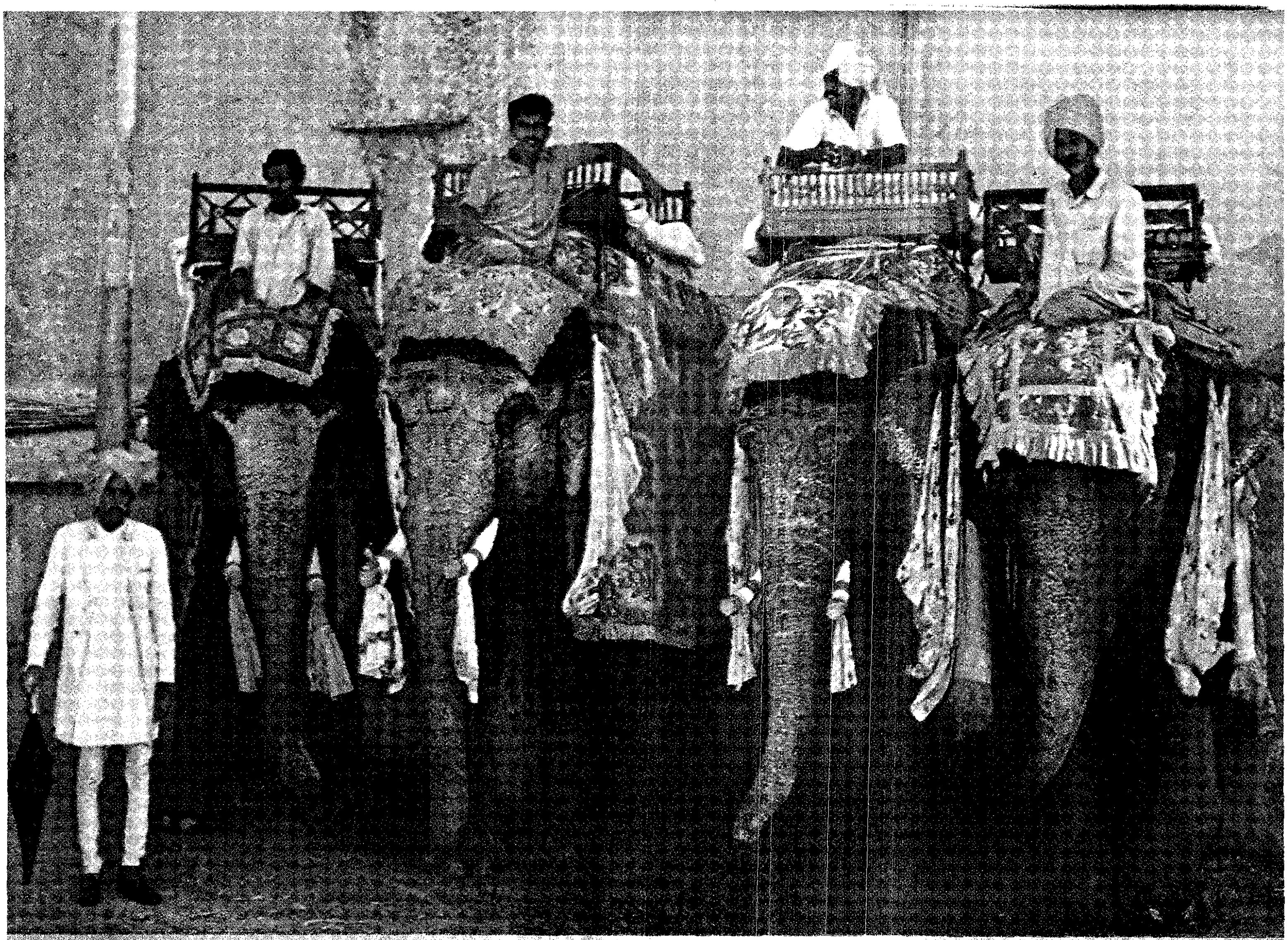

"The Amber Palace, and step on it."

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Yet there is one place in our country where we think a visitor would choose the old-fashioned mode of travel instead of the modern one.

This is at the Amber Palace, just outside the beautiful city of Jaipur.

A regular taxi can get up the steep, wiggly road to the Palace in a little under 5 minutes. An elephant taxi does it in a half hour. Take the elephant taxi. It's more fun.

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mad politicians for reasons best known to themselves?" Another, from the Sportsmen's Council of New York State, charged that enactment of S. 1592 would create "a substantial and prolonged increase in the rate of violent crime throughout the nation." A third, from the Boone and Crockett Club of New York City, stated that such a law "would be an inconvenience that would be resented."

Most of the people who own guns and frequently use them live on farms or in villages, towns, and small cities. The only newspapers most of them read are their local ones, many of which subsist, in part, on "news" items distributed free by various special-interest editorial services, such as the one the N.S.S.F. provided. In the spring and summer of 1965, hundreds of stories on the contents of S. 1592 appeared in the guise of straight news reports in small papers around the country. For example, the Cold Spring, New York, *News & Recorder* repeated the seven falsified provisions of the bill publicized by the American Sportsmen's Foundation and went on to say, "The present time is regarded as an ideal time for the sporting fraternity to rise up and protest vehemently against more governmental control." Other papers, such as the San Angelo, Texas, *Standard-Times* and the Great Barrington, Massachusetts, *Berkshire Courier*, printed stories quoting at extensive length, and without question, statements made by local gun sportsmen, gun collectors, and gun dealers who were repeating the charges made by the N.R.A. and the N.S.S.F. Other papers went further. One of them, the Gonzales, Louisiana, *Weekly*, ran a news article under the headline "MAIL ORDER GUN BUSINESS," which, except for the deletion of two brief sentences and one clause, was an exact replica of the N.R.A.'s April 9th letter, without quotation marks. And others went further still. For example, the Fort Dodge, Iowa, *Messenger & Chronicle*, in a news story headed "GUN BILL MAJOR THREAT," repeated the N.R.A. letter almost verbatim and, here and there, added some fabrications of its own to make the bill seem even worse. Then, in case any of their readers had missed the point, many of these papers filled their letters-to-the-editor columns with correspondence that again repeated verbatim the material sent out by the N.R.A. and the N.S.S.F.

Newspapers that helped spread this kind of word about the bill were not unduly energetic about correcting their errors. The Pulaski, Virginia, *South-*

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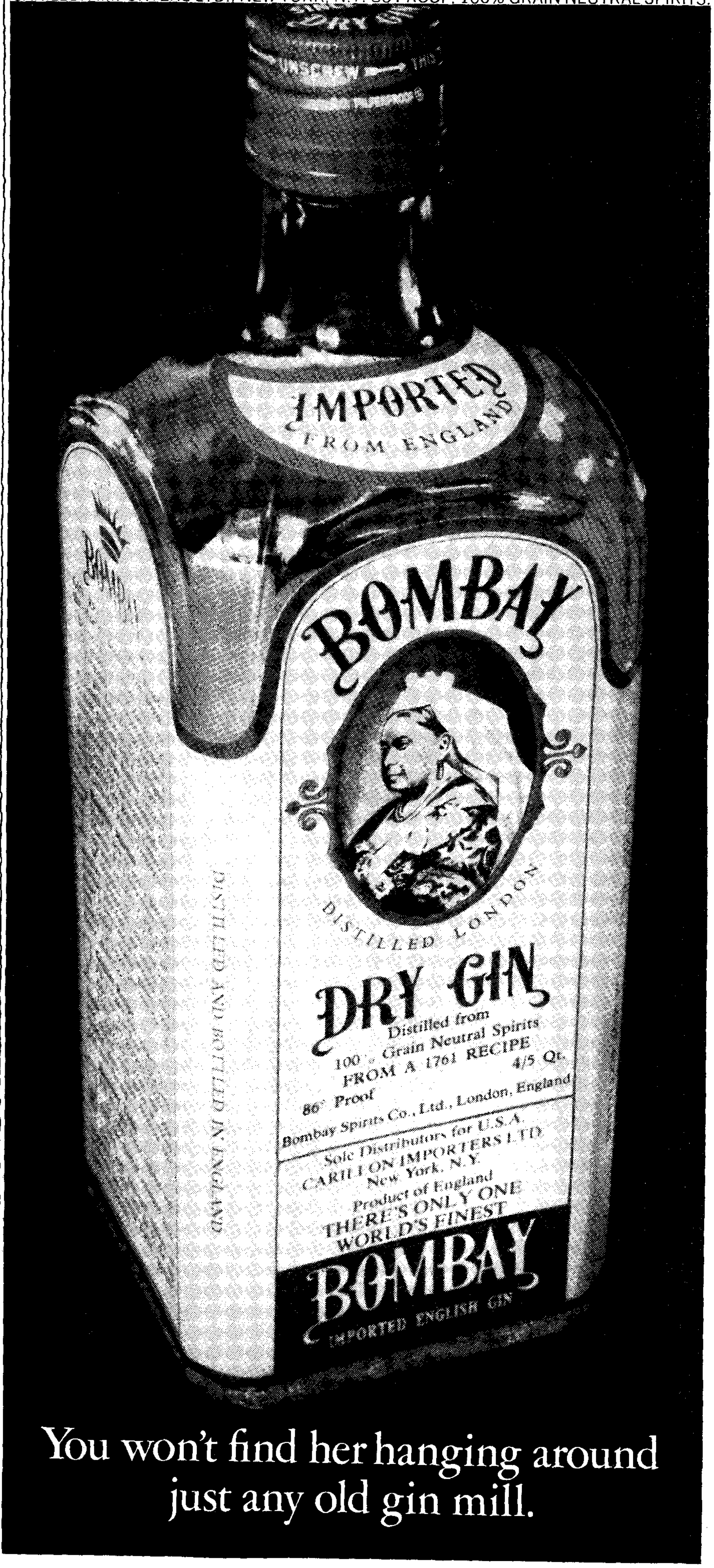
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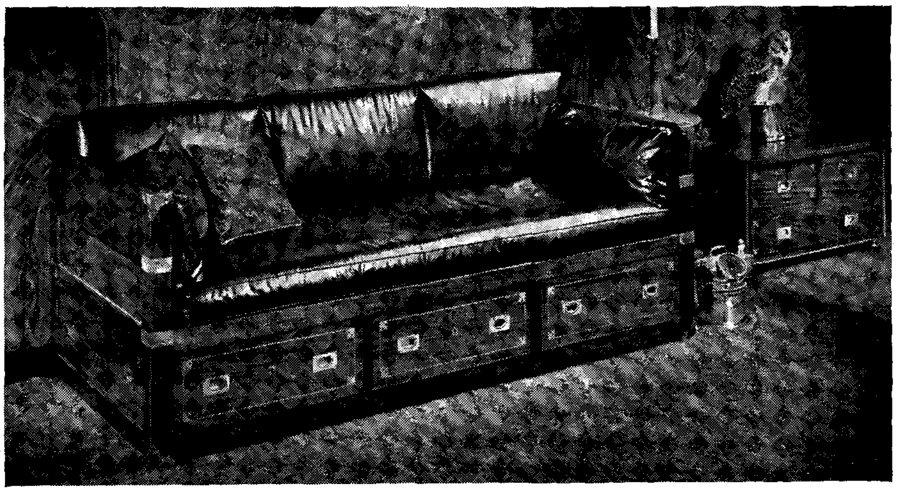

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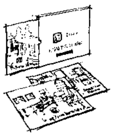

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west Times, for instance, published a couple of columns on S. 1592 by Jack Lovett, Jr., who totally misreported the bill's contents. A reader sent Lovett's article on to Senator Dodd and demanded an explanation. Dodd replied, "For your information, Mr. Lovett is in error and I consider his reporting to be irresponsible," and included with his reply a copy of the bill and some material explaining it. The reader passed all this on to the editor of the paper, Dan Rooker, who ran a half-page editorial on the subject, most of which consisted of a reply by Lovett to Dodd's charges. Accusing Dodd of "ruthlessness," Lovett wrote, "Every word I said in my two columns regarding S. 1592 was true and checked." His sources, he wrote, were the N.R.A. ("a fine, patriotic organization"), the N.S.S.F. (whose sponsors included firms that "certainly . . . would not be a party to sending out false and irresponsible information"), and the National Wildlife Federation (which "no one can truthfully call . . . irresponsible").

Dodd had no greater success when he confronted misinformed opponents face to face. During the hearings, he continually ran into the kind of intransigent disbelief that was revealed during a colloquy he had with a witness named Harry R. Woodward, who was director of the Colorado Game, Fish, and Parks Commission:

MR. WOODWARD: Colorado is a great hunting state, and this form of outdoor recreation represents a very tangible and important factor in its economy. Last fall, a hundred and fourteen thousand non-residents hunted in Colorado, paying three million, a hundred and seventeen thousand dollars for hunting licenses. This represents sixty-six per cent of all revenues derived from hunting and fifty per cent of total revenues realized by the Colorado game, fish, and parks department in 1964. Since this department is financed entirely by license revenues, fines, and taxes on sporting goods, anything that affects hunting or fishing, and especially hunting or fishing by non-residents, deals a body blow to this department's self-financing ability.

SENATOR DODD: Can you point out anything in this bill that will restrict any hunter in Colorado paying his license from doing what he has been doing right along?

MR. WOODWARD: Senator, we are concerned with the question of interstate traffic and the permission of an individual to transport his firearms interstate.

SENATOR DODD: That is what I am talking about. You point out to me anything in this bill which says he can't carry his shotgun or rifle into Colorado.

MR. WOODWARD: We are concerned here that the powers of the Secretary of the Treasury could be construed to the point that regulations, that his regula-

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tions, could make it difficult, if not impossible, to do this.

Senator Dodd: You are not serious about that? Are you saying that the Secretary of the Treasury could by regulation write into this legislation something that is not in it?

Mr. Woodward: He could make it most difficult for a man to get a permit.

Senator Dodd: I can say only what the Secretary and the Attorney General said yesterday—that is preposterous. You heard him when you were here yesterday say that the applicant is protected by the Administrative Procedure Act, and that is what our courts are set up for. He has to apply the rule of reason that if the applicant doesn't agree with his judgment, he has an appeal; he has more than one. But, in any event, the most important thing I want to point out here is that you obviously haven't read the bill if you think that any word of that would prevent a sportsman from going to your state with a rifle and shotgun and go hunting. There is just no such thing in the bill.

Mr. Woodward: Well, it is obvious, Senator, that we are anxious about this provision and how it might be implemented in terms of administrative procedure.

Senator Dodd: I know. But you can't implicate a case of legislation that way by regulation; your attorney general will tell you that. Go ahead.

Mr. Woodward: Thank you, sir. To restrict, in any way, the non-resident's ability to bring firearms into Colorado with which to hunt, as S. 1592 proposes to do, poses a serious threat to the financing of this department's work.

Senator Dodd: I want to say again that there is no such restriction in the bill.

Mr. Woodward: In addition, it poses a serious threat to the economy of the whole state of Colorado, for it proposes to tamper with a form of outdoor recreation that provides nearly one hundred and fifty million dollars annually to Colorado's economy, spread out over every county, community, municipality, and hamlet in the state. This is an economic factor that no state can afford to have jeopardized. And it is an economic factor that receives the majority of its stimulus from the non-resident big-game hunter and more specifically the non-resident elk hunter. Stringent restrictions on transporting hunting rifles into Colorado by non-resident big-game hunters would seriously threaten this source of income to Colorado.

Senator Dodd: There is no restriction in this bill. I want this record to be clear on that. There is just no restriction on transporting a hunting rifle into Colorado. I don't know where you got this information from. But if you take the time to read this bill, you would agree with me. There is no such language in the bill.

Mr. Woodward: I am happy to have you assure us of that, Senator.

Senator Dodd: All you have to do is read it. I think you have been reading some of this propaganda. Go ahead.

Mr. Woodward: Economics aside, the restrictions that would cause Colorado to lose its non-resident hunter would seriously impair the game, fish,

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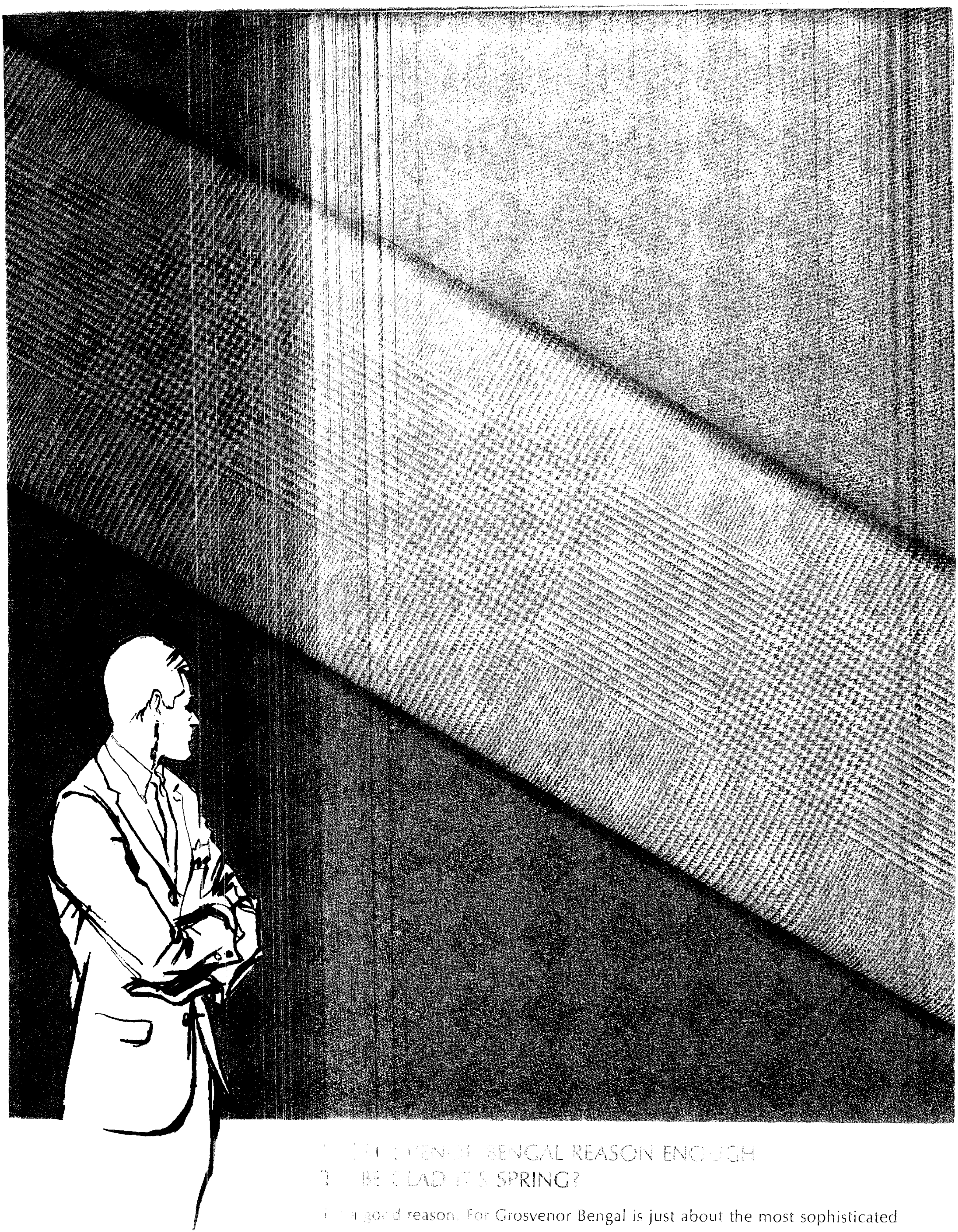

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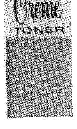

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and parks department's ability to manage its game-animals and birds. The nonresident is a major asset to a state's program for managing its game.

Senator Dodd: Let me interrupt you to say that there is no restriction; the hunter-sportsman can bring his guns in your state. The only restriction you have on him will be your own state law under this bill.

Mr. Woodward: That is reassuring, Senator. I will move on. I realize that time is of the essence.

Senator Dodd: I don't want you to think that I am aggressive about it, but we have been putting up with this information for a long time, and it shocks me that a commissioner of fish and game in Colorado should be thinking that. There is just no such thing in the bill.

Mr. Woodward: Senator, this hunting is, of course, our lifeblood, and we are going to be extremely watchful of all these measures.

Senator Dodd: But lifeblood is not by falsehood.

When Woodward moved on, it was to say that he objected, in addition, to there being "no limitations written into the legislation that would place any curbs whatever on the regulatory power over firearms to be exercised by the Secretary of the Treasury or his agent."

Once again, Dodd had a try at setting him right: "I would say in answer to that that there are limitations on the regulatory power. We have the Administrative Procedure Act, as I said earlier, and we have the courts. And here again the propaganda has been outrageous about this. We have just the same protection with respect to regulation under this law as you have under every other law of the United States, no less, just as much."

Woodward nodded, and said, "Unlimited power of this nature is inherent only in a dictatorship form of government, never historically in a government that is 'of the people.' "

A little later, the witness got around to another favorite argument, which led to the following exchange:

Mr. Woodward: S. 1592 would infringe on the explicit Constitutional right of the nation's citizens to bear arms. It is our contention that this Constitutional guarantee, provided in the Bill of Rights, was conceived by those who wrote and signed this document, which is everything to all citizens of this country, to guarantee each person the right to bear arms in defense of his liberty and for peaceful pursuits. Any infringement on that right would be met, quickly and with determination, by serious legal challenge.

Senator Dodd: Are you a lawyer, Mr. Woodward?

Mr. Woodward: No, I am not.

Senator Dodd: Have you consulted

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competent lawyers as to the Constitutionality of this bill?

MR. WOODWARD: I haven't at this stage.

SENATOR DODD: You have not?

MR. WOODWARD: I am sure that we would.

SENATOR DODD: I should think you would have done so before you made this statement. I don't think you really know anything about the Constitutional aspects of it, do you?

MR. WOODWARD: No. I am concerned about the Constitutional aspects of it.

SENATOR DODD: Being concerned about it is something else. Are you in a position to give us advice on the Constitutionality of this bill?

MR. WOODWARD: No. I have no legal training.

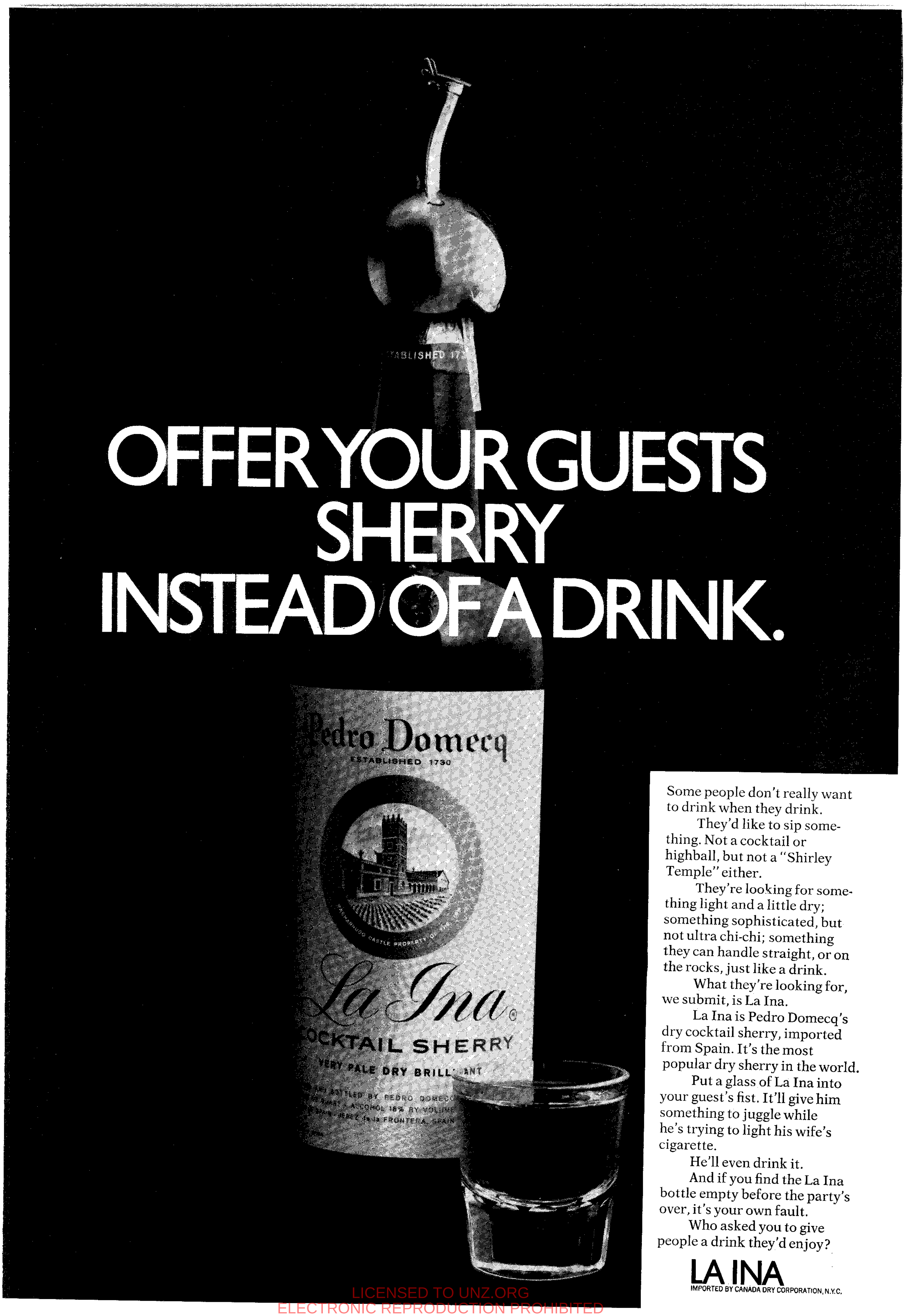
SENATOR DODD: You didn't hear the Attorney General, what he said yesterday about it?

MR. WOODWARD: No.

SENATOR DODD: Have you read the cases of the Supreme Court, sir?

MR. WOODWARD: No, I haven't.

BY one recent count, there are in this country fifteen magazines devoted entirely to firearms. The *American Rifleman* is the most widely distributed, but the others have a combined circulation that is twice as large. The leader among these is *Guns & Ammo*, with average monthly sales of close to two hundred thousand copies. From the time it was founded, in 1958, *Guns & Ammo* had built up its circulation in part by periodically bombarding its readers with threats of impending gun legislation, and it had continually warned them that the price of firearms freedom was eternal political vigilance. As the magazine saw it, gun owners faced an uphill fight, because, as it told its readers in 1960, "every do-gooder, pacifist, subversive, pinko, traitor, and gangster misrepresents them." This theme was a favorite at the magazine. "For the most part, the anti-gun tirades have been insidious half-truths, downright lies, with a goodly measure of slander thrown in," Thomas J. Siatos, the publisher and editorial director, wrote in an editorial shortly after S. 1592 was introduced. "We have seen some of our own editorial material completely twisted and taken out of context and used as an illustration of the 'irresponsibility of this country's shooters.' We don't deny it hurts." More recently, the magazine observed editorially that "the gun owners of this country are the subject of one of the most vicious propaganda campaigns ever." No one could have agreed more wholeheartedly with this assessment than the leaders of the movement to enact a gun bill. In their view, *Guns & Ammo* had misled more people more often than any other outlet in the entire campaign. "*Guns &*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They're looking for something light and a little dry; something sophisticated, but not ultra chi-chi; something they can handle straight, or on the rocks, just like a drink.

What they're looking for, we submit, is La Ina.

La Ina is Pedro Domecq's dry cocktail sherry, imported from Spain. It's the most popular dry sherry in the world.

Put a glass of La Ina into your guest's fist. It'll give him something to juggle while he's trying to light his wife's cigarette.

He'll even drink it.

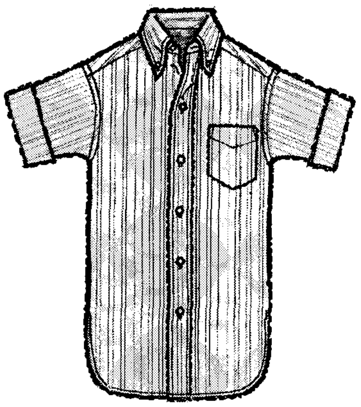
And if you find the La Ina bottle empty before the party's over, it's your own fault.

Who asked you to give people a drink they'd enjoy?

LA INA

IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, N.Y.C.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

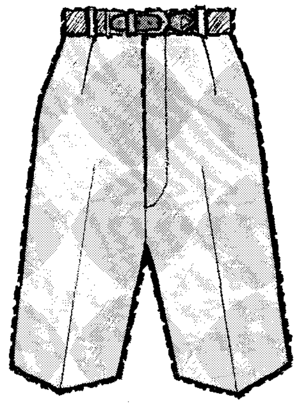


chocolate

There's something very clean and pleasing about the right shorts and the right shirt. Besides, properly selected, they have an inspirational effect on your game, an energetic effect on your work. They even encourage the casual passer-by. At nicer stores. 5 to 15. Shirt, about $8.

Ladybug®

© 1968 THE VILLAGER, INC.



sundae

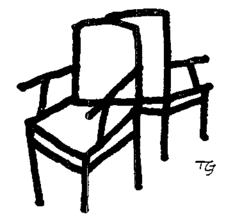
The buttondown shirt, in Fortrel polyester and cotton, with shirttails and roll-up sleeves to encourage ambition. A thin Brown woven stripe on White. Tailored and gentlemanly jamaica shorts, spotlessly White, in a crisp cotton twill. Zippered fly front. 3 to 15. Shorts, about $13.

Ladybug®

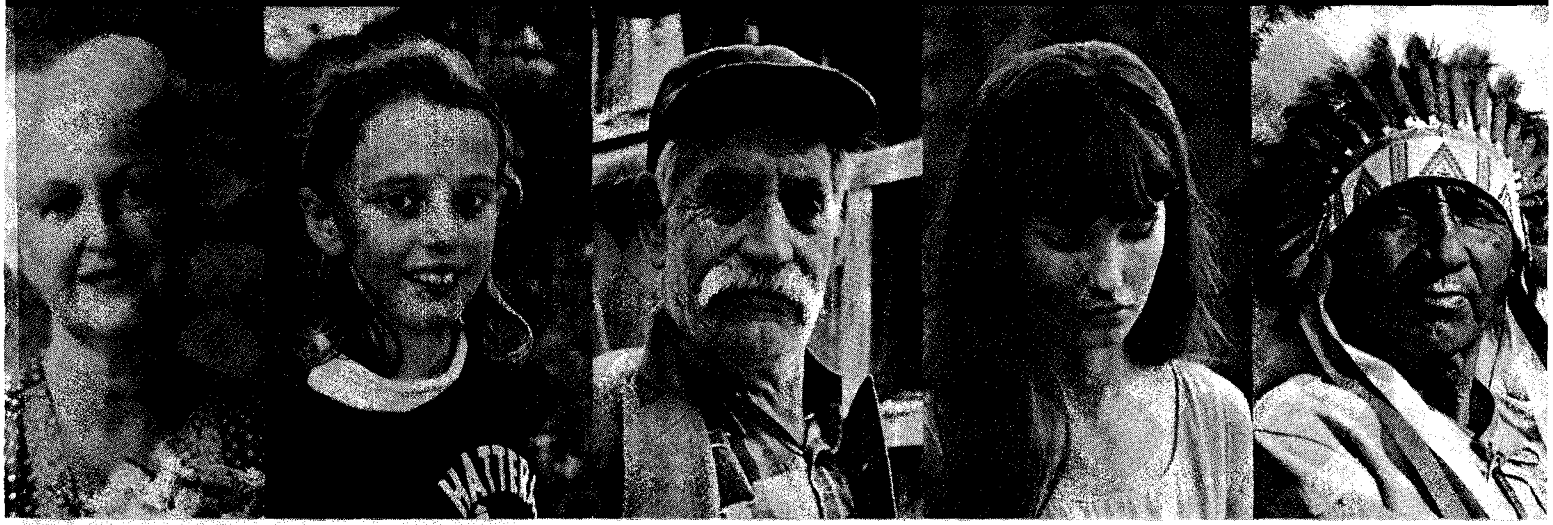
Ammo has been to truth as guns are to life," one of them said not long ago, and added, "Or maybe I should say, 'Magazines don't lie to people; editors and writers lie to people.' " The editors and writers of *Guns & Ammo* were apparently unprepared for the introduction of S. 1592, for it wasn't until summer that they joined the battle against it. When they did, they made up for lost time. In the July issue, Siatos published an article called "The Real Facts Behind S. 1592," which stated at the outset, "If you, as a collector, hunter, target shooter, gun dealer, gunsmith, or small manufacturer, wish to lose your rights to own guns, to go hunting, target shoot, deal in firearms, read no further. This bill will ultimately confiscate your guns, make it impossible for you to hunt or stay in business." For those who read further, there was a section-by-section analysis of the bill, preceded by the admonition "It is time consuming, but if you love your guns or want to stay in business, you had better take the time." Almost nothing in the analysis—not even the letters and numbers identifying the sections—was correct. Of the thirty-odd points made, a few of the more blatant distortions were that if S. 1592 was enacted there would be "no more mail order of firearms of any type;" that collectors of antique guns living in states with strict firearms laws would have to take out licenses, which "will probably not be granted . . . and your guns will be confiscated;" that it would be "illegal for any dealer to sell a firearm except to a resident of his state;" that all gun-club reloading would require "a \$500 or \$1000 license" and "if for any reason they do not like your looks, your politics, your religion, or anything else, you may not be allowed a license in the first place;" that there would "be no more fine foreign sporting guns of any type;" and that the bill constituted "an open demand on the state, cities, counties to impose the true restrictive legislation which, summed up in a few brief words, is registration, then confiscation." When Siatos was asked later about the misrepresentations that the article contained, he replied, "All I can say is this is what we call editorializing."

Siatos was never called upon to characterize the magazine's actual editorials. A typical one, which appeared the following month, concluded, "Summing up, no matter what the proponents may whine in support of restrictive firearms legislation, no matter how they may lie and connive, manipulate and manage news, their efforts can have but only one ultimate result—no firearms in the hands of our citizenry." Although the editors of *Guns & Ammo* often found the language a slippery business, they never entirely lost their hold on it, as some of their competitors occasionally did—for example, *Guns & Game*, whose editorial writer once proclaimed, "It's up to us to convince every legislator, everywhere, that we mean exactly what we say. This means that gun owners, gun clubs, and sportsmen's groups must begin giving active, open support to the avowed enemies of the people's right to bear arms." When it came to vituperation, though, *Guns & Ammo* had few rivals. In that same August issue, the editorial complained about "the wishy-washy legislators and milk-sop news-disseminating media which have stuffed down our throats the kind of insulting drivel we have been subjected to the past year and a half," and added, "It's time we throw up." In that issue, too, the magazine admonished its readers, "In everything we do for this cause, we must approach it with dignity, avoiding any language or intemperate statements which might cause more harm than good."

As any demagogue knows, once a band of followers has been recruited and stirred up, it has to be kept stirred up or its members will lose interest and drift away. *Guns & Ammo* kept its readers stirred up by continuing to print scare editorials and articles about S. 1592, and also by giving its followers specific tasks. In an article entitled "Operation Gun-Law '65," the magazine reproduced a model anti-gun-law advertisement, which, it stated, had been "specifically designed by experts on firearms legislation and by people who know how to persuade readers to *act*," and which, it went on, could be placed "at nominal cost" in local newspapers. A banner headline at the top of the advertisement asked, "ARE YOU A KILLER?" and the text below answered, "Some lawmakers think so. That is, if you own a gun. Or import, sell, repair, or collect firearms of any size, shape, or caliber. In fact, these *few* lawmakers mistrust you so completely that their anti-gun bill now pending in Congress would ultimately deny you the right to own or buy a gun ever again." The magazine also presented a two-minute script that readers were asked to have recorded by the telephone



A lot of people in North Carolina speak a foreign language. The Queen's English.



In many remote areas of our state, we still speak the colorful language Queen Elizabeth I spoke. Not to mention William Shakespeare himself.

That's why even the most ordinary observations turn into colorful opinions. "I declar'," sighed an old woman living in our Great Smoky Mountains, "this new caterwauling jist contraries me. I'd as lief h'yar a thunder clap. Hit's th' purty ballets abody should l'arn to sang."

Traces of this classical speech are heard also in the everyday talk of fishermen and old sea captains along the isolated Outer Banks. Some of it nearly as pure as the day it came off the boat.

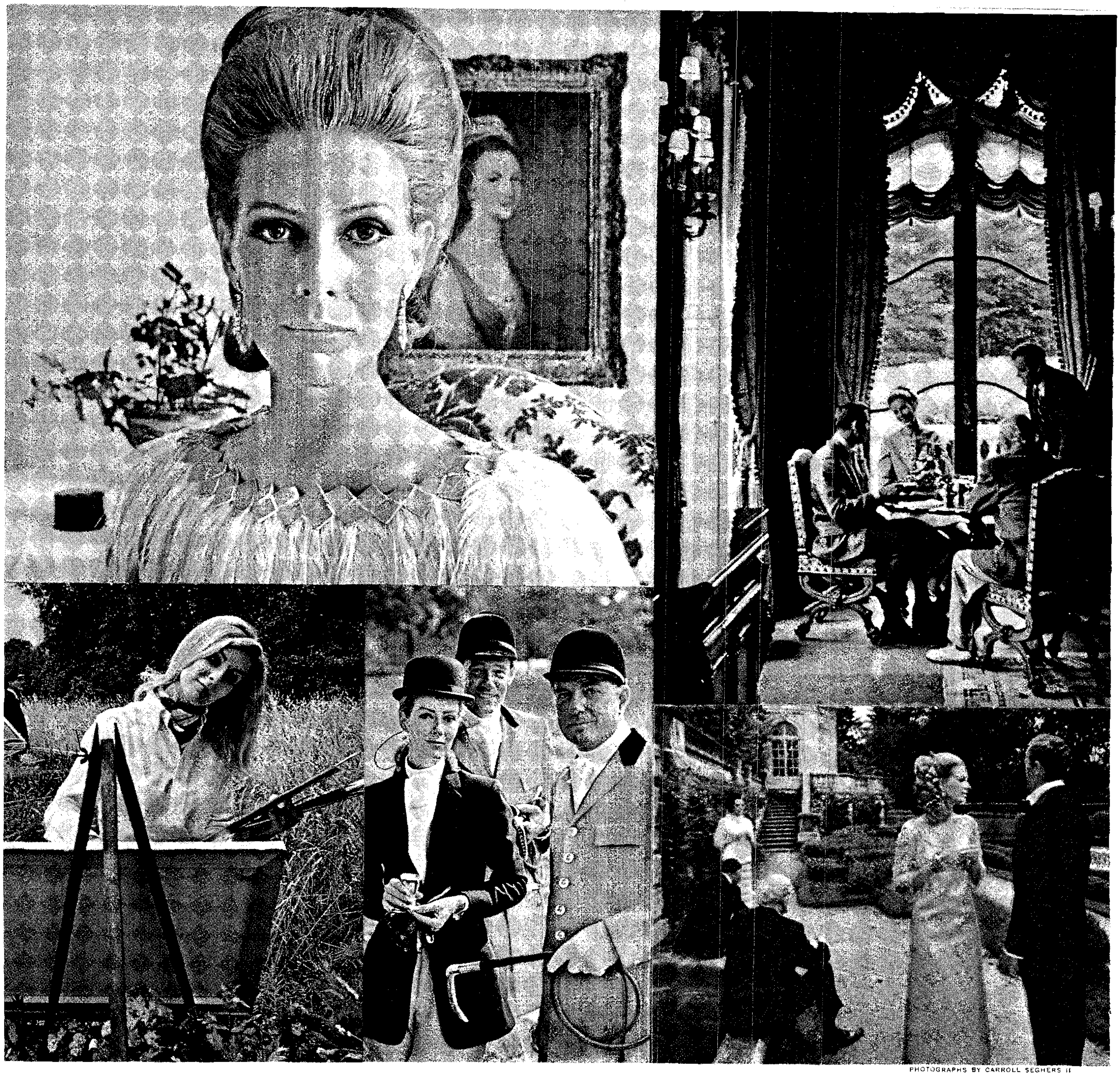
If you're a "furriner," a lot of this may sound like Greek to you. So we've solved all that. With a handy little dictionary which translates the Queen's English into plain English.

Just send us your name and address and we'll send you a brand new first edition. Along with a complete travel guide that tells where to find everything worth talking about back home. Including Old Salem—a restored 18th century township. Fort Macon—a famous Civil War landmark. And even a reservation of Cherokee Indians, where the natives speak a language all their own: early American.

Write to Department 28Y, Travel and Promotion Div., Dept. of Conservation and Development, Raleigh, N. C. 27602.

THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH

Get this free dictionary from North Carolina and learn our foreign language.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARROLL SEGHERS II

This woman has $3 million.

For years someone else managed it. Now she has to. And make it work for her.

That's why this woman, heiress to a textile fortune, has chosen Chemical Bank New York Trust Company for professional investment advice and help in managing her portfolio.

We consult with her to set her objectives. Then we move toward them, protecting her assets while trying to make the principal and income grow. We hold the securities in safekeeping, collect and remit income, receive and deliver securities against sales and purchases. Our fee is modest and mostly tax-deductible.

To arrange a confidential interview, call (212) 922-4414.
The bank that works hardest for you.

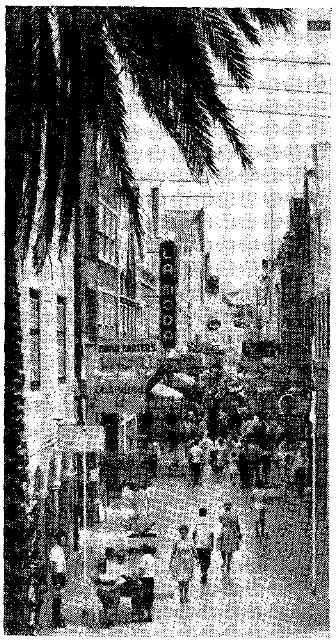
Chemical
New York
CHEMICAL BANK NEW YORK TRUST COMPANY

company (preferably in a woman's voice), so that when a certain number was dialled the record would be played back. "You have probably been aware of the biased anti-gun news coverage," the script began, and it went on, "Buried in the text of the Dodd bill are provisions which would empower the Secretary of the Treasury or his agent to prevent the purchase (or possibly confiscate) guns used for hunting, target shooting, collecting, or other legitimate pursuits." In addition, the magazine began pushing a "promotional kit," consisting of a lapel pin, an embroidered cloth emblem, and five bumper stickers, and selling for two dollars and a half. Each item in the kit was emblazoned at the top with the legend "GUNS & AMMO MAGAZINE" and, below that, "Support Your Right to Keep and Bear Arms." Just what it was promoting most was not clear. The magazine urged its readers to buy promotional kits for themselves and their acquaintances, to read *Guns & Ammo* for news of the latest developments on the gun-bill front, to renew their subscriptions to *Guns & Ammo* in order to stay abreast of the issues, and to give their friends subscriptions to *Guns & Ammo*.

THE sole purpose of the entire campaign of deception was to persuade all those in the country who owned guns and wanted to keep them that their only hope lay in making their total opposition to S. 1592 known to their lawmakers—preferably in writing. The N.R.A. letter of April 9th concluded by exhorting all members of the Association and their friends to let the President and the Congress know how they felt. "Write now, or it may soon be too late," Orth warned. To make the task easier, he included a page-long list of instructions, headed "How to Write Your Letter" and giving such advice as "Do not send the enclosed letter to your representative," "Do not doubt for one second the effectiveness of your one voice. Something you say may be the one thing to change an opinion," and "Do not leave this to someone else to do. If the battle is lost, it will be your loss and that of all who follow you." The N.S.S.F. invariably included a plea of this sort in its bulletins, too: "It is imperative that you write the President and express your opinion on S. 1592 and ask for public hearings on S. 1592. You should also write the U.S. representatives and senators from your state. . . . *Letters from you and your friends are important!*" And *Guns & Ammo* pounded away at the need for letters

When we say Curaçao is cordial we don't mean the liqueur.

The people of Curaçao are as warm and friendly as the famous liqueur which bears its name. For many good reasons: its ideal year-round climate, its lovely surroundings, its Dutch-Spanish traditions, its lighthearted, leisurely way of life. Even the language, Papiamento, is a happy, romantic blend of Portuguese, Spanish, Dutch, African, English and French. Curaçao is the vacation spot that offers you old Dutch charm in a Caribbean island setting . . . plus wonderful free port shopping, glittering casinos, elegant restaurants, and hospitable luxury hotels where low summer rates are in effect May 1-December 15. No passports needed by U.S. citizens. Only $150 jet round-trip from New York, $135 jet round-trip from Miami, $35 jet round-trip from San Juan, P.R. Year-round cruises from New York and New Orleans. See your travel agent.



Curaçao NETHERLANDS ANTILLES

"The neat Dutch Treat in the Caribbean"

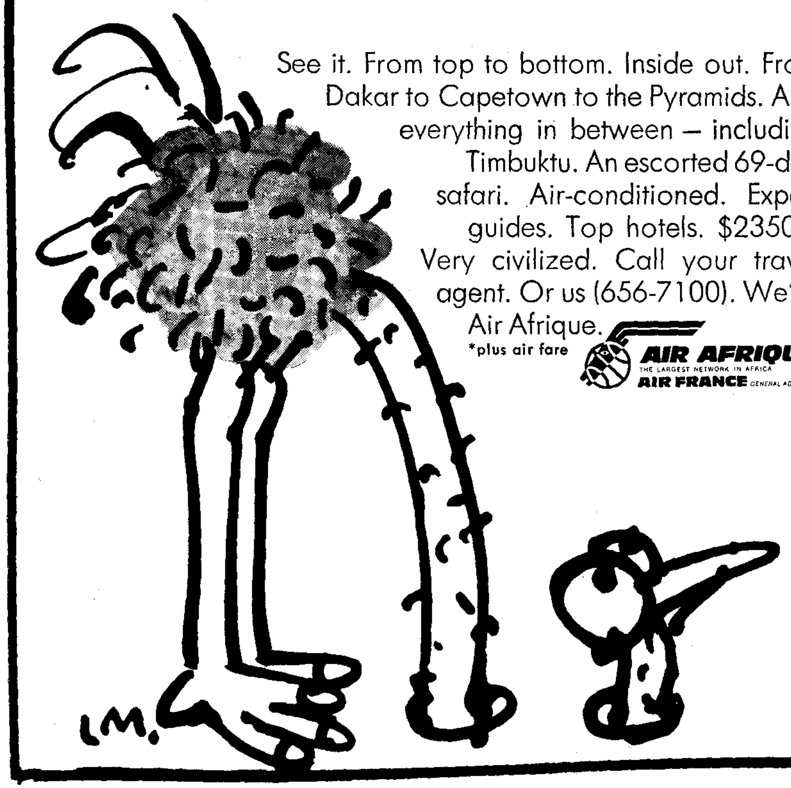
Dept. 101

CURAÇAO TOURIST BOARD,
604 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10020 203 S.W. 13th St., Miami, Fla. 33130

I like friendly places. Please send me more information about Curaçao.

Name
Address
City State Zip

Africa. It's wild.

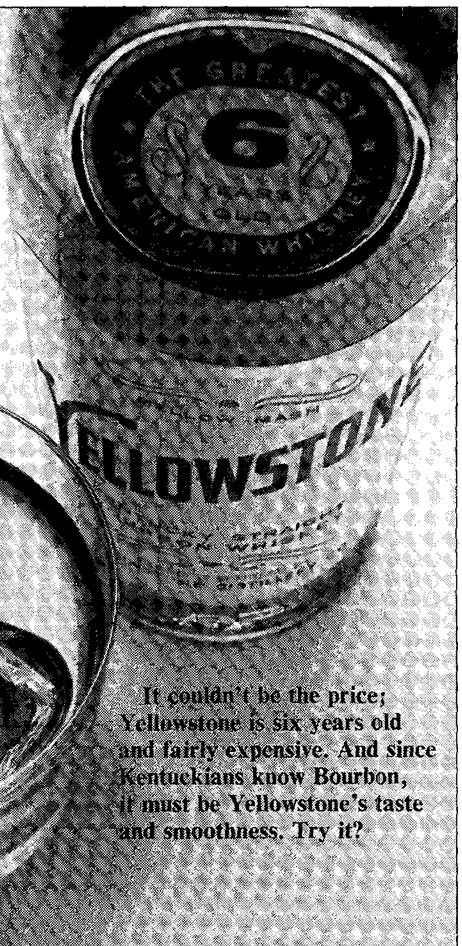


See it. From top to bottom. Inside out. From Dakar to Capetown to the Pyramids. And everything in between – including Timbuktu. An escorted 69-day safari. Air-conditioned. Expert guides. Top hotels. $2350.* Very civilized. Call your travel agent. Or us (656-7100). We're Air Afrique.

*plus air fare

AIR AFRIQUE
THE LARGEST NETWORK IN AFRICA
AIR FRANCE GENERAL AGENT

How did a Bourbon you've never tasted become the best-selling Bourbon in Kentucky, the home of Bourbon?



It couldn't be the price; Yellowstone is six years old and fairly expensive. And since Kentuckians know Bourbon, it must be Yellowstone's taste and smoothness. Try it?

Yellowstone Distillery Co., Louisville, Kentucky, 100 Proof Bottled-In-Bond & 90 & 86 Proof

several times in each issue. "Nothing impresses an elected lawmaker as much as a massive amount of mail from people who vote in his district," it told its readers in August. "It is the one *proven* way to persuade a legislator to act."

During the month preceding the campaign set off by the N.R.A., the White House received fifty letters on S. 1592, divided just about equally pro and con. During the following month, it received twelve thousand letters, all but a few opposing the bill. Within two weeks after Orth alerted his followers, the Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency got fourteen hundred letters, forty-seven of them favoring the bill, and the Commerce Committee got over two thousand, four of them favoring it. When the N.S.S.F., the conservationists, the small-town newspapers, and the gun magazines entered the campaign, the mail stepped up so sharply that during the whole spring and summer of 1965 congressional offices were hard put to it to answer it even with form letters and automatic typewriters. "I have received many more letters on this question than any other so far this year," Senator Roman L. Hruska, Republican of Nebraska, said that May. "By actual count, only three letters supporting the bill have been received so far out of more than three thousand." Over the years, Hruska had led so many fights for special-interest groups, including the fight against the earlier gun bill, that he had become known as the Senate's most fearless defender of the strong—a record that prompted H. L. Hunt, the Texas billionaire and *Ur*-right-winger, at about that time to name Hruska as his choice for the Presidency. This prompted some observers to question Hruska's figures, but, as it turned out, other senators reported similar responses. "I have received an enormous amount of mail, really enormous, almost unbelievable . . . expressing opposition to this bill," announced another Republican, Senator Jacob Javits, of New York, who supported the bill. And the situation across the aisle was the same. "I can recall no issue, either international or domestic, in my tenure in the Senate that has aroused the people of the state of Wyoming as this one," said Senator Gale McGee, who opposed the bill. In most Senate offices, it was reported, mail on S. 1592 was running far heavier than it had in recent years on any other issue—even the Medicare bill, which had been a matter of intense controversy, in Congress and out, for a generation, or the

(*Advertisement*)

DINK STOVER SAVES THE DAY

OR

"SUCCESS IN ADVERTISING IS SOMETIMES RELATIVE!"

In which Dink, faced with prompt dismissal if his agency's largest account is lost, manages not only to keep Amalgamated, Inc. safe in the fold but wins himself an unexpected honor in the bargain!

Faithful reader: As you remember, our previous episode concluded on a harrowing note. Amalgamated is pulling out. And Dink — an innocent pawn in the power struggle — is called upon to save the account as well as himself. We join our hero as he assays his chances of weathering the storm:

I must bring every resource to bear on this problem, he thought. Amalgamated *has* to stay with us — and, by Jove, it's up to me to pull it off! It was at that instant an idea born of desperation dawned, and quickly he seized the phone:

"Dad", he said. "I seem to recall that you sometimes have occasion to play golf with Mr. Barrow, Chairman of Amalgamated. Do you think you might be able to arrange a game with him tomorrow — and mind if I join you on the links? I can? Bully!"

We rejoin Dink on the challenging Drowsy Dell Country Club course, shortly after he was introduced by his dad to the imposing Homer ("Big Wheel") Barrow.

"You've got a fine lad, there, C.S.," Barrow boomed. "What do you do, son? Stocks and Bonds? Banking?"

"Mass communications, sir," Dink replied proudly. "As a matter of fact, the advertising agency where I work handles your account. And a most inspiring account it is . . ."

"Is it, now," Barrow said. "I've heard some rumblings of discontent, though, from our people about your agency." He paused, lined up his putt and stroked the ball firmly which finally came to rest six feet beyond the cup.

"Masterful shot, sir!" Dink exclaimed, unable to hide his admiration. "That's a 'gimme' for sure. Gosh, I can't really fathom why your people are unhappy. Everyone thought that the media plan I worked up for you was a masterpiece. Isn't that your third birdie in a row?"

"Keep this up and I'll bust the course record wide open," Barrow chuckled. "Say, what's this media plan you worked out? Sounds interesting . . ."

"A heavy concentration of your advertising in the rich Greater Boston market, sir," Dink answered earnestly. "In The Boston Globe, to be exact. The daily Globe alone delivers 65% of Boston SMSA households with incomes of $10,000 and over.* And last year The Globe was second in the whole country in Hotel and Resort advertising.** Oh, take another shot, sir. That pesky mosquito . . ."

"You've been promoted to Agency Historian."

The next day Dink strode into the Media Director's office, a triumphant grin lighting up his features. The Media Director snarled: "What's this I hear about you taking time off yesterday for a silly game of golf. Why, I couldn't believe my ears. *Golf*, man — with the whole agency on the verge of collapse?"

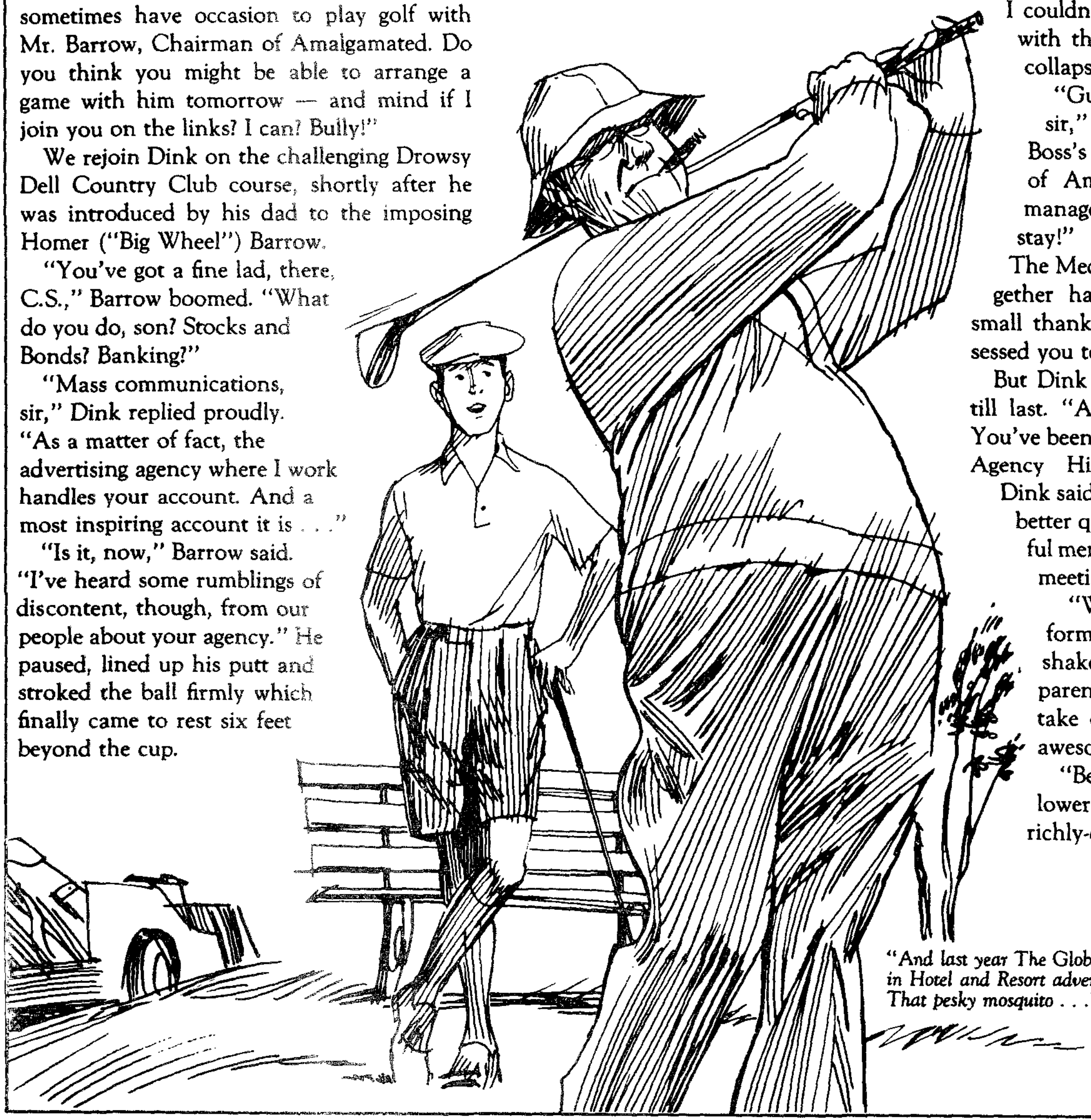
"Guess you haven't learned the news, sir," Dink exclaimed, ignoring his Boss's evident ill humor. "Mr. Barrow of Amalgamated just called our top management — the account's going to stay!"

The Media Director clapped his hands together happily. "Then we're saved. But small thanks to *you*, Stover. Whatever possessed you to —"

But Dink was keeping his biggest surprise till last. "And here's the best news of all. You've been promoted to — brace yourself — Agency Historian. Congratulations, sir," Dink said warmly. "I can't imagine anyone better qualified to gather all that wonderful memorabilia for the next stockholder meeting!"

"Well, thank you, lad," said the former Media Director, somewhat shaken (if the truth be told) at his apparent good fortune. "Who's going to take over my spot, I wonder. It's an awesome responsibility . . ."

"Believe it or not," Dink replied, lowering his gaze modestly to the richly-carpeted floor, "they've asked *me*."



"And last year The Globe was second in the whole country in Hotel and Resort advertising. Oh, take another shot, sir. That pesky mosquito . . ."

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*Carl J. Nelson Research, Inc. Study of Telephone Households, Sept. '67

**Media Records, 1967.

ATTENTION STAUNCH ADMIRERS OF DINK STOVER! Follow the stirring adventures of our hero faithfully — as recorded in this journal by the number one newspaper in Boston — The Globe (which has more readers and carries more advertising than any other Boston newspaper). The Boston Globe. Morning, Evening, Sunday. A Million Market Newspaper. New York, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

**Fortrel,
the fiber that wraps
you in freshness for summer.**

June Frances and Tom Nasarre dress up a two-piece dirndl for Junior Sophisticates. Cummerbund-crushed at the waist, with mock tortoise buckle and buttons. In Cohama's linen-like weave of Fortrel polyester and rayon, it stays crisp and fresh all season long. Orange, yellow, brown or blue. 4-14. About $70.* At Lord & Taylor, New York; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast.

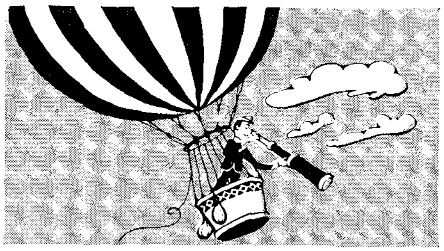
*Slightly higher on the west coast

CELANESE FORTREL
Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better

Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc. Celanese®

war in Vietnam. And, unlike the mail on these two issues, almost all the letters on S. 1592 opposed it. To those who were involved in the day-to-day struggle to push a workable gun bill through, the overwhelming opposition was as saddening as it was frustrating. "These sportsmen are mostly ordinary, decent fellows," William Mooney, Jr., a field investigator on the subcommittee staff, remarked at one point. "They have no idea that they have been intentionally misled for someone else's personal gain, and that they are indirectly responsible for thousands and thousands of unnecessary deaths and injuries every year. If we could only get the truth across to them, they'd back us all the way."

Though many senators mentioned the number of letters they had received on the gun bill, few of them said anything about what the letters were like. In all probability, this was because no senator who does his job has time to read the mail from constituents—unless they are personal friends or notably influential citizens—and it appears that not many senators have the inclination to. "I tried it for a time when I first came here," one of them remarked not long ago. "I nearly went into another line of work." If he had read his mail on the gun bill, he very likely would have. Ordinary and decent as the grass-roots members of the gun lobby may be, they include a disproportionate number of people who become highly intemperate, or worse, when any kind of gun legislation comes up. Since members of the Senate whose aides had told them about this tendency were unlikely to bring it up, and thereby reflect on their constituents' manners, the subject was left to a couple of outsiders who made statements before the subcommittee in the course of its hearings that year. One of them was Leonard S. Blondes, a member of the Maryland Assembly, who had introduced a bill there some years earlier to require a three-day waiting period between the purchase and the delivery of a handgun. Blondes thought that he had the support of the N.R.A., which had helped him draft the bill, but, as it turned out, the N.R.A. sent a special bulletin to all its members and clubs in Maryland telling them about the bill and urging them to get in touch with their assemblymen and express their views. (In the case of unobjectionable proposals like Blondes', the Association seldom advised its members to oppose them, preferring instead to suggest that they "get in touch with" or "make their views known to" the lawmakers



Beyond the horizon

... is the home you may be searching for, in the comfortable suburb of the area in which your corporation wants you to relocate. Homerica knows the house, knows every advantage of the neighborhood – schools, commuting, places of worship, shopping, etcetera. At no cost to you Homerica will help you buy it at correct market value. Homerica is the original and largest homefinding service, operating coast-to-coast in 4000 communities. Through Homerica it's as easy to find a home 3000 miles away as on the next block. And you pay *nothing* at all for Homerica's multiple services. Allow as much time as you wish, but if necessary Homerica will find you a new home, anywhere in the United States or Canada *tomorrow!* Ask for brochure.

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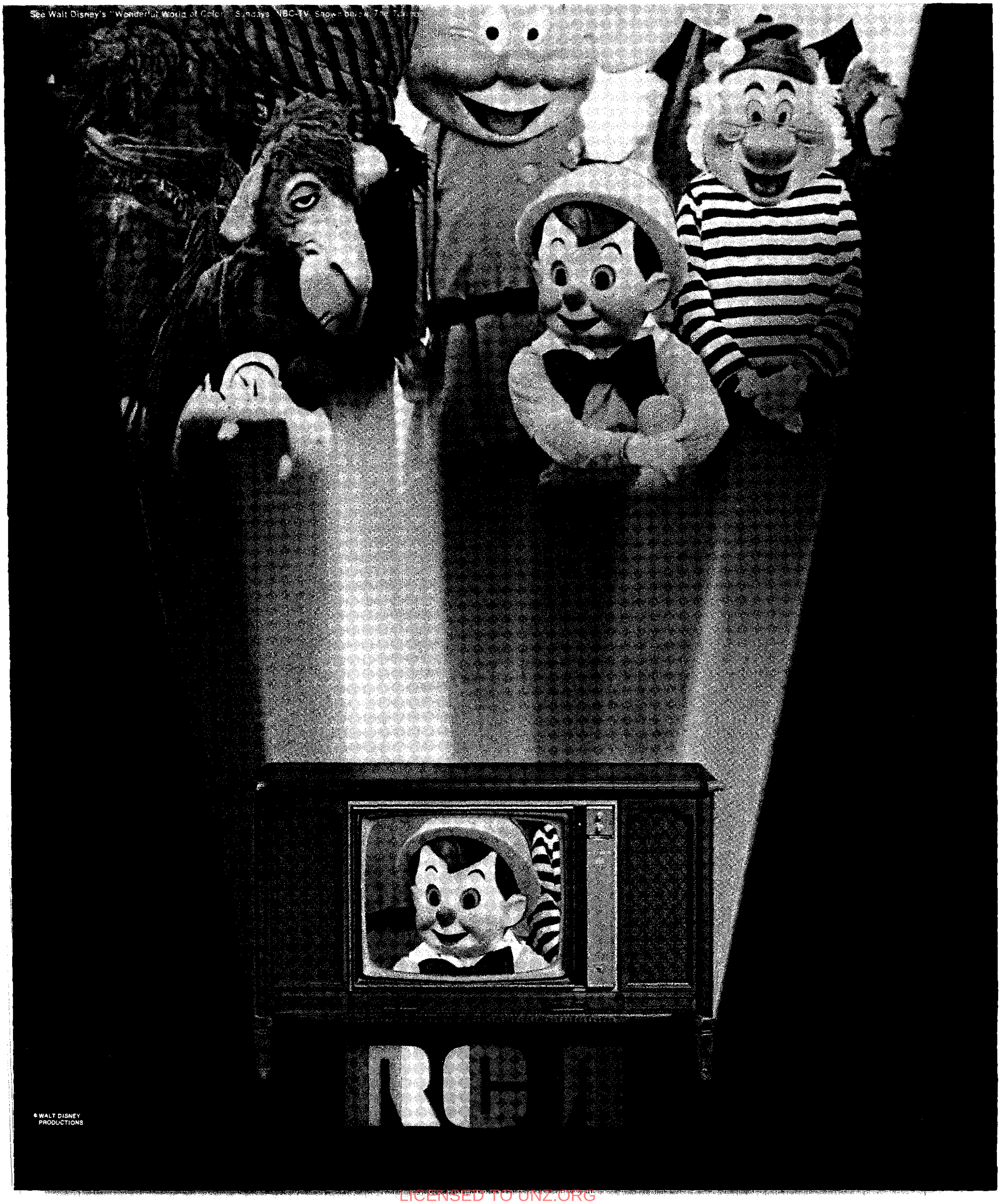
Holbein, Hindus and Hungarians

Start with the exotic Hindu beauty of Indian Tree dinnerware, a favorite for over fifty years, made by John Maddock & Sons Ltd., England. Add a Holbein Goblet of full-lead Tudor crystal, hand cut in England by descendants of 17th century Hungarians. The result is an unusual combination of all that is beautiful in the East and West. A five-piece Indian Tree place setting, $7.50. Forty-five-piece service for eight, $86.50. The Holbein Water Goblet, $14.50. Champagne, $14.50. Wine, $13.50. Cocktail, $10.00. Liqueur, $8.00. At fine stores. Write for literature.

Exclusive China Company INC.
11 East 26th St. and 225 Fifth Ave.
(12th Floor), New York, N.Y. 10010
An affiliate of Ellis-Barker Silver Companies
204B

When you're first in color TV, there's got to be a reason. RCA is one big reason there's color TV at all. We pioneered the dream. Made it real. With sets that fine-tune themselves. With picture tubes that mirror the world with natural colors. And with advanced circuits that won't go haywire. The rest is in the seeing—and we invite you to do that now at your RCA dealer's.

1 RCA first in color TV


See Walt Disney's "Wonderful World of Color," Sundays, NBC-TV. Shown below: The [illegible]
RCA
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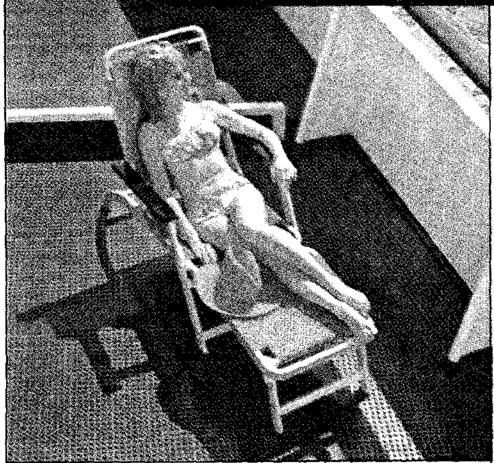
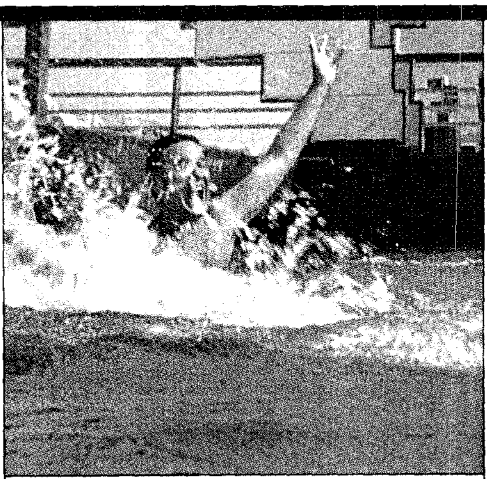
THE ESCAPE GAME

as played only on Italian Line. Play it on our Cruise-Like Voyages to Europ

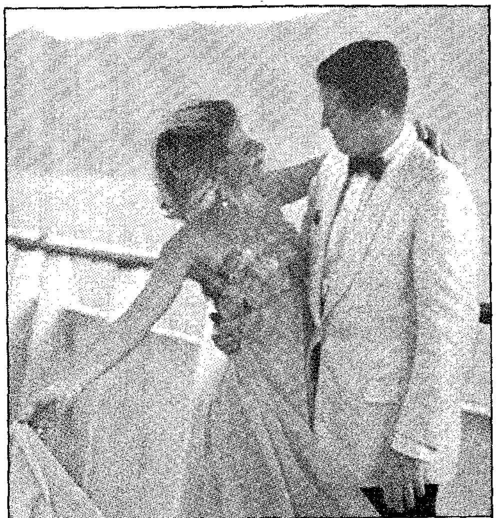


Sun! Stretch out. Take a new look at the Old World. Visit up to 9 sunny sites in the Mediterranean and southern Europe for the price of one.

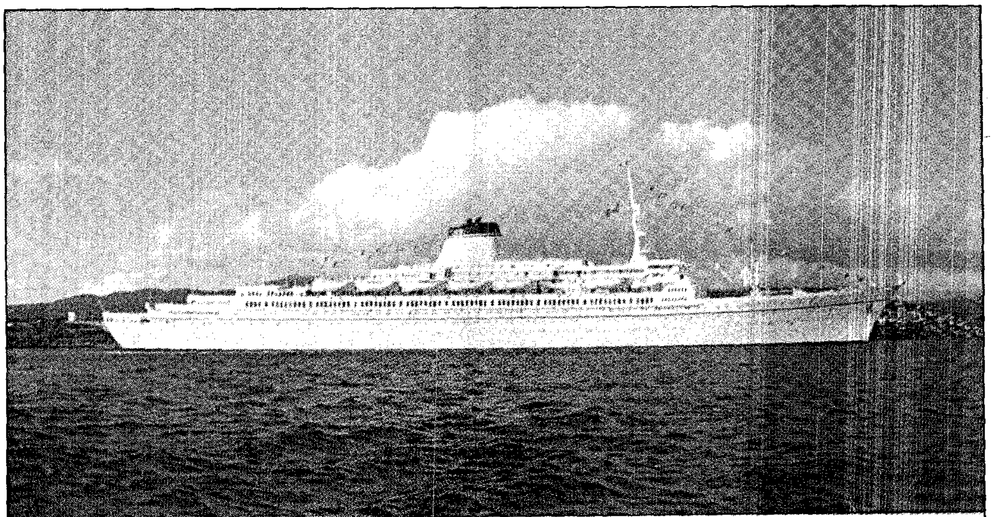


Play! Isn't this the way you'd like to live? No worry about connections. No transfers to make. No packing and unpacking. Your ship is your hotel.

Come On! Sightsee ashore at such places as Lisbon, Genoa, Naples, Palermo, Athens. Come back to face a feast. (It happens every mealtime!)



Dance! Orchestras. Costume parties. Buffets. Ships of the Gala Resort Fleet keep you on your toes till dawn's early light.



Getaway! Play the Escape Game on the newest fleet in the world. Italian Line Cruise-Like Voyages depart regularly from New York and Boston. Or sign up for a Mediterranean Festival Cruise. Get directions and free brochures from your travel agent. Or Italian Line, One Whitehall Street, New York, N.Y. 10004.

SAFETY INFORMATION. The ss MICHELANGELO*, ss RAFFAELLO*, ss LEONARDO DA VINCI** and ss CRISTOFORO COLOMBO**, ships of Italian registry, meet International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1948** and 1960*

Italian Line

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involved, which added up to the same thing.) The assemblyman who was got in touch with the most was Blondes, and he testified that he was "deluged with letters, telegrams, and telephone calls in opposition," many of which were "ugly, obscene, and threatening to my wife and children." The second outsider was Rabbi Harold P. Smith, chairman of the legislative committee of the Rabbinical Council of America, who reported to the subcommittee that after he had written several letters to newspapers stating that the Council supported S. 1592 he began getting "fury-saturated letters" that amounted to "a stream of invective." Responses of this sort were clearly no news to the N.R.A., which always asked its members to write "courteous" letters, or to the N.S.S.F., which urged recipients of its bulletins to "avoid abuse," or to *Guns & Ammo*, which, at one time or another, called on its readers to write letters that were "calm," "rational," "sensible," "intelligent," and, finally, "sane."

An examination of some four thousand letters received by several members of the Senate Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency revealed that many of the opponents of S. 1592, or any other gun bill, did not heed the advice. The two following letters—from men in Indiana and New York, respectively—fairly represent about ten per cent of all those received (and perhaps more than fairly, since they, unlike many others, are printable):

> The news paper statement that you crack pot senators were passing your illegal and contemptable gun Laws whether we like the results or not sounds just like crooked cheap two-bit politicians. Particularly one who's state is loaded with gangsters and hoodlums. We all know the number of gang murders you've enjoyed in your state. We wonder why these gangsters have such a haven and protection as they enjoy. Got any ideas? Rifle Association members uphold the law, not violate the law. We are not about to surrender our firearms. Not to you or to your appointed Gestapo. I'll kill anyone who tries to take away my gun.

> I wonder if you scum really know anything about what your talking about or if your just yelling as a smoke screen to cover up some of the dirty work in Washington. The trouble with you scum in office you shirk your jobs and pass it on to others to do so it doesn't get done. I often wonder if you really want to stop crime or if you would rather keep it going just to get the funds that go with it.

Another group, representing perhaps two or three per cent of the correspondents, had clearly gone beyond the

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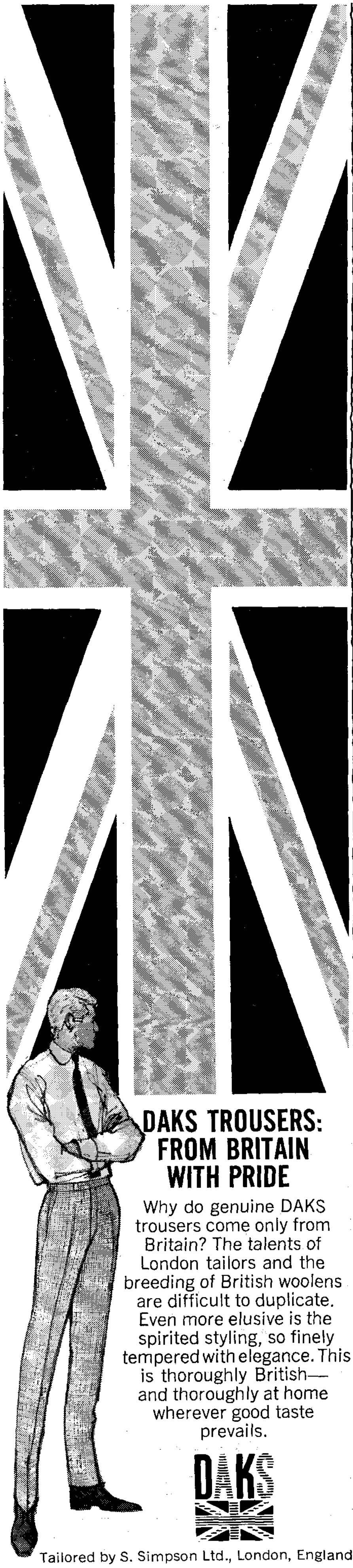
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point of anger, like a man in Georgia who wrote a fifteen-page letter, part of which went:

> Senator Dodd and Drew Pearson are partners in crime, not enemies, and both are multimillionaires. Both made their millions selling British Fabian ideas and merchandise in this country. They got over a million dollars apiece for selling millions of dollars worth of inferior quality guns made in Communist countries, for the red British Fabian bosses, to the American armed forces.

And like a woman living on upper Fifth Avenue who remarked that she couldn't understand the support for the bill, and added:

> It seems a bit odd because with the Jews so powerful in the U. S. what they did to the Arabs could be done to the American people.

A far larger group demanded that the government, and particularly the Supreme Court, "stop coddling criminals." Many of the letter writers in this group urged passage of the Casey bill, and several went further, among them a man in Massachusetts who wrote:

> A society that attempts to legislate against the gun is a sick society. Obviously the solution is to legislate against the man. Anyone committing a crime of any kind with a gun should be given a mandatory death penalty.

But excerpts from the bulk of the letters—upward of eighty per cent, including many in the categories already listed—indicate how thoroughly the leaders of the gun fraternity had done their job:

> It is your sworn duty to uphold the Constitution. Preserve our sacred right to keep and bear arms. Oppose the Dodd bill. Don't take our guns from us. They are just for target shooting and hunting. Vote against S. 1592.

> I am against the registration of rifles and shotguns. History shows that registration leads to confiscation.

> Please send me a copy of S. 1592 so I can see what's in it. May I urge you to vote against such restrictive measures.

> I understand hunting guns will be confiscated. I am against that and anybody who is for it. Vote no on S. 1592.

> We have seen articles on the LBJ-Dodd bill and advertisements stating that it is a bill to deprive the people of the right to own firearms. Please, please, oppose it.

> Do not pass anti-gun bill S. 1592! We enjoy our hunting and sportsmanship.

> Register Communists, not firearms!

> I understand that Johnson and the Commies want to pick up our firearms. Don't let them do it. Vote against S. 1592.

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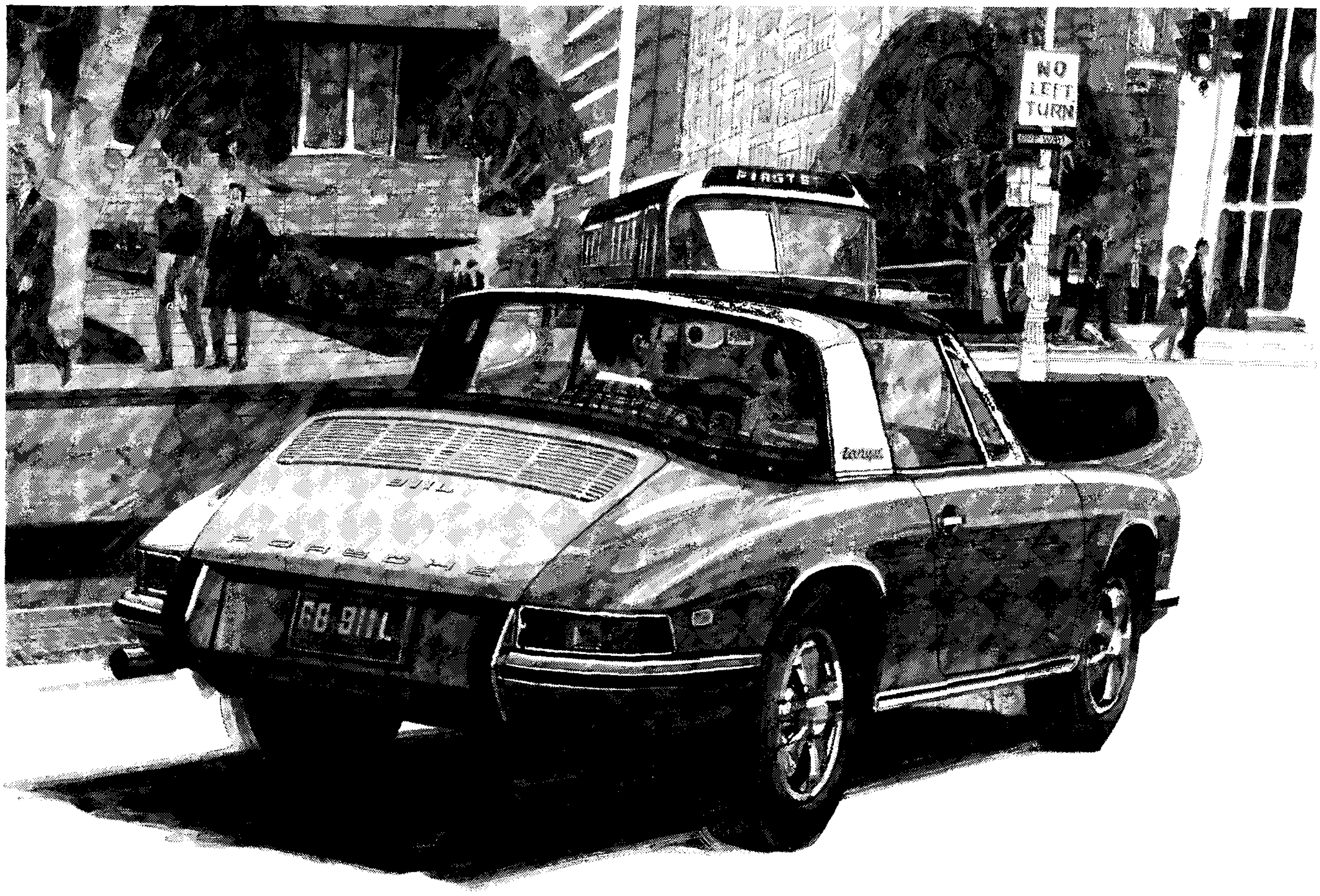

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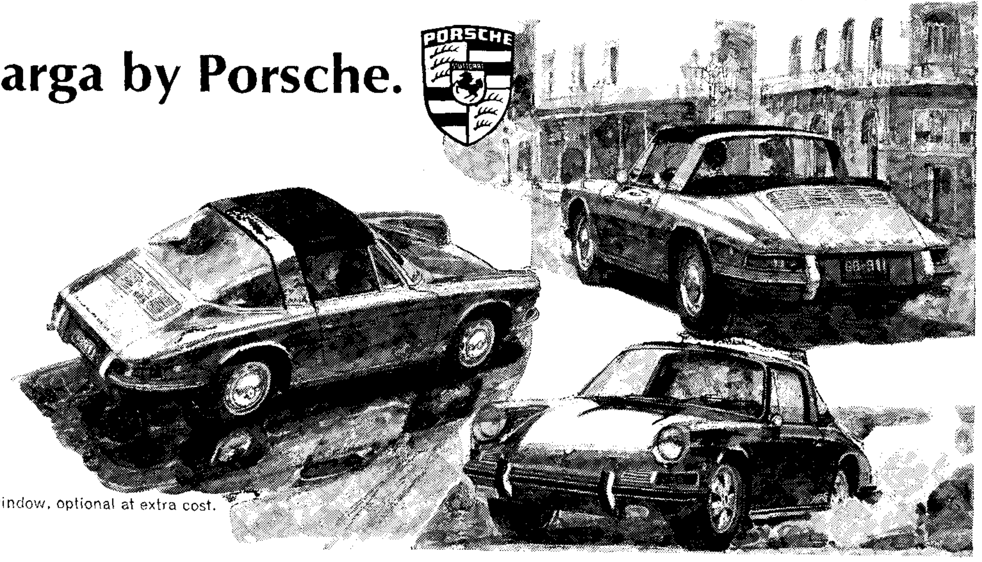

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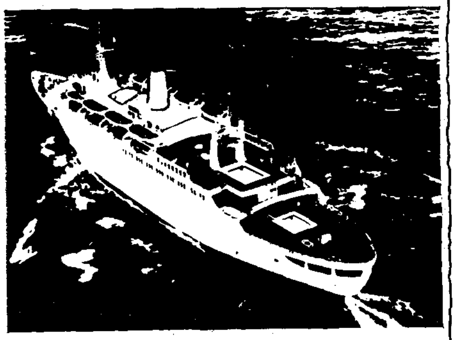

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worked, why should Dodd's vicious bill. Vote no.

S. 1592 will just disarm the law-abiding citizen and not affect the criminal.

I want to protect my home and loved ones. Stop the Dodd bill.

The Dodd bill will disarm the people and make them an easy prey to the enemy. Stop S. 1592, the Communist plot.

Guns don't kill people; people kill people.

Some writers were apparently so lost in the gun lobby's smokescreen that they endorsed what the N.R.A. feared the most:

The Dodd bill is too strong. Why not just require that every gun owner have a permit for each gun?

I am opposed to any gun law other than the registration of all firearms. No on S. 1592.

Difficult as it may be to believe that any senator would be influenced by mail of this sort, the fact that many voters are vicious, nutty, or misguided does not alter the fact that they can vote. And if millions of voters support or oppose a measure for the wrong reasons, they are still millions of voters. "Sometimes large groups of constituents can be ignored, but sometimes they can't," the administrative assistant to a senator on the subcommittee remarked not long ago. "What we try to determine first about our mail on a given issue is whether the writers are organized. If most of the mail comes down on one side of an argument and makes the same points, valid or not, that's one sign that an organization is behind it all. Another sign is if many of the writers refer to the bill by its number. Newspapers rarely mention bill numbers in news stories, so if a letter does we can be pretty sure that someone put the correspondent up to writing it. For example, we got a lot of flak when the boss supported the consular treaty with Russia. The mail against it was very, very heavy. But the letters were not strikingly similar, few of the writers mentioned the treaty bill by number, and we knew from experience that the total of letters from right-wingers, who were naturally the chief opponents, practically equalled the total of right-wingers. All this made it possible for the boss to support the bill. However, the mail on the gun bill has been a different story altogether. It has been immense in number and obviously coördinated. Besides those factors, we have reason to believe, again from experience, that for every hunter or gun sportsman who has written us there are from fifty to a hundred others who feel the same way but haven't got around to speaking out. So, to see what would happen to us the next time Election Day rolled around if we supported the bill, all we had to do was multiply the number of letters against the bill by fifty or a hundred, because these gun people are the kind of people who never forget. In 1965 alone, we got over five thousand letters opposing S. 1592—or what the writers thought was S. 1592. My boss won by a comfortable margin last time, but I can't imagine that he would intentionally toss a quarter to a half million votes into his opponent's lap next time."

The blizzard of letters that swept through the halls of Congress that year—some say it was the greatest in American political history—prevented the first session of the do-almost-everything Eighty-ninth Congress from doing anything about S. 1592. That August, the bill's supporters were temporarily encouraged when the American Bar Association, at its annual convention, rejected a plea made before it by Orth and endorsed S. 1592 by a vote of a hundred and eighty-four to twenty-six. And when the riots broke out in Watts and Cicero later that month, interest in gun legislation flickered again. In the end, though, it appeared that the people who favored strong gun controls as a means of keeping guns out of the hands of Negro rioters were greatly outnumbered by the people who opposed gun controls as a means of keeping guns in the hands of whites living near ghetto areas. "In the final analysis," *Guns & Ammo* noted that fall, "rampaging hoodlumism such as experienced in Los Angeles, Chicago, and other major cities may yet be a blessing in disguise which will do a great deal to preserve our precious right to keep and bear arms." Figures that were gathered later indicated that the magazine's estimate of the riots' effect was probably right. Of the four thousand guns bought in one day in and around Watts during the riot there, only thirty-seven were bought by residents of Watts itself.

Dodd, who was still hoping that some action might be taken, began pressing Hruska, the ranking Republican on the subcommittee, to agree to a date for a vote on the bill—a matter of senatorial courtesy rather than any-

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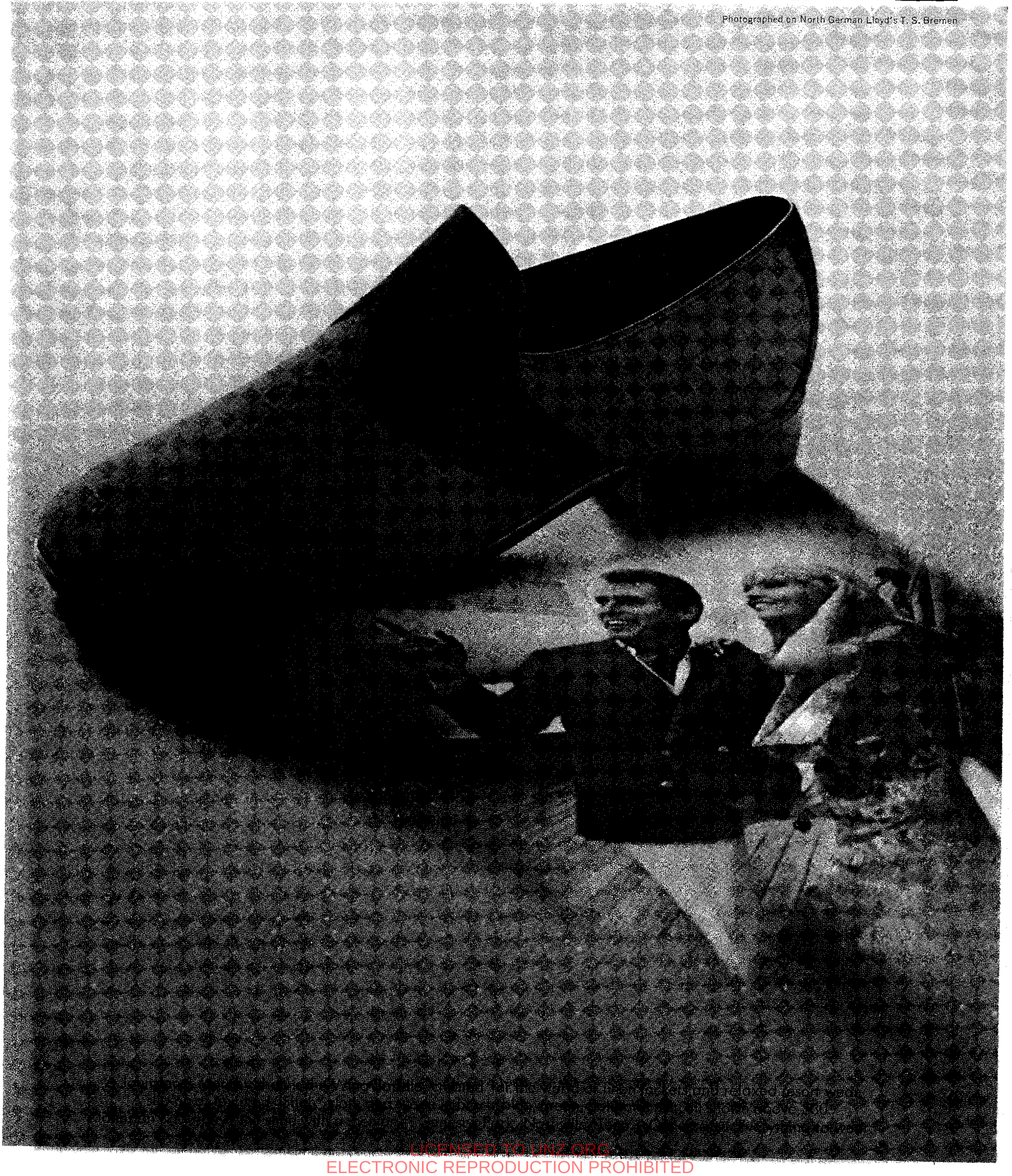

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thing required by the rules. Hruska, for his part, displayed little concern for the legislative amenities; he stalled for weeks, and then suggested a date that happened to be two days after Congress was expected to adjourn. Apparently unaware of this fact, Dodd agreed. Congress adjourned on schedule, and the bill was postponed until the next session. Even if the bill had been pried out of the subcommittee—and an informal tally indicated that it would have been, on a full vote—it would have faced a series of other traps: the subcommittee's parent body, the Judiciary Committee, which was controlled by conservatives; the Commerce Committee, most of whose members were from hunting states; the Senate itself, with a similar imbalance; and, finally, the House, which ordinarily suffers from excessive timidity when it is confronted by powerful special-interest groups.

The second session of the Eighty-ninth Congress convened in January, 1966, and in March Senator Dodd amended his bill to meet generally agreed upon valid criticisms made of it during the previous year's hearings, and also to make it conform more closely to the Administration's measure. In the end, the two bills came out much alike, the principal differences being that Dodd's bill retained an affidavit procedure for the mail-order purchase of rifles and shotguns in interstate commerce instead of the outright prohibition of their sale to individuals via mail order; that it raised the license fee for dealers from one dollar to twenty-five dollars instead of to one hundred dollars, as the Administration's measure required; and that it exempted from control the antique arms so popular with collectors. This time, Dodd didn't wait for Hruska to settle on a date for a vote but brought the bill up himself, on March 22nd, and got it through the subcommittee by a vote of six to three. (The number of members on the subcommittee had recently been raised from eight to nine, Senator Edward M. Kennedy, Democrat of Massachusetts, being the ninth.) The victory was a modest one, for now the bill was in the hands of the full Judiciary Committee's arch-conservative chairman, Senator James O. Eastland, of Mississippi—the master among chairmen when it came to keeping legislation in his committee rather than getting it out. He kept S. 1592 there throughout that spring with little difficulty, and most of the summer as well. Then, on August 1st, in Austin, Texas, a student named Charles Whitman lugged an

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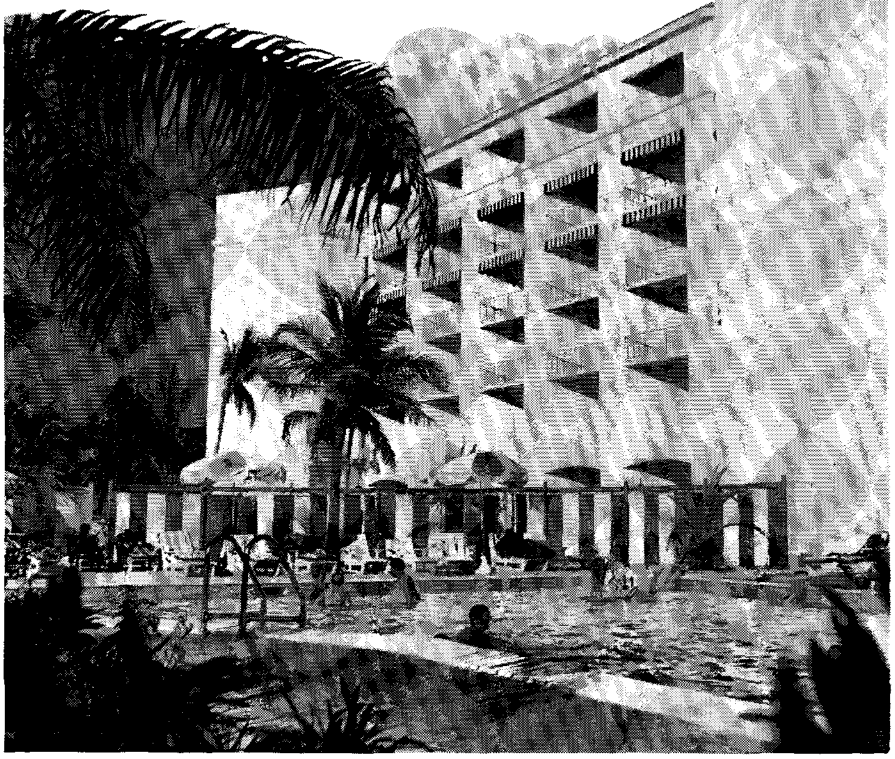

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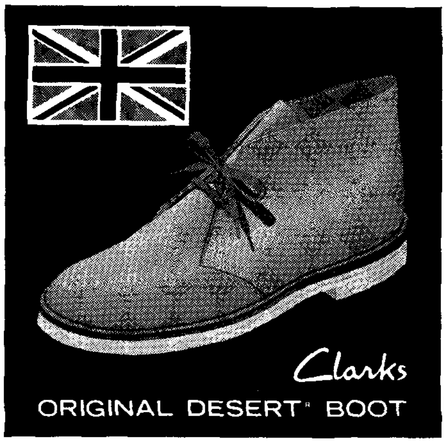

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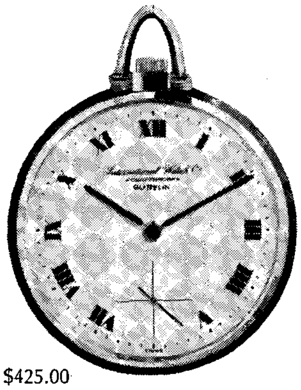
arsenal of weapons to the top of a tower at the University of Texas and proceeded to kill sixteen people and wound thirty-three more. At once, public demand for strict gun laws rose. Although opponents of the two gun bills before the Senate were quite right when they pointed out that nothing in either measure would have hindered Whitman from going on his homicidal spree, the bill's proponents ignored the fact and cited the incident as further evidence of an urgent need for new gun laws. President Johnson said that it was high time to put a stop to the unnecessary toll of human life taken at gunpoint (at the time, the annual civilian casualties from gunfire at home were three and a half times as great as the casualties among American soldiers in Vietnam, though this was a statistic that he did not cite), and Senator Dodd once again called for immediate action on S. 14 or S. 1592.

The gun owners responded quickly, vociferously, and in far greater numbers than before. On August 3rd, Scripps-Howard papers around the country ran an article discussing the slaughter in Austin and reporting on the status of gun legislation, under the headline "GUN CONTROL BILL UP TO EASTLAND." Within a few weeks, Eastland's office received over three thousand letters, telegrams, and postcards urging the Senator to sit tight. At the same time, the gun magazines went back into action. "Once again the millions of legitimate, law-abiding citizens across the nation are compelled to try to reason with hysteria, counter half-truths with logic, and stand up to overwhelming opposition from the comparatively few rabid anti-firearms proponents who control most of the nation's press, radio, and television," *Guns & Ammo* stated. "We can be certain that elements such as the Communists are sure to make an issue of this again—and would rejoice to see our nation disarmed." The magazine did not explain why, if that was so, some Communists persisted in dumping their surplus military weapons here. In the course of the hearings the year before, Dodd had brought this fact out while questioning Robert N. Margrave, director of the State Department's Office of Munitions Control. "You know we have warehouses all across this country filled with small-arms ammunition bearing the label 'Made in Russia.' We know all about this. You must know about it, too," Dodd said. Margrave replied, "Yes, indeed, sir." Later evidence revealed that some of the ammunition was for tens of thousands of



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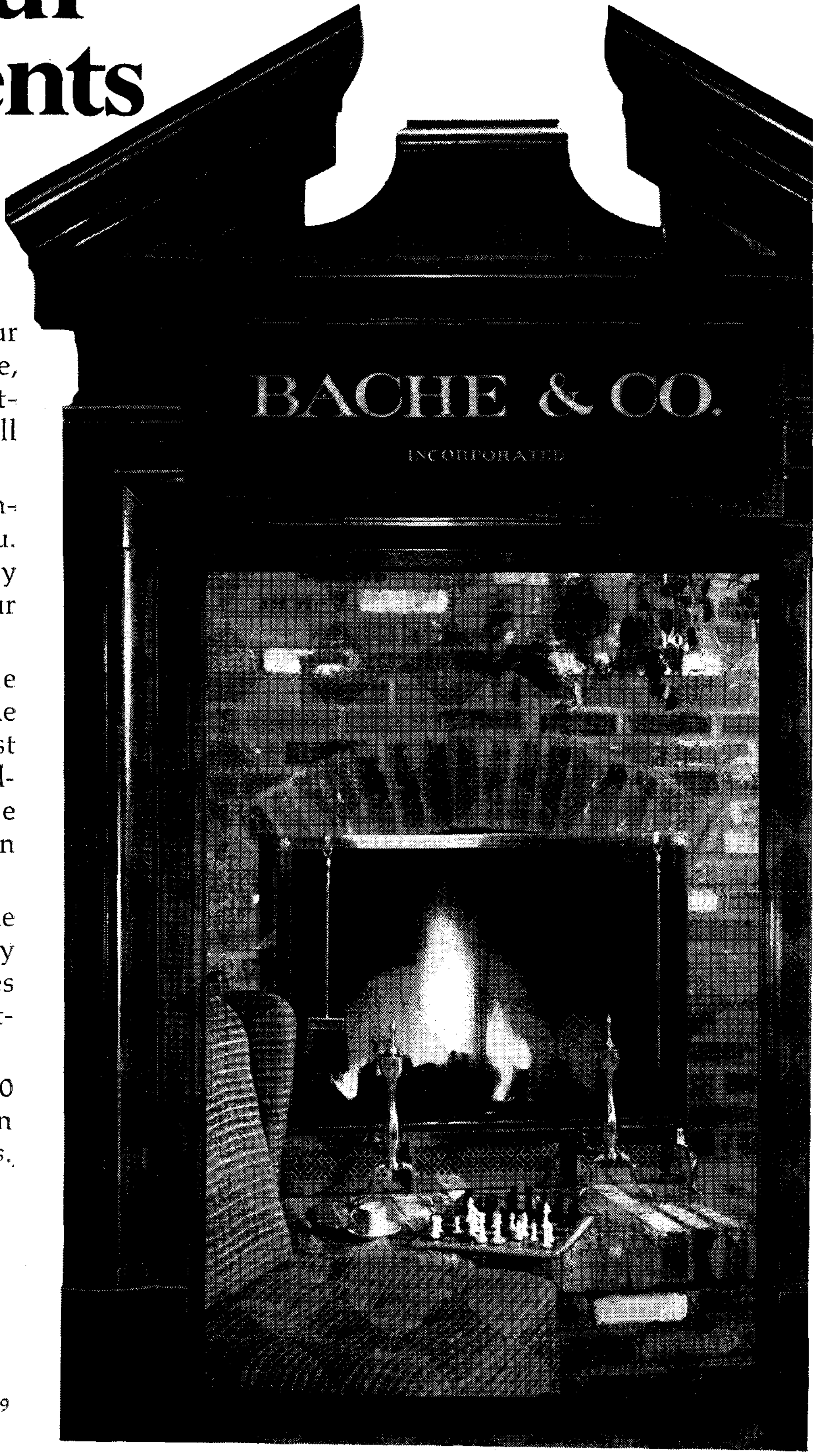

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Tokarevs, semi-automatic rifles made in the Soviet Union, that had been shipped to the United States, via other Iron Curtain countries, since the end of the Second World War. The largest mail-order firearms concern in the country, Interarmco, which has been said to have more weapons in its warehouses, in Alexandria, Virginia, than all those possessed by the United States military forces, imported forty-five hundred Tokarevs in 1962 alone. A number of these were subsequently found to have been sold to members of the Ku Klux Klan in McComb, Mississippi, and Selma, Alabama. Almost none of them have been traced to hunters, who are not disposed to use semi-automatic weapons, however intent they may be upon getting their quotas. ("Let us sustain abiding faith in the Second Amendment of the Constitution," Interarmco appealed in an advertisement opposing S. 1592. "Let us also *not* forget what took the Minutemen from Lexington and Concord to Yorktown and the Marines from Guadalcanal to the top of Mount Surabachi on a place called Iwo Jima.") Nor was the arms trade with the Communists restricted to Tokarevs and Interarmco. The Service Armament Company, of Ridgefield, New Jersey, one of the many mail-order firms that have sold Russian weapons, advertised the "M.K.V.D. secret police pistol" for sale at forty-nine dollars and ninety-five cents in its catalogue, saying, "Fanatic Russian Secret Police Agents used these rare revolvers to terrify and kill enemies of the State. These tools could tell of many a bloody tale when being used during the purges of the 1930s. Guns have original Bolshevick markings which identify them as to their ownership." The firm also offered a 120-mm. "colossal Russian siege morter still used by the Red Army" for sixty-nine dollars and ninety-five cents. Some observers wondered whether the rate at which Americans were currently shooting one another down hadn't made disarming them unnecessary. And others pointed out that Americans' resort to the use of guns to commit mass murders was a definite plus, politically speaking, for enemies abroad. As Karl E. Meyer, a columnist for the Washington *Post*, wrote from London, "Not all the gold in Moscow and Peking could have purchased more wretched publicity for the United States than Charles Whitman's salvo of bullets in Austin."

At the end of the summer, S. 14 and S. 1592 were still locked fast in the Judiciary Committee, and their

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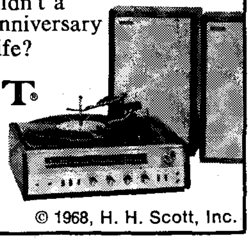

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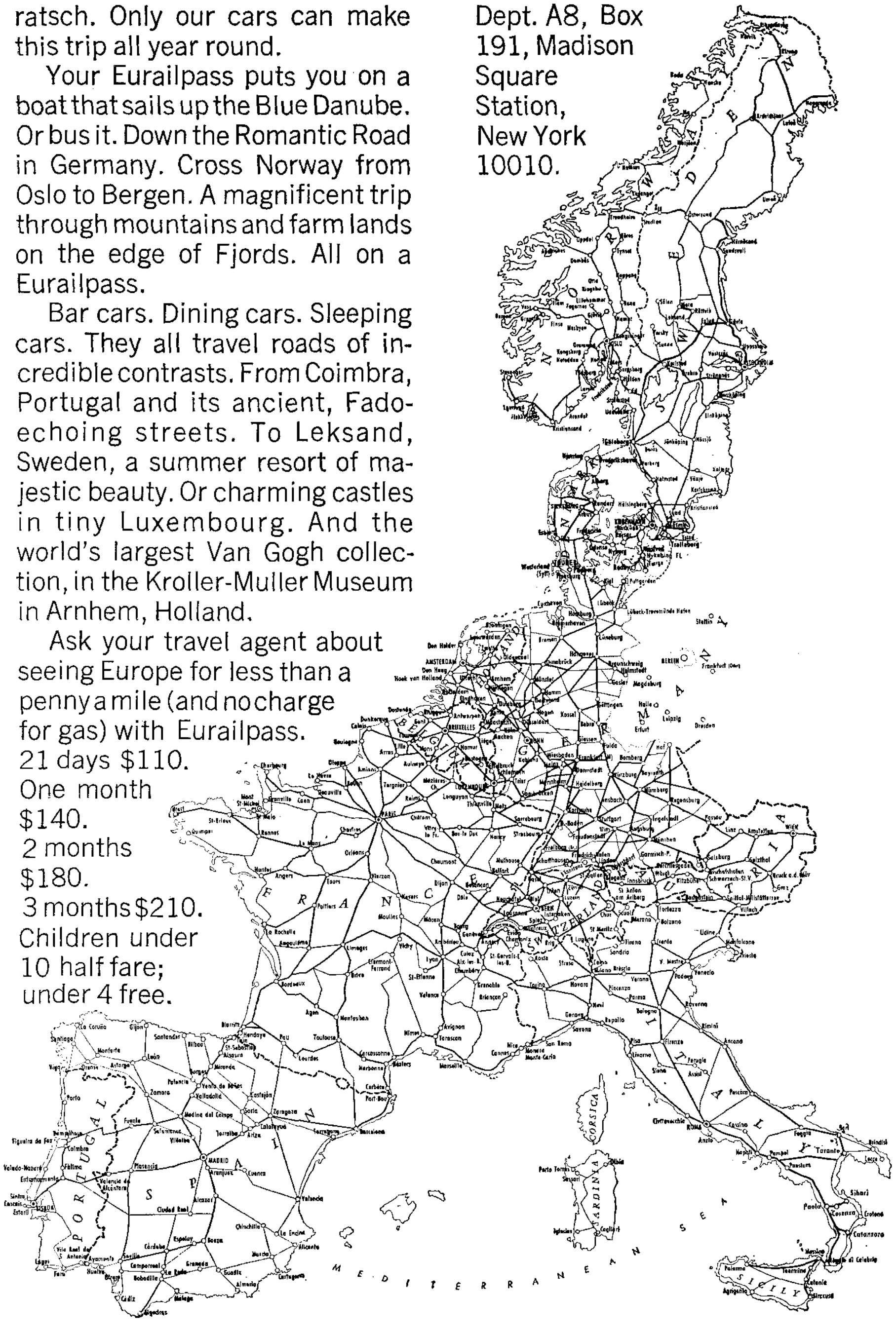

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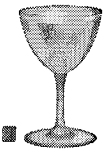

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supporters saw little chance of dislodging them. It was rumored that although most of the committee's members didn't want to incur the gun lobby's wrath by approving a bill, neither did they want to be charged with cowardice by their constituents, a majority of whom favored the bills. Apprehensive that the latter sentiment might prevail, Hruska, at the end of August, submitted a new bill, which was much like the one that Dodd had introduced before the Kennedy assassination. This move produced a countermove, led by Senator Edward Kennedy, who proposed that the new measure be voted out at once. Hruska was puzzled by this, until Kennedy announced that he intended to amend the Hruska bill on the Senate floor by replacing it with S. 1592. On September 22nd, the committee voted out the Hruska bill, by a vote of ten to five. Gun owners were alerted at once and asked to appeal to all senators not to amend the measure. Once again, a storm of mail hit Congress. This time, however, pressure wasn't necessary, for Hruska put off filing the report on the bill until October 19th, and three days later the Eighty-ninth Congress adjourned. Since no bill survives the Congress in which it is introduced, all three measures expired with adjournment.

To prepare for the next round, in the coming Congress, the N.R.A. and its allies continued to mislead their followers, and their followers continued to make their misguided views known to their representatives. That December, the *American Rifleman* ran an editorial entitled "The Big Half-Truth and Smear by Association." The smear turned out to be "a calculated campaign" to associate men and their guns with "a sinister suggestion of illegality," and the big half-truth was that "even distorted facts are now being misquoted by firearms critics." The best example the magazine could come up with was the use made of a recent poll showing that a majority of the people wanted a gun law. The poll itself, the magazine charged, had been "whipped up in part, no doubt, by the tidal wave of phony publicity," and the editorial went on to point out that those who cited the poll "neglected to say that the demand was 5% *less* than in a previous survey 18 months earlier." The editorial neglected to say that at this lower point the demand stood at seventy-three per cent of those polled, and that what they demanded was not a modest law like S. 1592 but a strict one, requiring the registration of all firearms; the magazine also neglected

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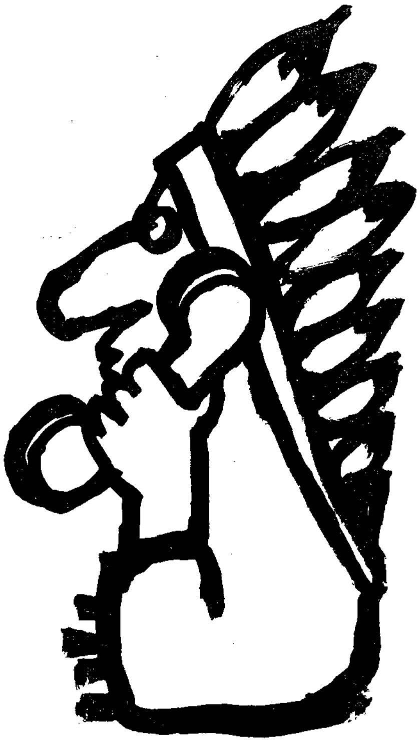

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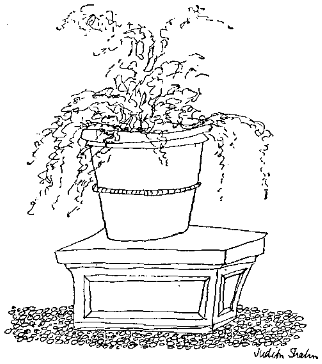
to say that only twelve per cent of those questioned in the later poll wanted no new gun laws.

NEXT to the ability to deluge Congress with mail, probably the best thing the leaders of the gun fraternity had going for them was the standing of their chief opponent. During his tenure in the Senate, Dodd had not been highly regarded by his colleagues. For one thing, he was something of a loner, and a rather unpredictable loner at that; for another, he often avoided the hard day-to-day work on committees, including the one of which he was chairman (the surest way for a senator to earn the disrespect of his colleagues); and, finally, he had little of the dogged aggressiveness that is needed to get any kind of controversial legislation moving. These faults had made Dodd a poor leader inside the Senate, and as 1967 began the columnist Drew Pearson was making him a poor one outside it. By the time the Ninetieth Congress convened and Dodd once again submitted his bill (now numbered S. 1) and the Administration's bill (now numbered S. 1—Amendment 90), Pearson had been accusing Dodd of malfeasance for nearly a year, and the Senate Select Committee on Standards and Conduct had been investigating the charges for several months. Dodd's sponsorship of the gun bill was said to be an acute embarrassment to the White House, but the President was known to be personally fond of him and to value loyalty above all other political virtues. In any event, it was too late to get another sponsor, for in the public mind Dodd's name was ineradicably linked with gun legislation. The increasing burden of Dodd's sponsorship did little to increase the hopes of the bills' supporters in the Senate. Nor did they unequivocally welcome the report by the President's Crime Commission, released in February, 1967, which strongly recommended registration of all guns and a federal Sullivan Law within five years if the states failed to pass such measures themselves. This confirmed the gun lobby's worst fears that its "first-step" theory had been right all along, and aroused its determined opposition to all firearms legislation, including the Hruska bill, which had also been reintroduced. "It's as dangerous politically being for the Hruska bill as it is being for the President's bill. These wild-eyed types just don't want any bill at all," Senator Birch Bayh, Democrat of Indiana, who was a member of the subcommittee, remarked. Another reason that hopes for the enactment of a gun law were fading was that many of the liberals who had been flung into Congress on President Johnson's coattails in 1964 were flung out again in the off-year elections of 1966, which put the old coalition of conservative Northern Republicans and Southern Democrats back in control.



At the beginning of April, 1967, ten thousand members of the National Rifle Association gathered in the capital for their annual convention. For the most part, the convention was an open-and-shut affair—open to critics of gun-control legislation and shut to its defenders. Senator Edward Kennedy, who had begun to take over the leadership of the forces pushing for a gun law, was one of the first defenders to find this out. When he asked for an opportunity to address the general assembly of the N.R.A., his request was refused, on the ground that the meeting had been cancelled; instead, he was invited to address a closed session of the seventy-five-man board of directors—an N.R.A. move, the *Times* observed, that "showed something less than robust confidence in its position on gun control." Delighted at being given a chance to prove that the Association was more deeply devoted to the Second Amendment than to the First, Kennedy made up for the exclusion of the press from the directors' meeting by distributing advance copies of his speech to reporters. After expressing "the hope that what is said here will eventually be communicated to your membership and to the public," Kennedy launched into a slashing attack on the Association. He cited "the tragic statistics" of deaths from guns, which, he said, "the National Rifle Association is fully aware of;" the support of gun legislation by just about every responsible government official and law-enforcement agency; and the people's demand for it. "And what has been the response of the National Rifle Association?" he asked, and answered, "As the result of your efforts, we in Congress have been flooded by mail, wires, and telephone calls. All too often these com-

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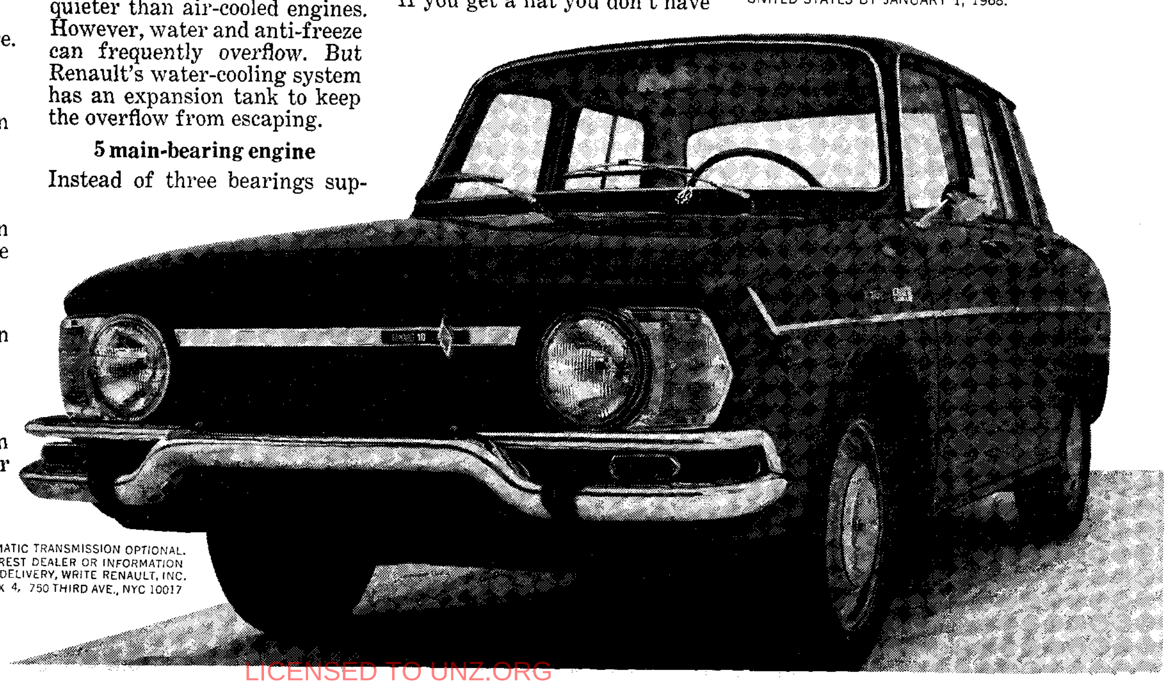

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munications are abusive and irrational. We have been labelled un-American, Socialistic, and unconcerned with the true causes of crime. We have been described as opposed to the legitimate use of guns for sport and hobby. At worst, these charges are ridiculous and cruel, at best they are simply wrong. And in almost every case it is apparent that nothing is being done by opponents of gun legislation to foster understanding, intelligent debate, and compromise." Moving on, he described the Administration's proposal point by point to demonstrate that it did none of the things the N.R.A. had claimed it did. "Now it is up to you," he concluded. "Millions of Americans want the benefits of [this bill]. If it is passed, you are the ones who will have to bear some slight inconvenience to pursue your hobbies. Is this not a reasonable burden to bear in the public interest? Is this not the true meaning of patriotism and love of country? You are riflemen and pistol shooters and collectors and competitors and hunters, of course. But you are citizens first, and if your fellow-citizens ask you to make these minor concessions, can you really refuse?"

They could, and they did. While passing on the briefest précis of Kennedy's appeal to their members in the following month's *American Rifleman*, they also passed on to them sixteen pages of articles and editorials recommending that more "law-abiding citizens" arm themselves. The worst riots in America since the Civil War were just getting under way, and the magazine's principal message that month was an appeal to its readers to take arms against a sea of troublemakers who were fomenting anarchy. The articles, preceded by a note stating that they did not necessarily represent N.R.A. policy, had such titles as "Is There Any Best Firearm for Home Defense?" and "Teaching Women Defensive Pistol Shooting," and the lead-off editorial observed, "Most of the current crop of firearm 'control' bills . . . are the kind that discourage home ownership of protection guns. There is little indication that their sponsors have given any thought to the fate of citizens who may be trapped and beleaguered by howling mobs that brush aside police."

Around three-quarters of the country's newspapers and magazines, including all the leading ones, had been pushing for enactment of strong gun laws for years. (One newspaper, the Washington *Post*, did more than push; during 1966 it ran a hundred and sixty-six editorials by Alan Barth call-

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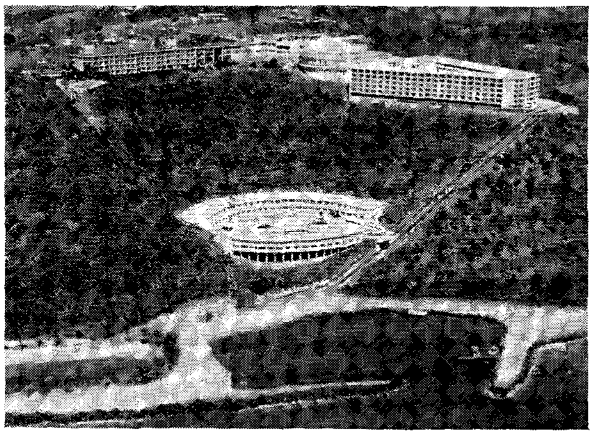

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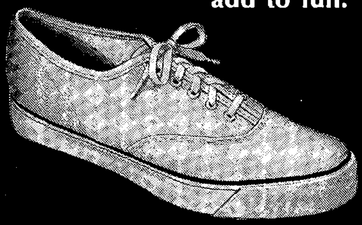

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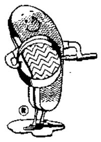

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ing for a firearms law.) When the May issue of the *American Rifleman* came out, other publications reacted much as Little Rock's *Arkansas Gazette* did:

> The *American Rifleman*, in the nakedest sort of appeal to the darkest sort of fears and prejudices, has seized upon scattered instances of slum rioting and related disorders in the hope of reversing the tide of public opinion that now is strongly in favor of controlling gun sales. . . . It would be harder to imagine a larger public disservice than this deliberate yelling of 'Fire!' in a theater, especially when—let us face it—the N.R.A.'s appeals increasingly are directed to an increasingly unstable audience.

The N.R.A. responded to the charges that the editorial had called for vigilantism by issuing a statement that it had merely "posed an interesting and provocative question" in pointing out that "the present firearms legislation under consideration in the Congress could so disarm the law-abiding citizen that he would be virtually defenseless in any contingency or emergency." As the Association may have known, none of the bills before Congress would have disarmed any law-abiding citizen. As it also had every reason to know, the effect of the Administration's bill would have been to make it harder for many lawbreaking citizens to get hold of guns. Since a number of large cities have ordinances prohibiting anyone with a criminal record from buying a gun, an ex-convict who wants to get hold of one but won't go into a store and furnish his name and address, and sometimes his fingerprints, and have these checked by the police, can always send away to a mail-order house for a weapon. In the Watts area of Los Angeles—a city that has such an ordinance—police found that seventy-two per cent of the rioters there who were arrested with guns in their possession had criminal records. In Detroit, which also has such an ordinance, police found that ninety per cent of the revolvers and automatic pistols taken from rioters there were cheap foreign models—handguns of the kind that are most widely imported and sold by mail-order firearms concerns.

Most readers of the May *American Rifleman* interpreted its vigilante stand as part of the general attempt to block gun legislation. Others interpreted it as a summons to buy, and sell, more guns. One of the latter was Ed Agramonte, a dealer in mail-order guns in Yonkers, New York, who placed a full-page advertisement in *Shotgun News* on June

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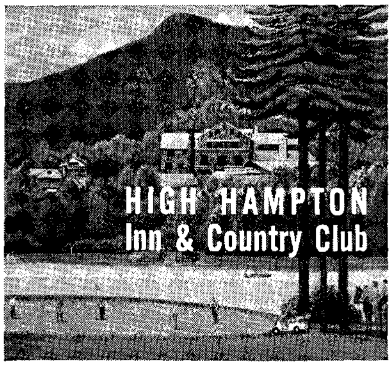

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AT a dinner held at the National Press Club, in Washington, on June 29th, Senator Joseph Tydings, a liberal Democrat from Maryland, a member of Dodd's subcommittee, and, incidentally, a skilled hunter, delivered a speech on the gun bill, which, he said, "was hardly closer to passage now than the day it was introduced." Like Edward Kennedy—whom Tydings had joined in leading the fight for the bill after Dodd was censured by the Senate, on June 23rd—he attributed the stalemate to "a campaign of misrepresentation by the gun lobby, especially by the National Rifle Association." He went on to cite a couple of 1967 examples of "conscious misrepresentation" by the N.R.A., and added that the Association's efforts had "inspired waves of mail, which have inundated many congressional offices." Actually, by now the mail had dwindled to a trickle. "The N.R.A. made it perfectly clear two years ago where it stood and what kind of a response it could generate at the drop of a new piece of legislation," Tydings explained recently. "No one here needs to be reminded of that."

On the grass-roots and asphalt levels, as Senator Tydings and others have pointed out, the contention over bills to control the sale and use of guns has become a matter of country versus city, or West versus East. City dwellers want something done, and done now, about the murders, assaults, and general mayhem being committed on and around them, and rural residents want to be left alone to do as they please. "Take Montana, for instance," Senator Tydings said not long ago in discussing this difference of outlook. "Out there, you have maybe four people per square mile. It's great outdoor country. The life there is a wonderful life, different from anything known by people who live in Eastern cities—or, for that matter, in the Eastern countryside. Every filling station, every drug-

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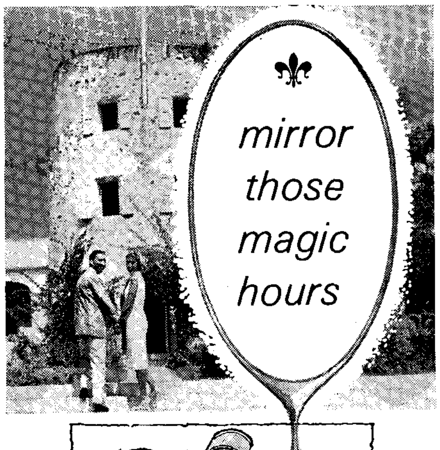
store, every little crossroads store sells hunting licenses, guns, bullets. Nearly all the males over the age of fourteen have guns, and most of them read the *American Rifleman*. What the N.R.A. has been able to do is to instill in the minds of the people of Montana the notion that there is a conspiracy back here in Washington to take away a substantial part of the life they know. The N.R.A. has convinced outdoor people—manly people who mean to protect their way of life and what they consider their inalienable rights—that the gun bill would deprive them of their right to hunt, or to shoot a marauding coyote or a human predator. In their minds, this is only the first step in a conspiracy to disarm them altogether. The N.R.A.'s lies have had a very great effect—so great that I don't know whether we can ever reverse it. As things stand, I can't see how any Western senator could possibly support the bill."

None of them has. Last summer, Senator Hruska insisted on holding another set of hearings, even though every conceivable aspect of gun legislation—except why nothing was being done about it—had been discussed at the hearings in 1963, 1964, and 1965. Tydings angrily opposed the new hearings, on the ground that they were an obvious delaying tactic, but Dodd was easily intimidated by Hruska's pugnacity and soon gave in, and then Kennedy, who didn't wish to offend the chairman, gave in, too. (At the first day's session, Hruska, whose twang is so Western that it is almost Chinese, complained at length about how the timing of the hearings had inconvenienced him, until Kennedy reminded him that the date had been selected at his request.) Far more significant than the testimony at the new hearings, which covered the same old ground, was the list of senators from the West who appeared in person or sent statements opposing the Administration's bill. Chief among them was Mike Mansfield, the Majority Leader, who had formerly urged Dodd to push for gun legislation. Another was Senator Frank Church, Democrat of Idaho. In trouble back home because of his strong opposition to the war in Vietnam, Church had become increasingly aware of his constituents' fear that their guns were going to be taken away from them and had distributed hundreds of petitions in Idaho asking support for his stand against *any* gun legislation. Church appeared at the hearings carrying two large stacks of petitions and a handful of envelopes; the petitions bore forty-four thousand



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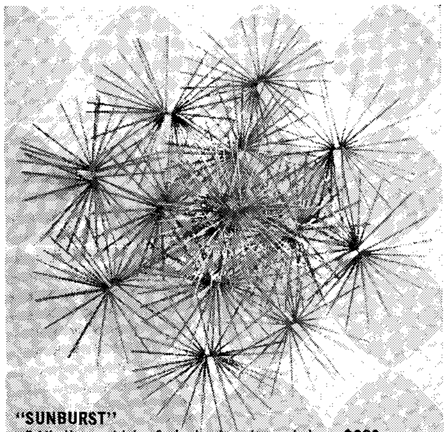

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signatures opposing gun bills, and the envelopes contained five letters backing them. Obviously, Church appeared not in order to convince the subcommittee members that they should oppose the Administration's bill but to convince his constituents, through newspaper and television coverage of the hearings, that *he* opposed it.

A number of senators, it was reported, found the problem of taking a stand on the bill more unsettling. "The man in the middle," *Guns & Ammo* informed its readers in February, 1966, "is Sen. Philip A. Hart, a Democrat from the hunting state of Michigan, who has been reluctant to anger the gun lobby." Michigan was indeed a hunting state, the number of its licensed hunters having risen from around eight hundred thousand when the first Dodd bill was introduced to well over a million by the summer of 1967. And Hart was indeed reluctant to anger this many constituents. A moderate who is known in the Senate both for his integrity and for his habit of publicly wringing his hands over moral dilemmas (to such an extent that he has been called "the Hamlet of Detroit"), Hart was said to have had tears in his eyes when he voted against the bill in the subcommittee the year before. Last summer, when he faced another roll-call vote in the subcommittee, a reporter asked him if he had changed his mind, and he replied that he hadn't. "I came to a decision on this issue shortly after the assassination," he explained. "When the Dodd bill first came up, I happened to meet a man from Michigan on a plane trip to Detroit. The meeting was quite accidental—he wasn't lobbying me or anything. He practiced law in Lansing and was active in conservation matters. We had a long talk about the Dodd bill, and he expressed his concern about the move to include long guns in it, since they were rarely used in crimes. I heard him out, and he convinced me that he was right. At the end of our talk, I told him that I would oppose any bill covering rifles and shotguns."

"Do the sportsmen in Michigan understand what's in the bill?" the reporter asked.

"No," Hart answered promptly.

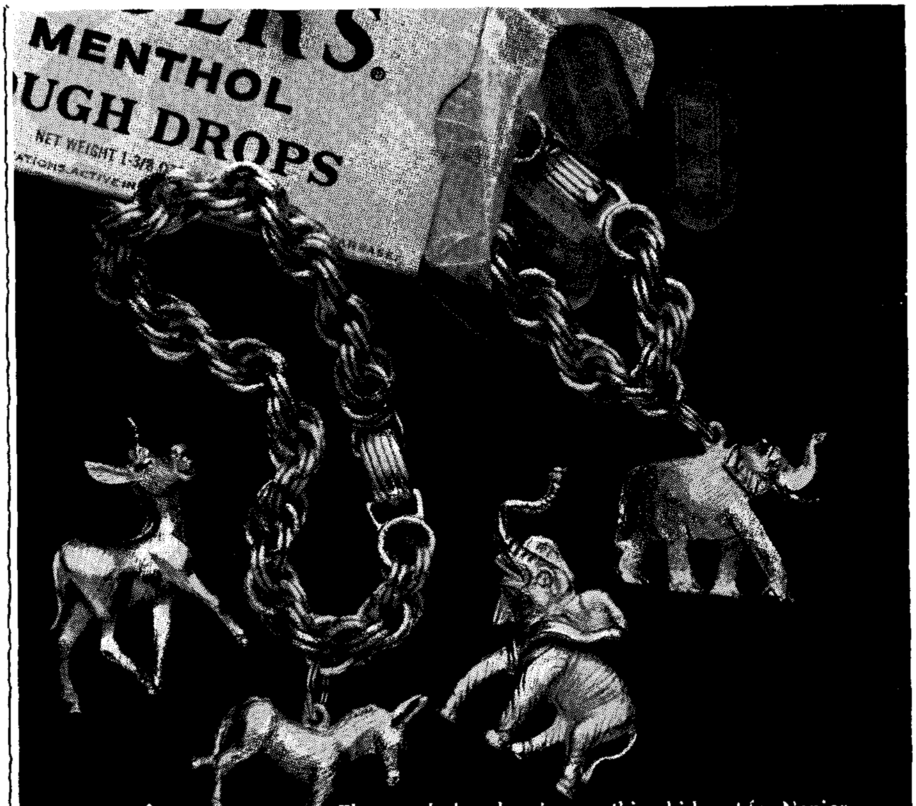
"If they came out for the bill, would you?"

"No," he answered, after some hesitation.

"Are you happy with your position?"

"I'm content," he answered, not looking it.

Senator Hart did not mention that



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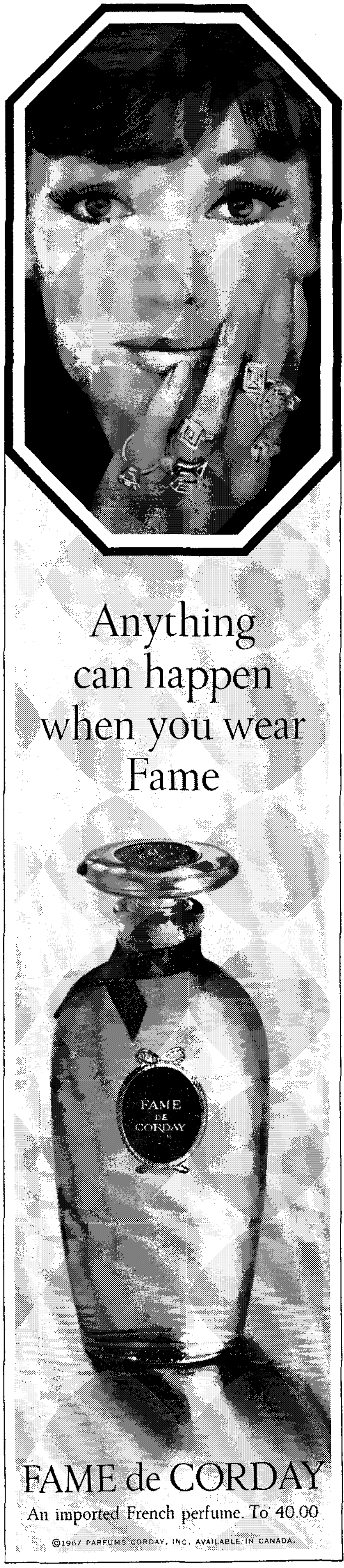
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between the time he made his decision and this conversation close to six thousand people in the country had been murdered with rifles and shotguns. Nor did he mention that the man he had talked with on the plane was Harold Glassen, who is the current president of the National Rifle Association.

Since the lineup on the subcommittee, without Hart's vote, was thought at that time to be four to four, Hart was very much the man in the middle. However, when the vote was finally taken, on September 20th, his support was not needed, and it was not given. Senator Bayh, who had co-sponsored the 1963-64 Dodd bill but had later climbed on the fence to escape the tidal wave of opposing mail, climbed back down to support it, making the vote five to four in its favor. (Hruska immediately complained that the vote had been recorded when he was not present, but the majority replied that his vote had been included in the minority. When this stratagem failed, he took advantage of the prerogative that permits senators to edit their remarks in transcripts of hearings, and so extensively rewrote and expanded his that at many points the published version of what he said during the hearings bears little resemblance to the original transcript.)

Once more the bill was in the hands of the Senate Judiciary Committee, and once more Senator Kennedy threatened to call for a vote on the Hruska bill. Before he could take that or any other action, the White House, which had done almost nothing to help its bill along, suddenly moved in with a stratagem of its own. On September 28th, it sent Dodd an amendment to its bill that would permit states to exempt themselves from the provision controlling the mail-order sale of rifles and shotguns simply by passing acts to that effect in their legislatures. Senator Dodd dutifully filed the amendment, saying that it did not appreciably weaken the bill. Senator Kennedy dissented, saying that it did, since state legislatures are hopelessly susceptible to pressure, and that the nation would be left with a hodgepodge of conflicting gun laws. Whatever the merits of the amended version, it was not given much of a chance. It still had to be approved by the Senate Judiciary and Commerce Committees, by the Senate, by the House Judiciary Committee, and, if it claimed jurisdiction, by the House Committee on Ways and Means, then by the House itself, and, finally, by a joint Senate-House conference—

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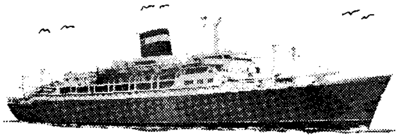

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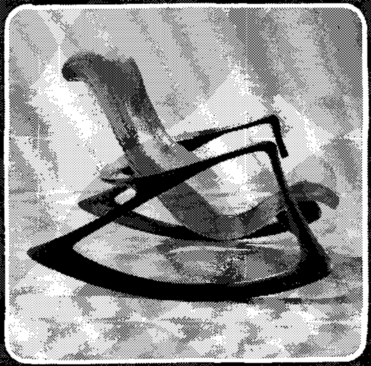

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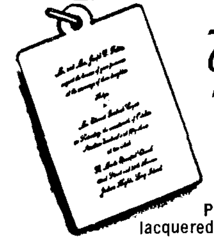

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and time was running out, for adjournment was near.

As predicted, adjournment came without any action on any of the gun bills that were pending before Congress. When it reconvened, on January 15, 1968, the outlook remained much the same, even though President Johnson clearly meant to wage an all-out legislative offensive against crime, which the polls had shown was of even more concern to the voters than the war in Vietnam. At best, it was thought, some sort of law called the Gun Control Act, whose strongest feature would be its title, might be passed, but few believed that anything more than a law in name only would be enacted. On April 4th, less than an hour before a sniper armed with a 30.06 rifle killed Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., in Memphis, the Senate Judiciary Committee voted eight to five to reject the modified Administration bill and nine to four to reject the Dodd version. In the aftermath of the assassination and the rioting that followed, clamor again rose for passage of a strict gun law, and again the opponents rallied. In a move designed to please both sides, the Judiciary Committee partially reversed itself on April 6th, and approved, by a vote of nine to seven, a proposal to prohibit the sale of handguns by interstate mail order as well as over the counter to anyone not a resident of the state where the sale takes place. At best, it was a halfway measure, but its defenders held that it was better than nothing. Others felt that its passage would give the public false comfort and thereby postpone for another generation necessary action, including action toward finding out where those fifty million to two hundred million privately owned guns are. In the end, the prospects for strict gun-control legislation appeared to be as dim as ever—unless, of course, members of Congress decided to put the public interest above their own.

—RICHARD HARRIS

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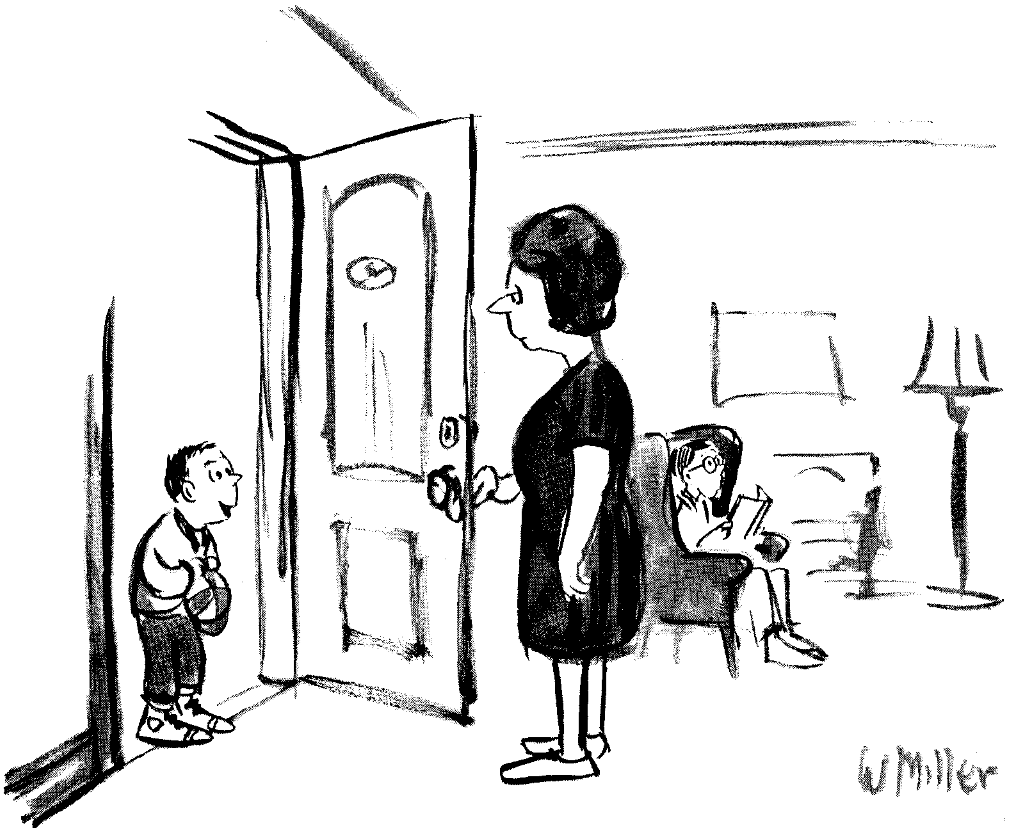
MORE than just houses have it in them to be haunted, and a big, handsome, expensive-looking musical called "George M!," at the Palace, is constantly at the mercy of a couple of small, hovering ghosts, which it manages to survive, though never to exorcise. The book of the musical purports to be based on the life of George M. Cohan, who is, of course, the first of the two ghosts; the second—a sort of piggyback ghost, or, if such things are possible in the spirit world, the ghost of a ghost—is James Cagney, who unforgettably impersonated Cohan in the movie "Yankee Doodle Dandy." (The movie came out in 1942, which was also the year Cohan died, at the not very advanced age of sixty-four.) The star of "George M!" is that fantastically ingratiating performer Joel Grey, and the musical is worth going to see for him alone; he comes so close to literally working his head off in the course of the evening that if that unusual fate had indeed befallen him I would have been horrified but unsurprised. Grey sings, dances, shouts, whispers, and capers about the stage at incessant reckless high speed, from time to time assuming a characteristic pose or accent of his prototype but content for the most part to remain himself, openly at odds with the lines he speaks. This is a wise decision, because the *vrai* Grey is beguiling, and it appears that the true Cohan was not.

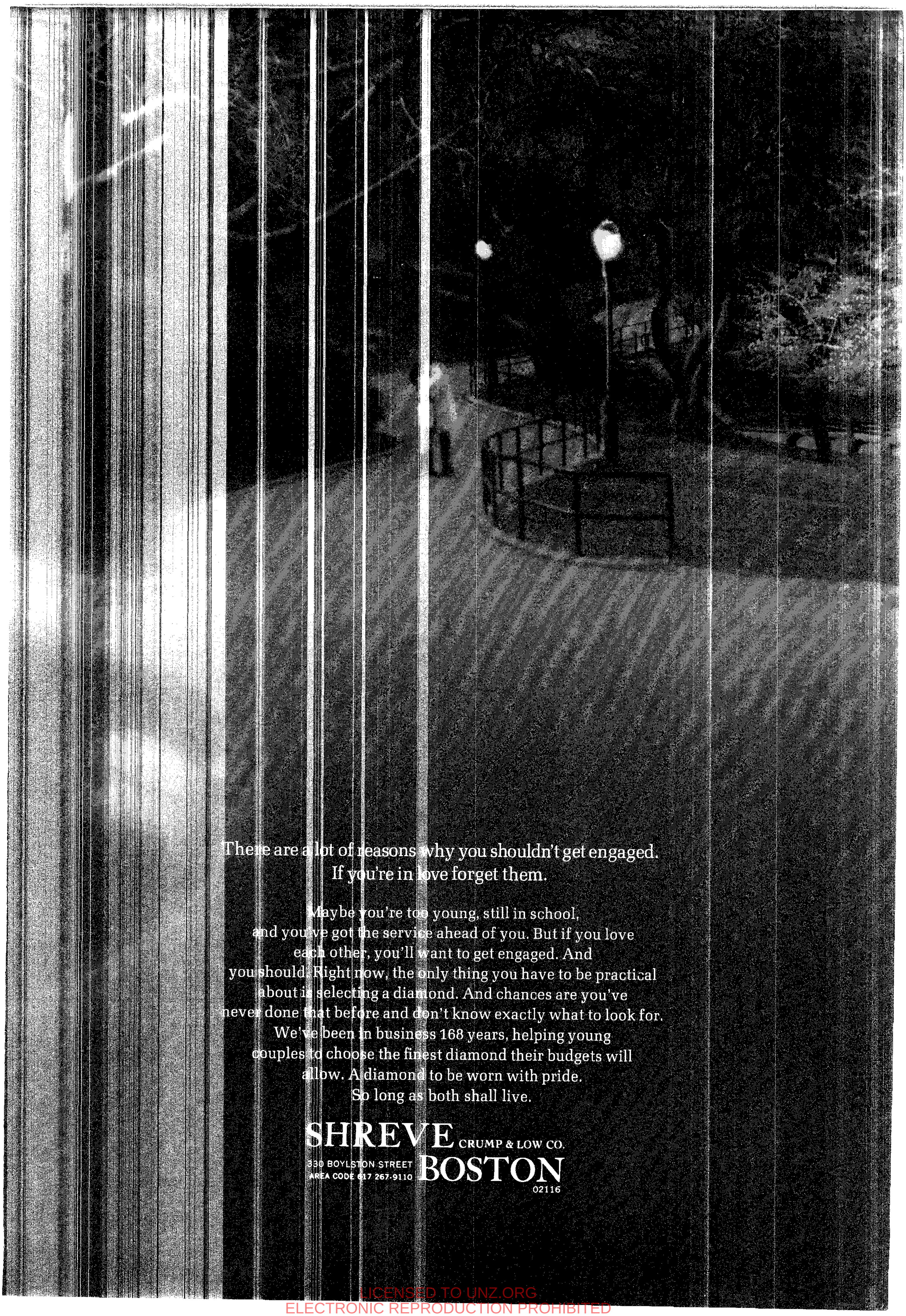
The authors of the clumsy, patchwork book of "George M!"—Michael Stewart and John and Fran Pascal—have done something so peculiar that it is hard to believe it was intentional: they have offered, as if for our admiration and, toward the end, our sympathy, a hero repellent in thought, word, and deed. The fact that Cohan's daughter Mary is listed in the program as having revised some of the Cohan songs that make up the musical side of "George M!" would seem to argue that the present portrait of him is, if not authorized, at any rate not unjust. Brassily aggressive, self-obsessed, and ignorant of every world except his own, Cohan could sing after a fashion and dance after a fashion, and he had—money-making aside, it was his greatest gift—a knack for writing catchy tunes, to which he affixed lyrics of a mind-numbing inanity. A dozen of his songs are immortal, or threaten to be. "Give My Regards to Broadway," "Mary," "Harrigan," "You're a Grand Old Flag," and "Over There" are all in "George M!," and on opening night the audience greeted them with repeated bursts of applause, as if to recognize them were a feat (*not* to have recognized them would have been the feat) and the applause a form of self-congratulation.

Musical comedy is an unlikely means by which to tell the story of a man's life, even when that life has been devoted to writing and producing musical comedies. The authors of "George M!" are so eager to achieve at carefully spaced intervals the snug harbor of a famous song that many important episodes of Cohan's life are omitted, including his acceptance, in 1933, of the role of Nat Miller in O'Neill's comic "Ah, Wilderness!"—a role as novel to Cohan as comedy was to O'Neill. (It is fascinating to speculate in conjunction on these two Irish-Americans, with their common theatrical background and, as they grew older, their common success, wealth, and misogyny.) If the story told in "George M!" is skimpy, the physical production is not. The sets, by Tom John, are bold in color and scale, and they wander about the stage almost as agilely as Mr. Grey; the costumes, by Freddy Wittop, have a lemony freshness, summoning up a droll past that never was, rather than a sentimental past that might have been. Notable in the large cast that tirelessly pursues Mr. Grey are Jill O'Hara, Jerry Dodge, and Jacqueline Alloway. Joe Layton directed and choreographed "George M!" He knows that we have as much wit in our feet as we do in our heads, and the welcomely numerous dance numbers are models of grace and ingenuity. As the turn-of-the-century Lyceum is the perfect theatre for "The Cherry Orchard," so the gorgeous Palace is the perfect theatre for "George M!" Just across the street, at the southerly apex of a paved triangle in Times Square, stands a statue of Cohan in greeny bronze, looking benignly down over Broadway. As a work of art, the statue is a poor thing, but as a souvenir it is pleasant to have there. Thanks to Mr. Layton and Mr. Grey, I feel the same way about "George M!"

—BRENDAN GILL



"Good afternoon, Mrs. McCluskey. Could Esmond come out and play? Without his glasses?"



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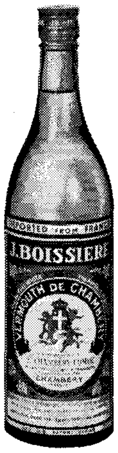

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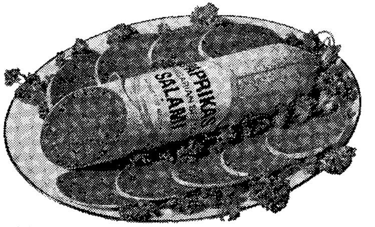

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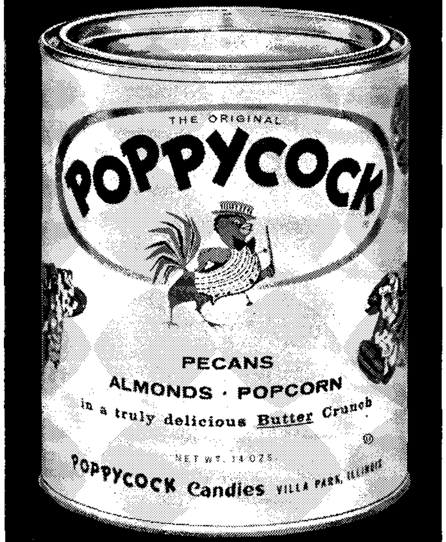
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POPPYCOCK CANDIES, VILLA PARK, ILL.

ing Sword, who beat Francie's Hat there the other afternoon.

I DARESAY that the leading runners in the Gotham will be out for the Wood Memorial at Aqueduct on Saturday. Dancer's Image, who won the Governor's Gold Cup, has come up from Maryland, and as this is written it is expected that Clever Foot, whose stable still hopes he can go a distance of ground, will have a shot at it. So may Iron Ruler. It should be well worth seeing.

THOUGH most of the racing at Aqueduct last week is likely to be remembered—if it is remembered at all—for its mediocrity, the management had grounds for a small celebration. On Good Friday, 47,233 cash customers clicked through the turnstiles, and on Saturday there were 52,605; Saturday, of course, was another five-million-dollar day, and the total for the two days was $10,563,991. Who's afraid of the big bad sixteen per cent? For the record, earlier in the week Jim J. arrived from Maryland to take the seventy-fifth running of the Toboggan Handicap, which was once a cherished fixture, often won by famous sprinters. And the Meadow Stable's Gay Matelda, who was rated only a pound below Queen of the Stage, the top filly in the Experimental Free Handicap, made her first appearance of the season the other afternoon in a sprint at seven furlongs, and won easily from Wish Well, Pleasantness, and four others of her sex. Gay Matelda is by Sir Gaylord, who is also the sire of Sir Ivor, an American-bred colt owned by Raymond Guest and trained by Vincent O'Brien. He recently won the 2,000 Guineas Trial Stakes at Ascot and is now one of the choices for the Derby Stakes at Epsom.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Our preacher today is The Rev. David Hunter, Deputy Director of the National Council of Churches and a member of this Parish. He and his wife, who is Director of Christian Education of our National Church have long been friends.—*Calendar of St. Mark's in the Bowery.*

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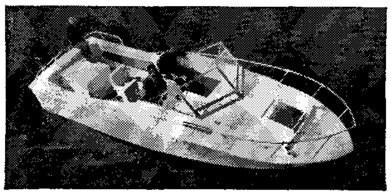

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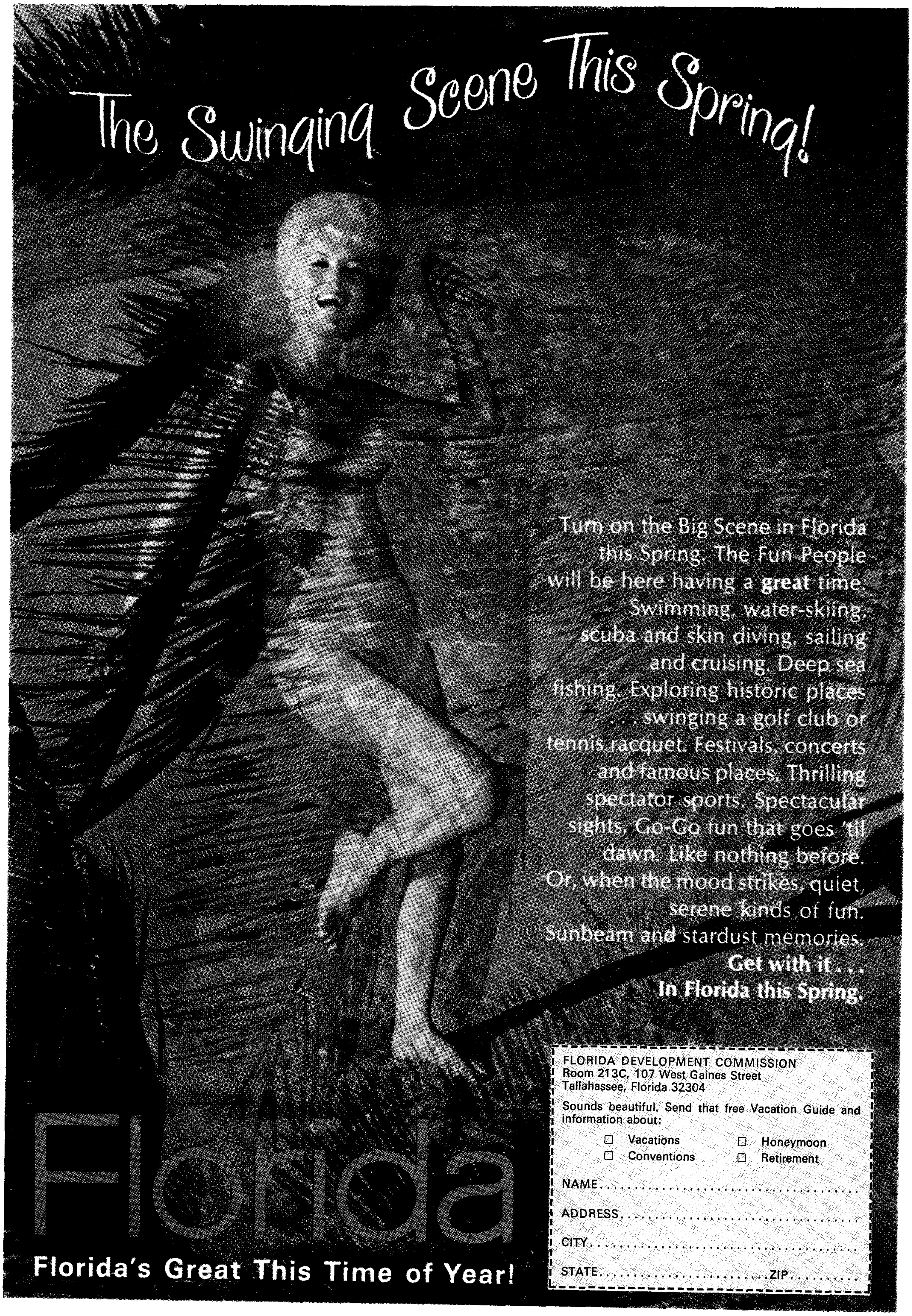
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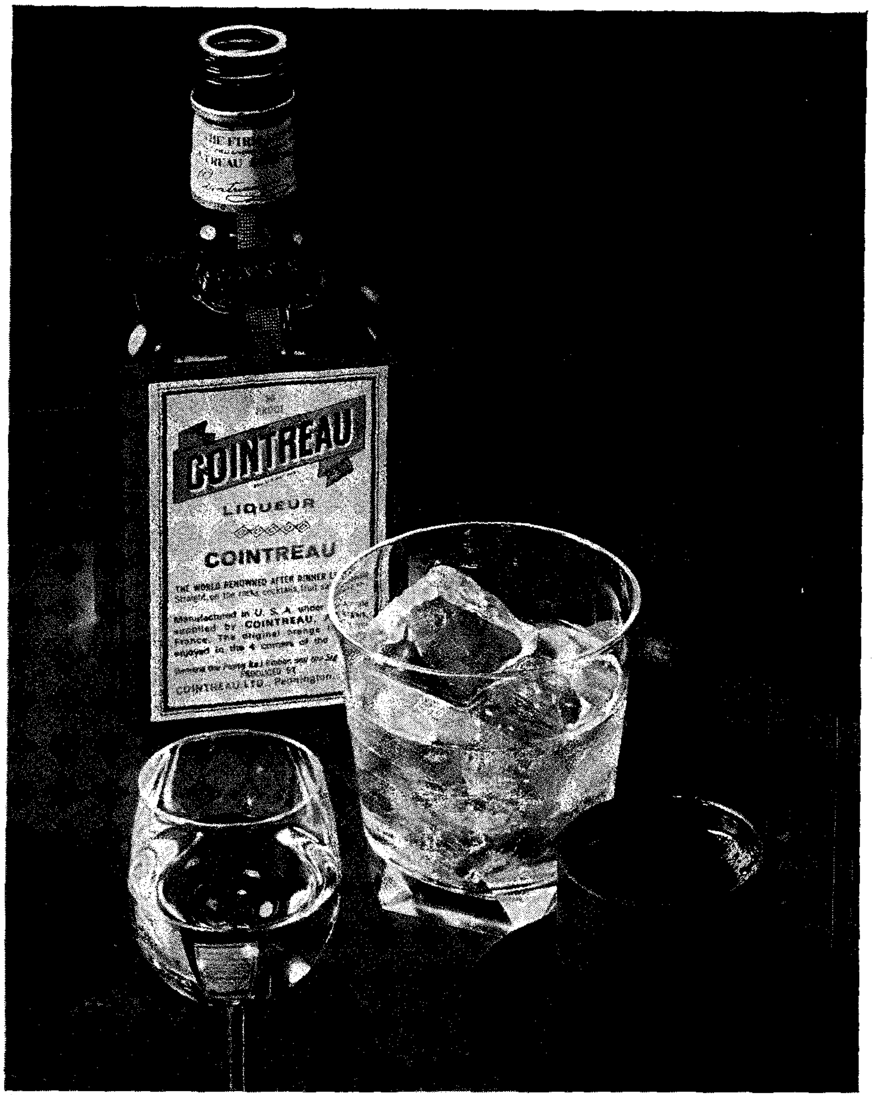

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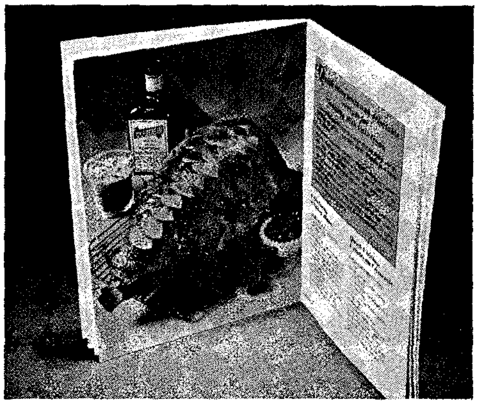

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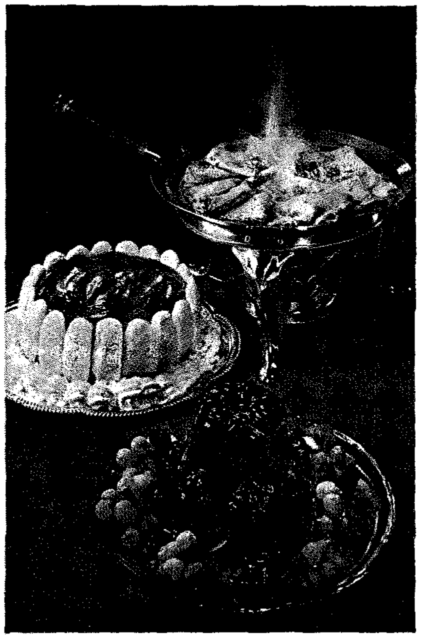

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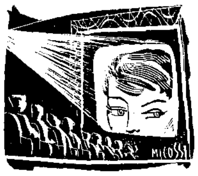
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Poems of Square Pegs



PRESERVE the out-of-step. Our newshounds and public nannies may generally manage to deride and mutilate the meaning of the singular man's existence, but at least our fiction grasps it. The late-eighteenth-century Romantics celebrated oddity for baroque reasons and drew lonely madmen as if they were animals, but we see something else. The wry new films lately made by Bergman and by Buñuel are tales of the peculiar only if they are taken literally; the obsessions of their chief characters are really images for the measures that people take to thrash their way out of comatose lives. In Bergman's "Hour of the Wolf," a painter apparently goes mad, but he isn't much more beset or isolated than most of us, and his flight from a life of vanishing contact with his wife and from sterile social chatter about art seems less than lunatic. The hallucinated way he sees and hears things is a means of energizing a world that has gone stale in his own head. In Buñuel's "Belle de Jour," a highbred girl is packed away in a marriage that is happy enough but leaves her sexually ravenous, so she turns herself into a tart in the late afternoons (either in objective reality or perhaps only in the reality within her mind). She does it not as any didactic blow against the bourgeoisie, or against the stingy dole of eroticism allowed to nicely born young Frenchwomen, but because she can feel her life sending her into a stupor of masochistic daydreams through sheer boredom.

The act of performing some private and willful act of defacement on the self that everyone else knows—by having a breakdown, or adopting unapproved characteristics, or suddenly reviling everything that was ever nourishing, for the grim interest of seeing how shrivelled a remnant can survive—has been the foundation of a great number of films, plays, and novels in the West since the Second World War. The painter and the young wife of the pictures by Bergman and Buñuel use affronting behavior as a kind of dynamite upon their lives—out of desperation, because they feel inert and too smoothly understood. Bergman's painter isn't simply a mad artist in torment, and Buñuel's girl isn't simply a frosty beauty capable of Genet's freedoms as soon as she escapes from couture clothes. One responds to them because they stand for a troubled sort of person: urgent, modern, scared of the mid-twentieth century's particular sin of numbness, and hugely skeptical of the soft cant that says human life is forging ahead when it is so evidently turning to stone in their own nerve ends. The mad painter's disappearance at the close of the picture and the well-dressed girl's wild fantasies of whoring are symbols of torpor defeated. They express the possibility of winning some freakish victory over a society so congealed and generalized that to quit it by psychosis or idiosyncrasy has become, in art, a poetic act.

THE hour of the wolf, in Swedish folklore, is the time when most people die and most babies are born. It is the time when one sees what one is afraid of: the time that everyone in hospital dreads and the time when it is hardest not to give up. The painter must once have been less haunted, but now the bad hour engulfs him all the time. He draws people with muddled genders and the faces of monsters, and he has such a sense of decay-in-life that he sees a vision of an old woman at a dinner party in a castle peeling off the skin of her face like a surgical rubber glove. The other guests at the castle smile, cackle, agonize over nothing, stroke their own beautiful bare shoulders as they talk, and make brutish sexual boasts. Max von Sydow, as the painter, twists his head away and sees them like cartoons by George Grosz. His pregnant wife—Liv Ullmann, who played the actress in "Persona"—watches him endlessly and gets drawn into his hallucinations. Once, in their cottage, he suddenly counts out a minute as if it could never be over, holding his breath like a man in a poisonous crypt. The more she understands him, the more suffocated he seems to feel. She knows that the awful gang of art lovers up at the castle seem to him to be cannibalizing his flesh; she knows that he is terrified of the dark and gruesomely drawn to accepting punishment; but her intuition that he is being consumed is no help to him, and when she hysterically promises never to be scared into desertion he pulls away from the impossible liability of her unfailing kind of love. He knows more of Judas's sort. He has a hardboiled mistress who flourishes a ravishing bruise at him

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when he is trying to paint, and then he has to go through the wretched experience of meeting the man whom he has cuckolded, a glumly open soul who says that he knows every detail of their lovemaking. Von Sydow's guilt then makes more phantoms. To his horror, he sees the cause of his remorse walk up a wall of the castle and then across the ceiling. The man courteously asks him to take no notice. "It's only jealousy," he says, hanging like a stalactite.

Behind the credits of the film there are the sounds of cheery voices and hammering. It seems to be the racket between setups on a movie stage. The device is like the tearing of the film in "Persona," the masterpiece that came before this picture; it says that what we are about to see is not a piece of life but a thing made. Films usually imply that they know the whole truth, and that selection is due to some Olympian whim of aesthetics playing peekaboo with what is told, but Bergman is beginning to do something else. In "Hour of the Wolf," the form says that he is telling all he understands of a situation and that it is not very much. His film plays the part of an interlocutor and a witness, a sort of man in the middle who knows no more of the two people he is looking at than any third person knows of a couple in reality. The film, like "Persona" and "The Silence," is about the inroads of two identities into one another. The impingement of temperaments can almost be seen. Bergman sometimes shows the flowing and merging as easy, but not often. There is usually an imbalance that makes something jam. The painter is open to pain only from the phantom projections of his superstitious ego, but the wife's range is more limited still, and her anguish is always a replica of his. She sometimes seems to be drumming for entry on the walls of his skull, as though becoming lost in another person were her only hope of sanctuary. His passion to remain intact is just as clamorous. Like the equivalent character in "Persona," he uses every system of apathy and madness to stave off invasion.

Bergman tells the harsh story with a flicked switch of tense. The marriage was "some time ago." At the start of the film, Miss Ullmann walks out of the satanic little Hansel-and-Gretel cottage with a basket on her arm and sits down in closeup for a long, long take in which she tries to put together the evidence of the past. The only testimony, Bergman says in the titles, is the diary that the painter left and what the wife

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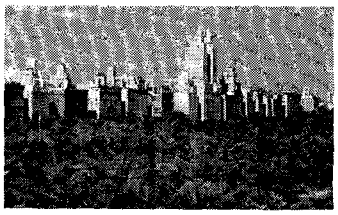

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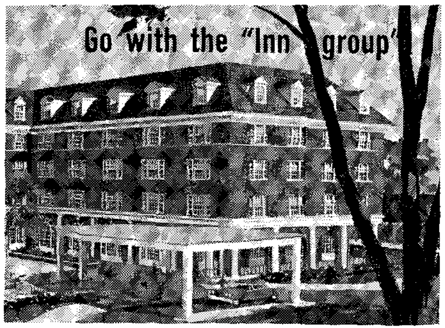

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remembers. The rest of the picture has the tinge of a past inflection. There are slips and gaps and exaggerations. The wife's unbroken prologue has the mood of someone obsessed with unfinished business. What happened to their lives? She seems to have gone over everything that follows again and again. There was a time—we see a scene that is like some romantic rhapsody in the middle of electronic music—when her bilious husband was fond and less unhappy. In the sun outside their cottage, he has a flash of contentment. He makes a drawing of her, curled up with her arms on her knees and her hair up to show the nape of her neck. Maybe her memory falsifies, but she doesn't seem sentimental or self-justifying; she may simply be too ready to refract the personality of someone else. She asks the camera whether she did too much or too little; she can't see, as we can, that she had a third choice, and that doing nothing at all might have preserved more, at least of herself. "Isn't it true that old people who have been living together for a long time come to resemble one another?" she says to her husband, and then, later in the film, she asks him the same question directly, instead of wrapping it up as one about the aged. Her imagination fills with his, and his with the demons of the paranoid. I don't admire trumpery shots like the cut to an old lady's eyeball being dropped into a glass, but the acted part of the movie is filled with a more grown-up and authentic distaste for humankind. There are images of the painter in flight from company that are like scraps of the music for the world of Chaos and Old Night in "The Magic Flute." The formal organization of the film is beautiful, and it happens to knit into it some bars of opera ("Die Zauberflöte" itself: Tamino and the chorus) as exquisitely as I can remember anywhere in the cinema. Most snatches of great music in films seem not earned, a draft on reserves of feeling built up by other things; the Bach in Pasolini's pictures, for example, is colossal cheek—especially when the picture is about a ponce, like "Accattone." Using it is like shoving seriousness into a war picture by using newsreel stock of Hiroshima. Bergman has an interesting ear. He said once that he always starts with the sound: "If you hear the right things, you also see the right things."

CATHERINE DENEUVE, as Buñuel's heroine in "Belle de Jour," looks so delicately sumptuous that I have no idea whether or not she is a good ac-

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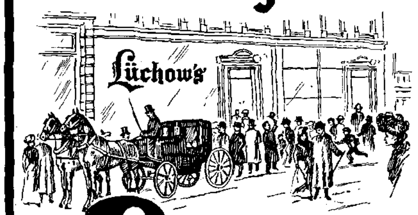

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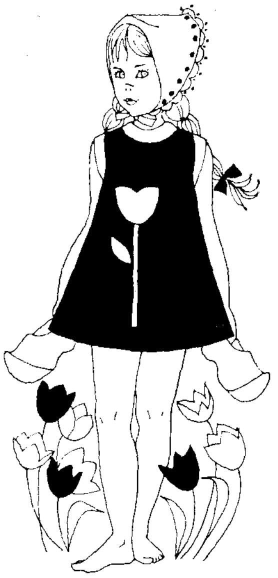
tress. I think she may be, but I kept finding myself engrossed by her clothes and her figure. Buñuel obviously worships her presence: her feet, for instance (there is much of his awe of shoe); and her understated little camel's-hair dress by Yves St. Laurent, with an understated chain belt, looking very fine in a brothel amid all that swelling black lace; and her white lace garter belt and bikini briefs, which arouse peculiar rage in an unintelligible Japanese-wrestler client who tries to pay by Diners' Club card. The other tarts find the fantasizing girl a bit genteel at first, but they warm to her black rubber mac, which is immensely throwaway and expensive, and therefore not, I suppose, conventionally pornographic. Geneviève Page plays the madam of the whorehouse where the lonely girl goes. It is a very wittily directed performance. The character is a stern pro in the service of eroticism but also earnestly impressed by the new girl's import of breeding. She touches Deneuve's elegant nothing of a trench-coat as if she would like to sew the shoulder tabs on a bit more securely, like a boarding-school matron unobtrusively doing little things for a new-girl princess who is going to raise the tone of the dormitory.

It would be wanton, and precious, to drag oneself away from the raptly sexy surface of the film—which is where Buñuel means one's attention to be fixed—in order to debate the trapdoor fantasies of what is real, what is lusted after by the truant heroine, and what is jointly imagined with her beloved and apparently sedate husband. Sadomasochism has never been described in a film with more application, fun, and sweetness of temper, and the formal puzzles aren't really puzzling at the time at all. The whole film seems like a dream, reflecting a lecherous inner life that needs to be shielded from matter-of-fact scrutiny. The open ending expands limitlessly and causes one to inspect the whole of the rest of the film, rather as President Johnson's announcement about not running had the Pirandellian effect of changing the sense of everything that went before it. The movie is a comic and compassionate legend of a decorous girl's hidden sensuality, made by a director working engagingly within his limits. Neither Buñuel nor the heroine spends a second thinking about sin or retribution, and the ease of watching a quest for pleasure that isn't followed by the pounding hooves of guilt is one of the uncommon and perfectly serious profferings of the picture.

—Penelope Gilliatt



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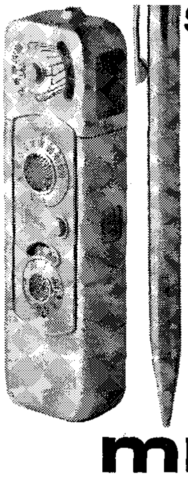

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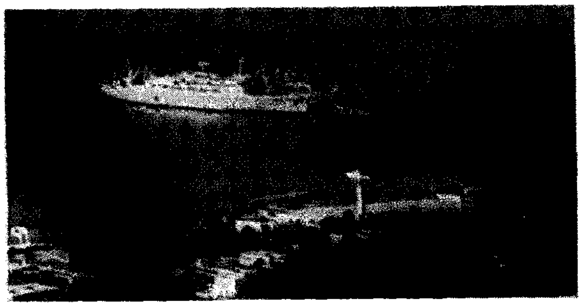

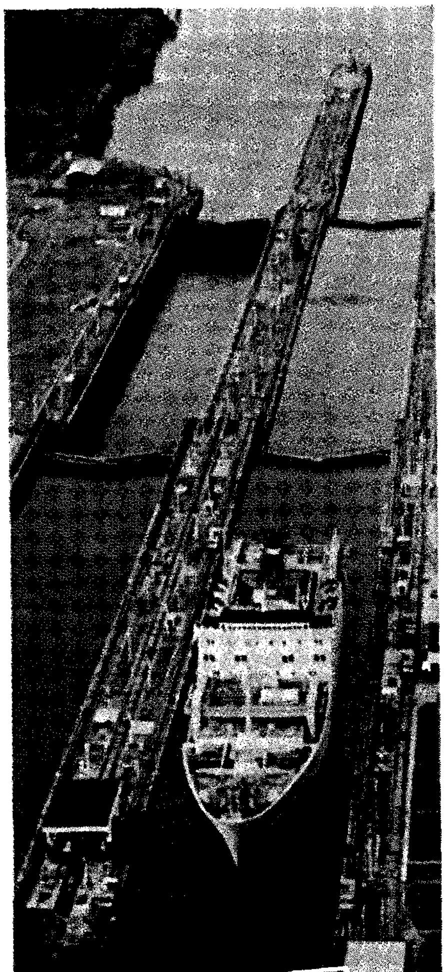

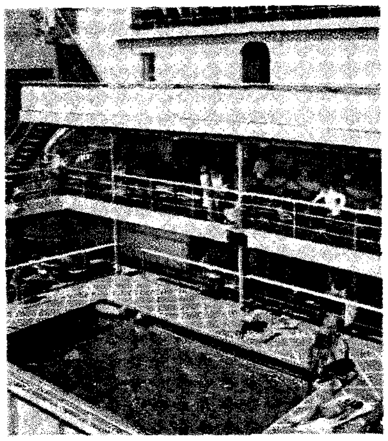

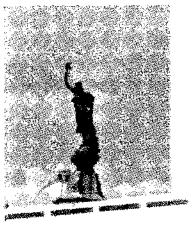

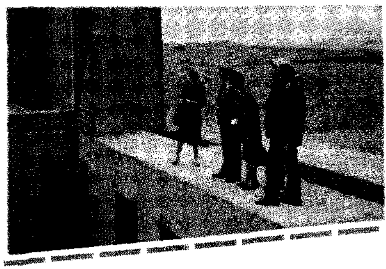

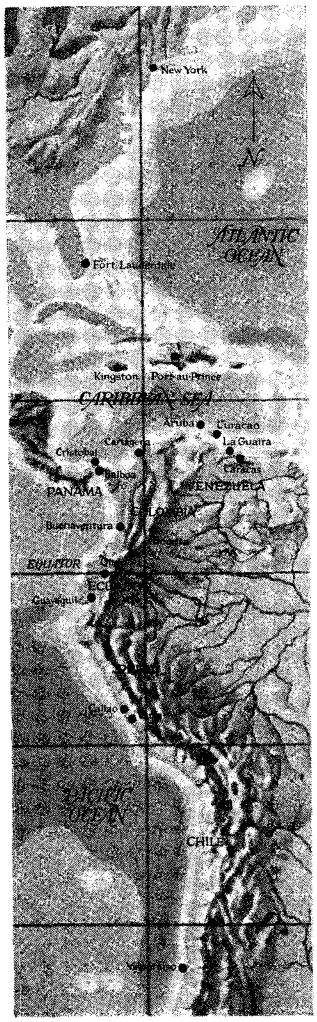
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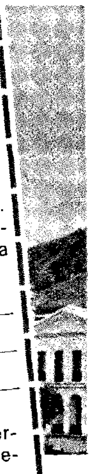

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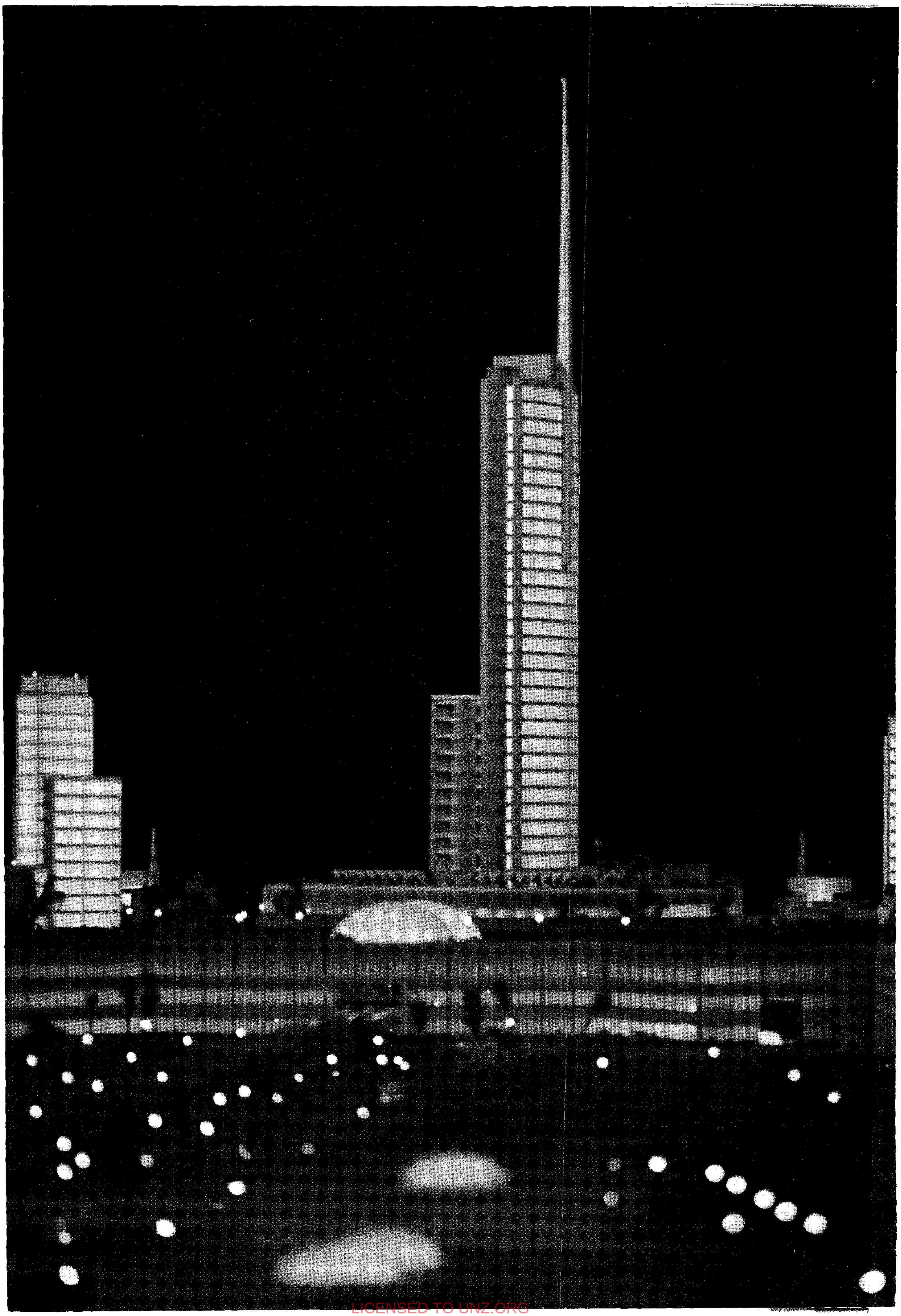

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THE LAST PEACEFUL PLACE

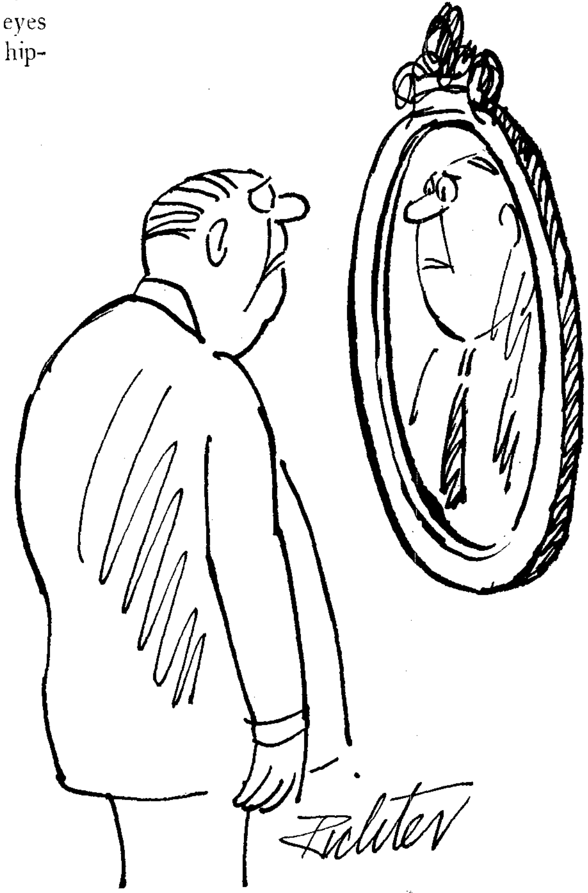
Cornell College,
Mount Vernon, Iowa

WHEN the students of Cornell College reported for classes last September, most of them would have described themselves as supporters of the American presence in Vietnam. By March 31st, the day Lyndon Johnson announced that he was withdrawing from the Presidential race and taking steps to initiate peace talks, there were few supporters of the war (or of the President) left at Cornell. The entire process had taken just six months.

Last year, parents who were searching for a place where their son or daughter was likely to receive a respectable education unaccompanied by placard carrying, beard growing, and pot smoking might well have settled on Cornell, a small, peaceful liberal-arts college in eastern Iowa. "When the Cornell recruiter comes to your school," a senior recalled recently, "he kind of talks past the kid to the parents." Of the institutions allied with Cornell in the Associated Colleges of the Midwest, a few are rather undemanding academically, and at least one—Carleton—has academic standards that are considered too rigorous for most students. Grinnell, in the eyes of some Midwesterners, has gone hippie. Cornell remains the kind of place that many middle-class and upper-middle-class parents associate with the idyllic college life—a small college with a good faculty and a relatively homogeneous student body, a tree-shaded campus on a hilltop in a quiet town, with rolling cornfields visible from the huge stone chapel that looms over the other buildings. Quite a few of Cornell's thousand students come from the Chicago suburbs, two hundred miles away—there are slightly more students from Illinois than from Iowa—and there are delegations from the suburbs of Minneapolis and St. Louis and Denver. All but a few students live in red brick dormitories, and those who pledge "social groups" stencil Greek letters on the sidewalk. The students talk about how middle-class they are and joke about the overprotectiveness of "Mother Cornell" and berate themselves, mildly, for apathy. Cornell is too idyllic for some—junior-year attrition is a serious problem—but most of its students seem comfortable in a peaceful place where they can spend four years among friends, protected from the world's problems. When *Look* did an article on "The Case for the Small College," it used Cornell as a prototype.

THE Campus Chest drive at Cornell began to drift away from direct supervision by the Student Council two or three years ago, for no particular reason. It became accepted that the drive's co-chairmen would plan money-raising activities, find some worthy beneficiary for the money collected, and select successors to repeat the process the following year. Last spring, the money from the Campus Chest went to a leper colony in Pusan, Korea. An obvious choice for co-chairman of this year's drive was Doug Peterson, a straightforward young man from Moline, Illinois, who was a member of the swimming team and the president of the junior class. Last fall, he and the other co-chairman, a young lady from Nebraska named Mary Luschen, began collections in the usual manner. Pictures of candidates from dormitories and social groups were placed above jars in the Commons, a modern brick building that serves as a student union and central dining hall, and students were informed that the candidates who drew the most money would be named Mister and Miss Campus Chest. At a Student Council meeting, Peterson reported that he and Miss Luschen had decided on a beneficiary for this year's drive. The money would go for medical supplies for Vietnamese civilians—half to South Vietnam and half to North Vietnam. Most of the people whose pictures were above the jars decided that they did not want to be Mister or Miss Campus Chest after all; they took down their pictures. The Student Council decided to look into its right to supervise the Campus Chest drive.

Cornell had never had a controversy about the war before. There had been one small anti-war demonstration the previous school year—some students and faculty members held a silent vigil in the spring—but about the only people who paid much attention to it were those who threw water bombs or played the Green Beret song as loudly as possible through the open windows of nearby dormitories. Cornell was known, in fact, for an absence of controversy of any kind—except, perhaps, some mild disagreements about mild extensions of dormitory-visitation privileges. "Last year," a Cornell coed said recently, "Cornell College didn't recognize the existence of the war in Vietnam." When Doug Peterson revealed what he planned to do with the Campus Chest money, the campus newspaper took a poll that showed at least seventy-five per cent of the students opposed to the idea. The president of the Student Council—Joe Gebhardt, an athletic young man from the Chicago suburbs—expressed opposition as someone who might very well be in Vietnam himself before long. "I could rationalize protest rallies back home on the basis of free speech," he was quoted as saying, "but it would be hard to stomach the knowledge that there were soldiers shooting at me who had been healed by contributions from the United States." At a special meeting, the Stu-



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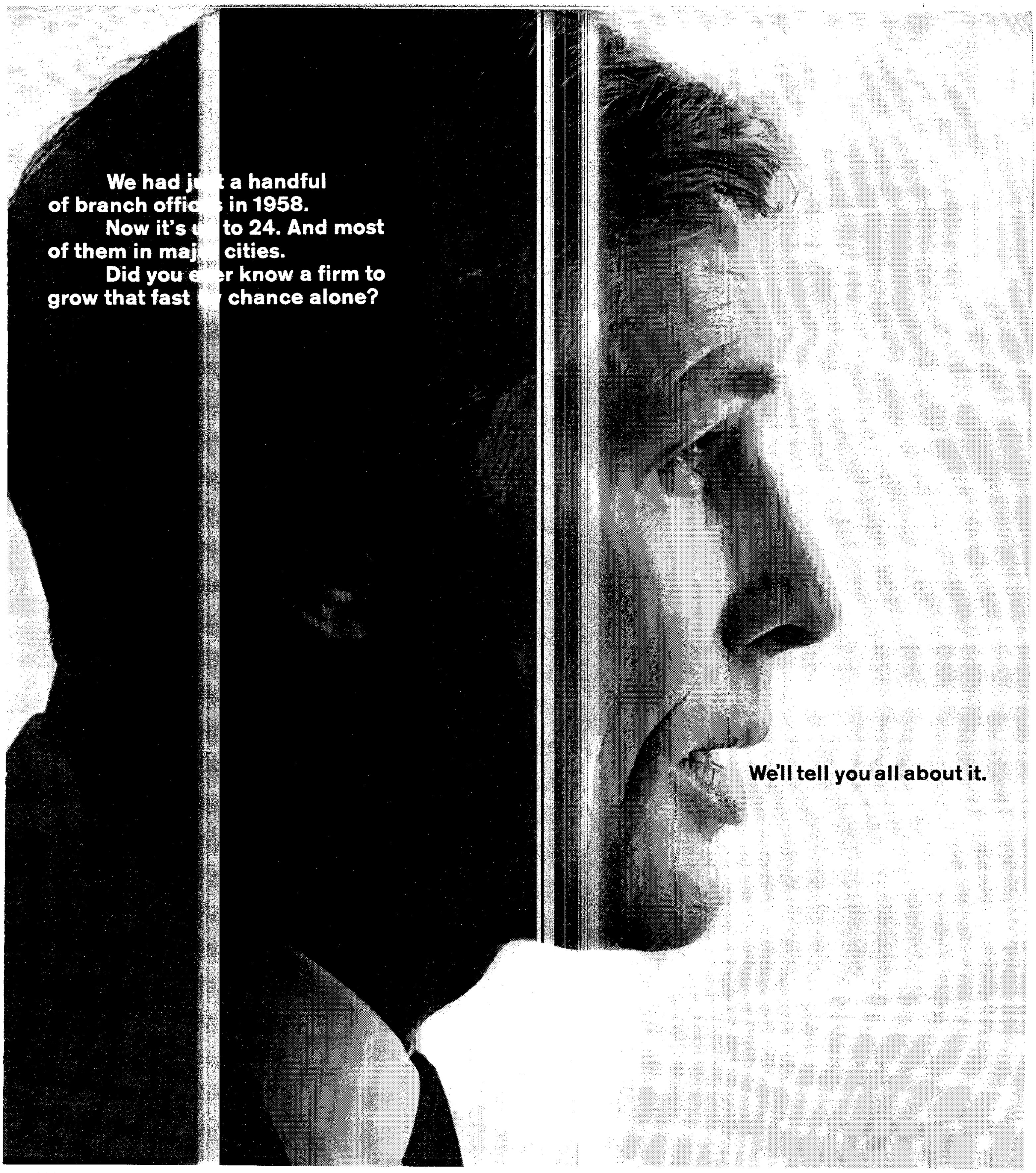

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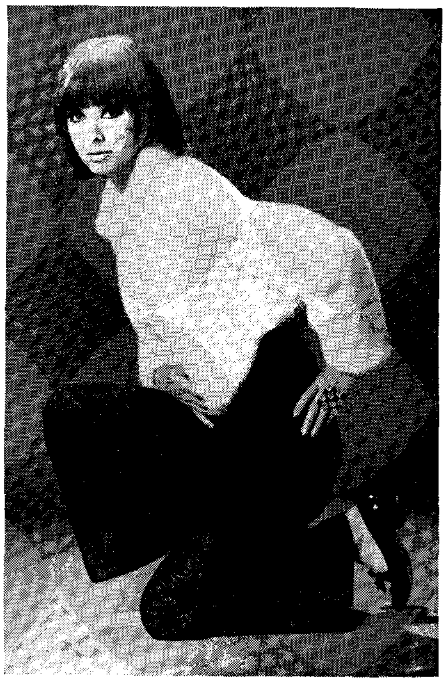

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dent Council reasserted its authority over the Campus Chest, and when Peterson and Miss Luschen declined to change their plans for disposition of the money they were replaced. The campus newspaper headlined its coverage of the confrontation "G.I. JOE BOMBS CAMPUS CHEST." Charged with finding a more suitable beneficiary, the new co-chairmen selected MEDICO, the Asian relief agency founded by Dr. Tom Dooley.

Peterson and his supporters, emphasizing that their concern was humanitarian rather than political, decided to continue their project independently of the official Campus Chest. When a professor suggested that they adopt some symbol, they took to wearing maple leaves—the most readily accessible symbol on the Cornell campus in the fall. The loose organization that evolved—the Maple Leaves—eventually had thirty or thirty-five members, a number of them students who had at one time or another left Cornell for a semester on such programs as the Experiment in International Living. The Maple Leaves were not precisely identical with those on campus who might grow beards, or with the twenty or thirty Cornell students who began to attend anti-war demonstrations at the University of Iowa, twenty miles away, but the overlap was close enough for the organization to be identified with the small amount of anti-war protest that existed at Cornell—run by what Joe Gebhardt called "the radical element." There were members of the Maple Leaves—Doug Peterson, for instance—who retained their standing in the respectable Cornell community, but it was clear last fall that most students, like most of their parents, believed that the only proper position of an American during a war is support of his government.

The Campus Chest controversy began the first widespread discussion of the war at Cornell. The war was also coming closer in other ways. The assumption that student deferments would be extended through graduate school was shattered by an announcement from the Selective Service System. There were anti-war demonstrations at the University of Iowa that involved hundreds of students and, during a protest against Dow recruiting in December, involved the use of riot clubs and Mace by the police. Some state legislators called for the dismissal of a University of Northern Iowa English instructor who had counselled his students to resist the draft. The Des Moines *Register* reported the death of

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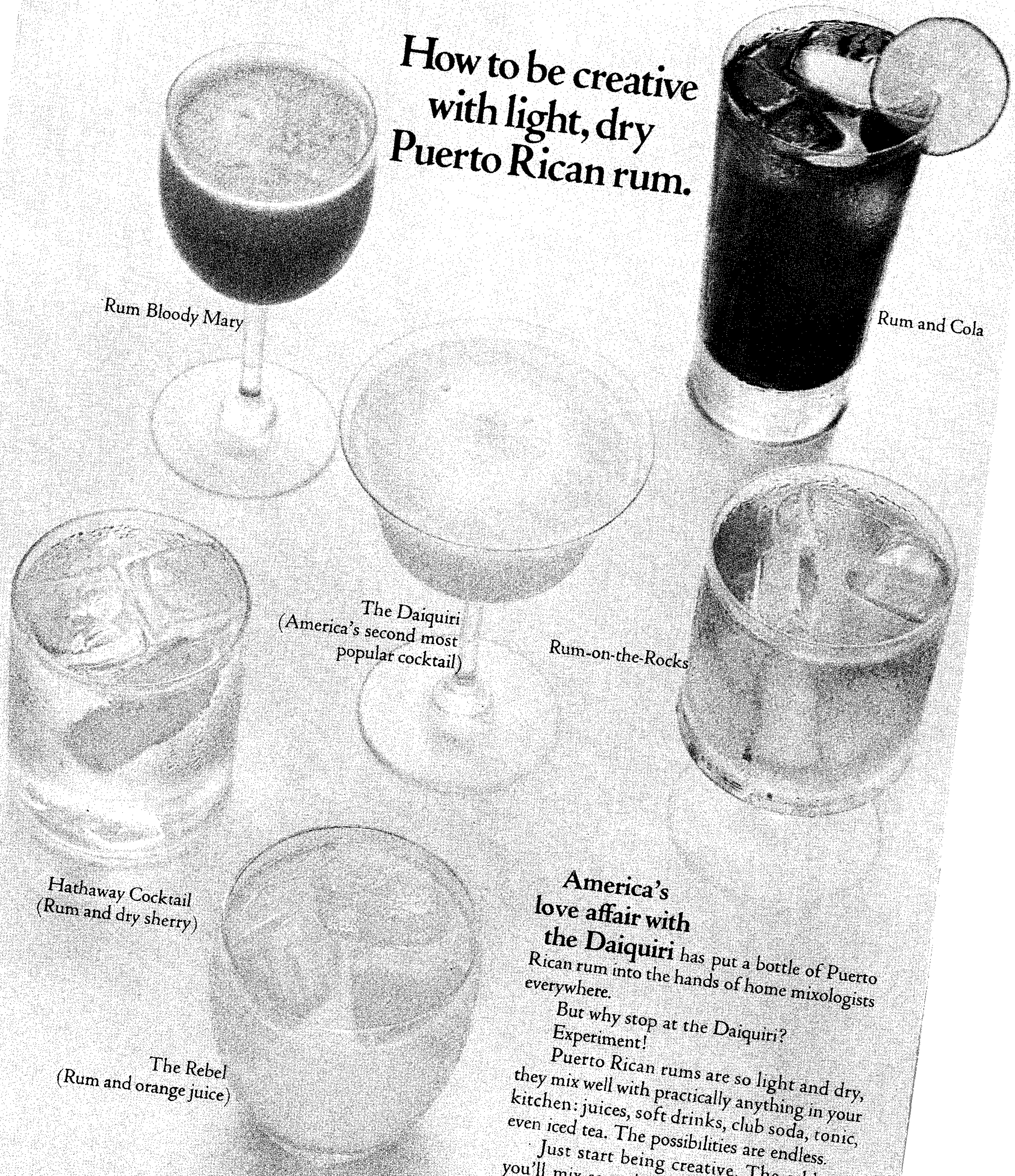
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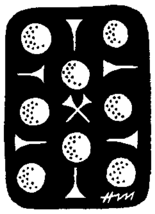
an Iowan in Vietnam almost daily; eighty were killed in the first three months of this year. Some Cornell students who had begun to follow the war in the newspapers grew suspicious of the Administration's optimism, particularly after the Tet offensive. In February, some members of the Maple Leaves passed up dinner so that their rebates from the dining hall could go toward the collection for medical supplies, and they spent the dinner hour sitting silently in an open lounge of the Commons. There were a few dinner rolls thrown at them, but it was thought that those who did the heckling were the few people on campus who would heckle anybody, regardless of the politics involved, and that the hawkish atmosphere that had made the demonstration last spring an easy target for ridicule was no longer apparent.

Partly to prove that it was not trying to shut off campus debate on the war by cancelling Peterson's project, the Student Council had decided to sponsor a week of Vietnam speeches called "Challenge '68." In the fall, nobody had anticipated any problems in arranging a balanced program, but by the time "Challenge '68" was held, during the first week in March, articulate supporters of the Johnson Administration's Vietnam policies were difficult to find in eastern Iowa. Everyone agrees that the speeches had an extraordinary effect on both the students and the local citizens—particularly a speech by David Schoenbrun, an anti-war television commentator, whose appearance in a college-sponsored lecture series had been incorporated into the Vietnam series. Some members of the local Republican organization had previously attended discussions about the war with Cornell professors; the day after the Schoenbrun speech, the Mount Vernon Republican caucus passed a resolution calling for a halt in the bombing of North Vietnam. At the close of "Challenge '68," a poll of the students showed that sixty-five per cent favored de-escalation and cessation of the bombing of the North, and eleven per cent favored immediate withdrawal. One and nine-tenths per cent favored continuation of present policies. By the time of the New Hampshire primary, a week later, most students at Cornell—including Joe Gebhardt—considered themselves opponents of the war and supporters of Eugene McCarthy.



A few of those who changed their minds had been deeply committed supporters of the war. But it is generally agreed at Cornell that last fall most of the students were, in the words of one coed, "hawkish by habit." Relatively untouched by the war, they had not yet given it any serious consideration. What gave them the appearance of hawks—even to themselves—was habitual patriotism and confidence in established authority. Judging from the rate at which their support melted away with exposure to information and personal involvement, it appears that, beginning in the fall, most Cornell students began to think about the war and began to oppose the war at the same time. When they returned from spring vacation, they learned that a straw vote in the local Democratic caucus the previous week had given McCarthy sixty-five votes and Johnson one. In fact, McCarthy had overwhelmed Johnson in Democratic caucuses around the state. On the night the students returned, President Johnson announced a partial halt in bombing and his own withdrawal from politics, and there was joy at Cornell.

Scott Suneson—a bright, youthful-looking junior who is married and lives off campus—had been planning to turn in his draft card the following Wednesday night at an Iowa City rally that was being held as part of a national collection of draft cards and statements of complicity with those who resist the draft. The President's speech caused him some hesitation. Also on Wednesday, a Cornell faculty meeting was scheduled to begin discussion of a resolution that would favor banning military recruiters at Cornell as long as the draft was being used as a punishment against demonstrators, and after the speech one of the resolution's sponsors suggested to his colleagues that it might be worth considering whether a battle over recruiting remained relevant.

For the average student at Cornell, though, the Johnson announcement seemed almost a logical extension of the process that had begun with their own change of position. About the time most Cornell students decided that Vietnam policies had to be changed, the McCarthy candidacy, the New Hampshire primary, and the Johnson withdrawal reassured them that the political system was responsive to the need for change. After Johnson's speech, a group of Cornell students who had spent their spring vacation working for McCarthy in Wisconsin gathered at a professor's house and

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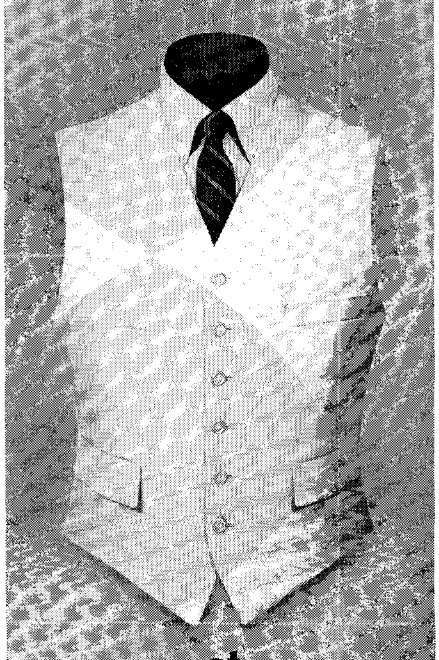

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began to talk about likely Vice-Presidential nominees. (The next night, McCarthy workers in Wisconsin, fearing a Johnson sympathy vote in the primary, phoned the professor for some last-minute election-day volunteers, and within a couple of hours he was able to round up fifty-two students for an all-night ride to Racine.) Most Cornell students had never thought of taking part in demonstrations—and thereby becoming identified with what Joe Gebhardt still calls "the radical element." ("Before McCarthy," a Cornell senior said last week, "those of us who opposed the war had no way to show it.") Although the Maple Leaves controversy had receded—Doug Peterson was unopposed when he ran for president of next year's Student Council, and nobody thought much about it—most Cornell students would probably still oppose a project that in any way aided North Vietnam as long as American troops were in the field. There are perhaps a half-dozen people at Cornell who are seriously considering jail or Canada as alternatives to the draft if the war does not end. The others would be happy to find a way to become deferred or at least a way to avoid the infantry, but there has never been any doubt that they would go if called, whether they opposed the war or not. Perhaps if there had been no McCarthy candidacy and no Johnson announcement there might have come a time when the mainstream of Cornell students would have begun to question the system itself and to change their minds about the propriety of protesting in the streets, but from all indications that time was still a long way off. It is possible that parents who considered Cornell the last place their children were likely to be caught up in anti-war activities were right.

For Scott Suneson and a few others, the President's change of heart turned out not to have been in time. At a press conference in Iowa City on Monday—a press conference devoted almost entirely to statements of why the President's speech did not mean the end of the peace movement—Suneson announced that he would be among those turning in draft cards Wednesday night. Suneson had not thought much about the war until Christmas vacation, but once he began reading books about it he became sufficiently outraged to consider his possession of a draft card immoral. On the day after the press conference, the University of Iowa paper reported that one student who had been scheduled to participate had decided after hearing

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Johnson's speech not to turn in his card. But Suneson had decided that the speech did not affect the morality of his coöperation with the system, and he resisted pressure from his father and his neighbors and one of his philosophy professors to reconsider his decision. Working with Mike Hill—an amiable young man who, because of a shaggy red beard and a fondness for wearing a peace pendant and buttons, is generally considered the closest thing Cornell has to a hippie—Suneson went on trying to persuade people to attend the rally or to sign complicity statements.

On Wednesday morning, Suneson and Hill took some time off from helping to organize the rally to help organize a demonstration for the faculty meeting that afternoon. The sponsors of the recruiting-ban resolution had decided to go ahead, and one of them had told Suneson that one argument being used against the resolution was that the students were opposed to it. (Another was that it would mar Cornell's image as a peaceful, protected place.) That afternoon, fifty or sixty students gathered to stand on the sidewalk and hold pro-resolution placards as faculty members filed in to the meeting. As the demonstration broke up, Suneson became involved in a long conversation with one of the other participants—Gary Barnard, who had been his roommate when they were both freshmen. A blond, gangling young man, Barnard, unlike most Cornell students, had been brought up in a tough urban neighborhood before moving to a suburb just outside the Chicago city limits, where he went to high school. His interest in the war was also recent, but he was considering turning in his draft card at the rally. Suneson seemed to argue for the moral necessity of the act and warn of its legal consequences at the same time. Barnard could think of a lot of reasons against it himself, including the Johnson announcement. Suneson said the only difference the announcement made was that another President would run the war, or run another war. "Maybe it would be better to wait until they try to induct me," Barnard said. "I want it to be effective. Also, I guess I'm scared."

About twenty students, several of them wearing McCarthy buttons, met at the Commons at seven-thirty that evening for the drive to Iowa City. Barnard had decided to turn in his card. At Iowa City, he and Suneson sat on the stage, both of them looking ill at ease. About four hundred people,

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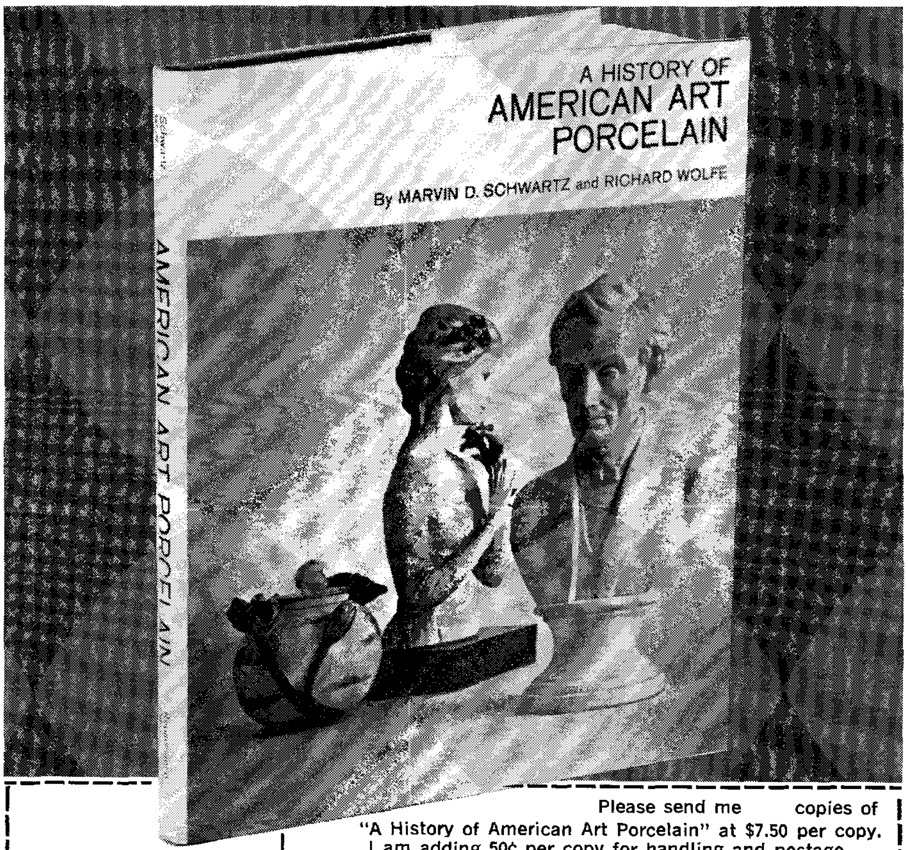

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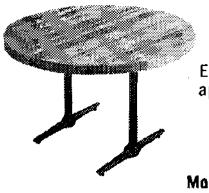

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a smaller crowd than had been hoped for, were in the audience. When Barnard was called on, he walked to the lectern and said, in a strong Chicago accent, "Cornell College is twenty miles that way, in the middle of nowhere. It's straight. You don't see the beards, you don't see the beads. I'm straight. I'm wearing the uniform: the button-down shirt, the V-neck, the stay-presseds, the penny-loafers, the whole bit. That's the point I want to make: I *am* straight. And there are a lot of straight people who are moving. What I'm doing now wasn't easy. I'm scared out of my mind. Most of you people probably sympathize with what I'm doing and with the peace movement. But it's for the outside people I want to make the point. Last year at this time, I probably wanted to kill all those little gooks in Vietnam. Tonight, I'm turning in my draft card. And, like I said, I'm scared. But I thought about it. I think this is a message to the outside people, the straight people who don't think. All the kooks with their beards and their beads—all they're asking you to do is think about it. Read. Listen. Get it the way it is. And if you get it the way it is, maybe you'll change your mind. They're not saying, 'If you don't go our way, we'll draft you.' "

Barnard got the only standing ovation of the evening. After the last speeches, a crowd gathered around him, shaking his hand, congratulating him on his speech.

"I never thought you'd do it," a red-haired girl from Cornell said to him.

"I never thought I'd do it, either," Barnard said. "I never would have thought it two months ago, or a year ago." He paused. "A year ago!" he said, and he shook his head in amazement at the thought.

At the end of the rally, two hundred and twenty-three statements of complicity were turned in, thirty-five of them from students and members of the faculty at Cornell. Since the Iowa University students who were likely to turn in their draft cards had turned them in long ago, the only draft-age student on the platform with Suneson and Barnard had come from Iowa State. Eleven documents of one kind or another were turned in—including a draft-delinquency notice and a Wave's discharge card. Suneson and Barnard had become the first Cornell students to turn in draft cards publicly. It was a few hours after the United States and North Vietnam had finally established contact for peace talks.

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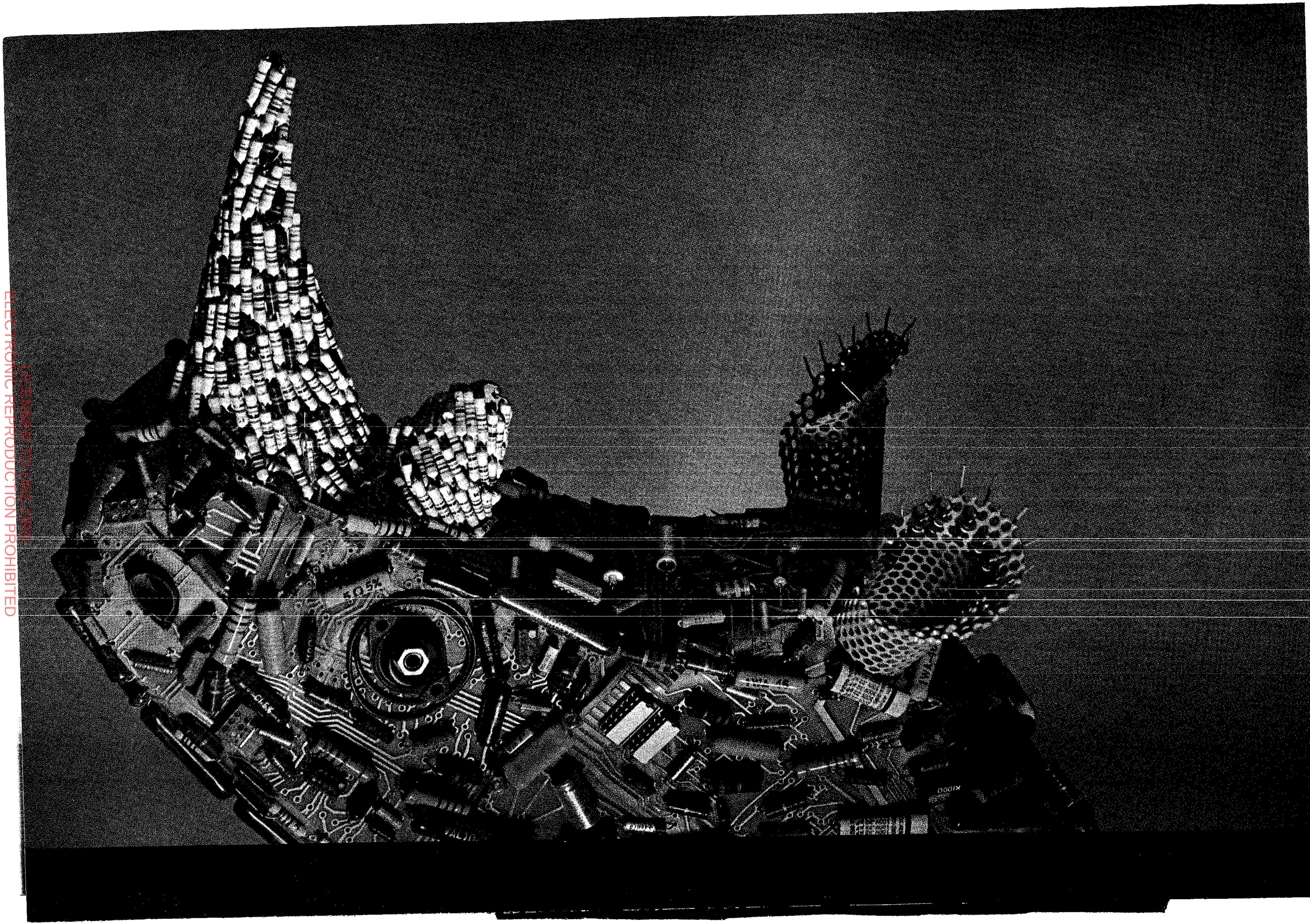

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Passion

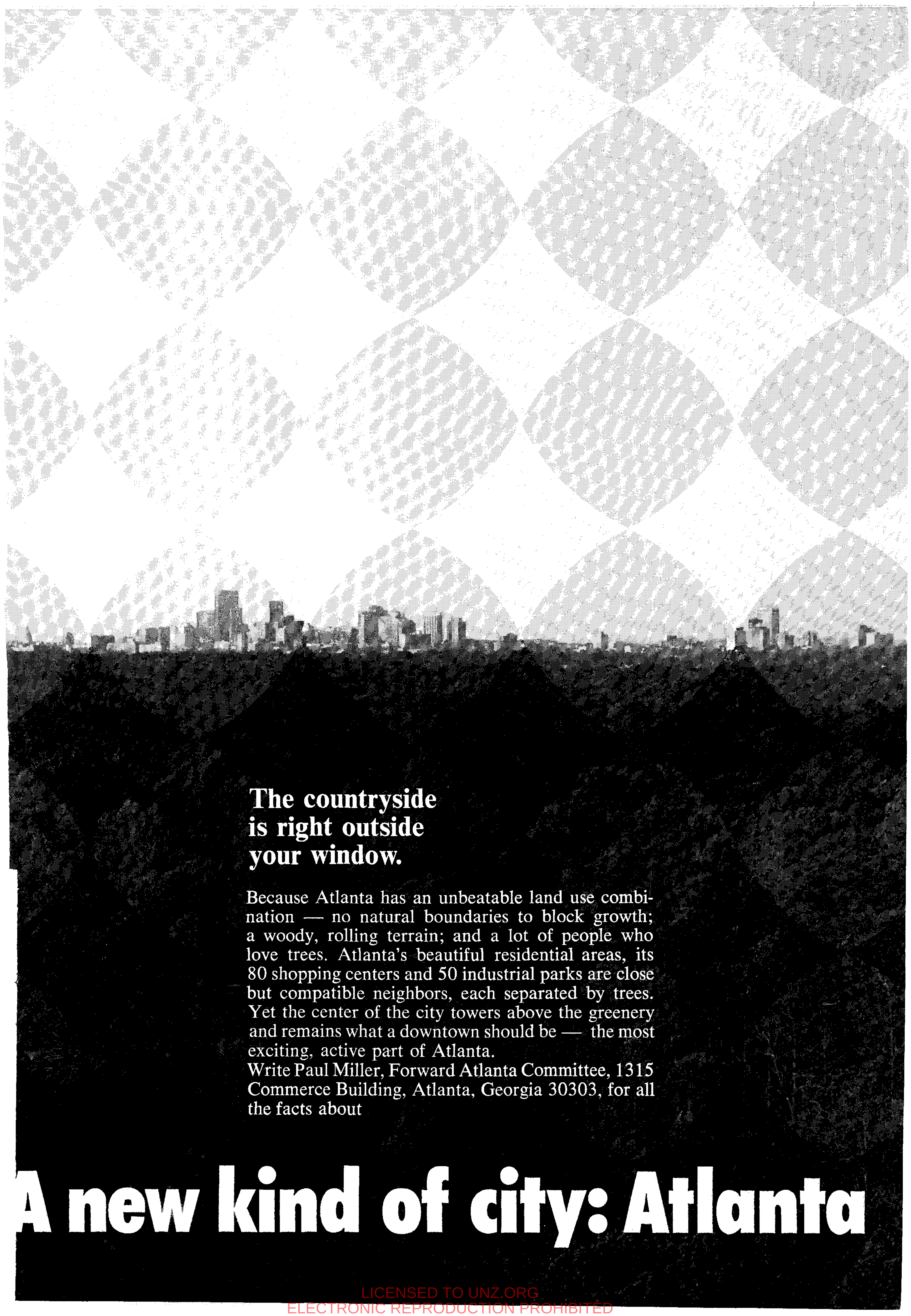
I HAVE never been able to figure out the precise value of sincerity as an ingredient in art—or, for that matter, in morals, either. Certainly the great composers—people like Beethoven, Brahms, Verdi, Bruckner—have written music that has a sincere ring. They had something to say, and they said it directly and unabashedly. But Hitler was sincere, too. So I guess that the quality of sincerity is in itself not a guarantee of loftiness of aim. The question arises apropos of a very sincere work—the opera "I Am the Way," by Jerome Hines, based on the life of Jesus, which was given a single performance at the Metropolitan Opera House on the evening of Palm Sunday, under the auspices of the American Bible Society, the New York Bible Society, and Christian Arts, Inc. Mr. Hines is, of course, one of the leading bassos of the Metropolitan, and has performed there with great distinction for a couple of decades. He is a deeply religious man, and his efforts in connection with the Salvation Army and other humanitarian organizations have been of the most devoted nature. I had been aware of "I Am the Way" for many years, mainly through reports of its performances in less formal, downtown environments, and I was curious about it. For one thing, it is the only opera I know of written by a singer; for another, it is the only opera that I know of about the life of Jesus, though it seems incredible that there have not been musical versions of the Passion plays that have been performed in Europe since the Middle Ages.

Mr. Hines' opera is not particularly original in its musical fabric. It contains passages that sound like Wagner, passages that sound like Bruckner, and passages that sound like Moussorgsky, as well as moments of indeterminate stuffing. All this has caused some critics to label it "old-fashioned," but I must say in reply to this that an opera on such a subject in the debased musical jargons of the mid-twentieth century would be inconceivable. It calls for the noble sort of music written in the nineteenth century, and in this respect I find Mr. Hines' choice of idioms entirely right. On the other hand, his use of them is sometimes embarrassingly derivative, and all this derivative music, orchestrated, as it is, by somebody else, has a somewhat Hollywoodian sound.

Mr. Hines has been able to create some fairly strong characters. (He wrote the libretto himself.) His Judas is an evil, self-seeking sort of fellow, and his Peter is quick-tempered. On the whole, his apostles are a robust, brawling, masculine lot. There are good moments of choral writing—perhaps just a bit too many of them; Judas has a dramatic scene reminiscent of everybody from Scarpia to Iago; Peter delivers a rather nice setting of the Twenty-third Psalm; John the Baptist has some stentorian denunciations to proclaim. Written by a singer, "I Am the Way" is very much a singers' opera, and the singing is loud and hearty throughout most of it. It is obviously not a great opera, but it had a great appeal for its audience on this occasion. Perhaps one should take into account the first sentence of a foreword that Mr. Hines published in the program: "The purpose of this music drama is to accomplish a missionary effort in the field of music."

The scenery and costumes were simple but effective, and the cast, who, I understand, were working without compensation out of friendship for Mr. Hines, included some very good singers—among them Carlotta Ordassy (Mary the Mother), Lucia Evangelista (Martha), Janice Matisse (Magdalene), Nedda Casei (the Samaritan Woman), Chris LaChona (Judas), Ezio Flagello (the High Priest), Pablo Elvira (John the Baptist), Calvin Marsh (Peter), Richard Parke (John), and the towering Mr. Hines himself as Jesus. The orchestra was conducted by Ralph Hermann, who also did the orchestration.

THE New York City Opera's new productions of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," at the New York State Theatre, which I saw last Thursday night, are among the most tasteful ones presented here in many years, and a great improvement over those of last season. Most of the improving has been done by that resourceful and imaginative stage director Frank Corsaro. Traditions, where they are effective, are preserved. There is, accordingly, an empty stage during the entr'acte in "Cavalleria." The ac-



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tion is heightened by deft strokes of stagecraft, which make more vivid than usual the encounters between Santuzza and Mamma Lucia, the religious processions, and the rebellious character of Turiddu—that pitiable youth surrounded by suppliant women and aching to assert his masculinity. The Santuzza of Athena Lampropulos, the Turiddu of Enrico DiGiuseppe, the Alfio of David Clatworthy, the Lola of Kay Creed, and the Mamma Lucia of Charlotte Povia were all idiomatically and pleasantly sung, and the chorus performed very well indeed.

"Pagliacci" was treated with even more imagination. There was an added character—a mute one, called Picco in the program, and a midget, who served as a foil for Nedda during her monologue preceding the love scene, and as a baby in a crib on the stage-within-a-stage later on. The love scene with Silvio was as sexy a one as I have seen in opera, and the little play of Harlequin and Columbine was done before a half moon held by a man on a stepladder, with a couple of preliminary acrobats and some beguiling props. It was played more broadly than usual, which made Canio's final fury more harshly motivated. Vocally, this was a great "Pagliacci." Maralin Niska, the Nedda, has one of the most beautiful voices I have ever heard in this role, and her acting, her looks, and other features of the visual side of her performance were ideal. The Canio was Placido Domingo, and the role had been thought out carefully, so that it never tipped over into bathos but nevertheless preserved a high emotional charge. Mr. Domingo's singing, simply as singing, was as fine as any you will hear in this role today. Chester Ludgin was an excellent Tonio, and Dominic Cossa, as Silvio, again showed himself the possessor of one of the most expressive and limpid baritone voices now before the public. Norman Paige was an especially spirited Beppe. The part of the midget was played touchingly by Hervé Villechaize. Franco Patane conducted both performances with his usual command of detail and his usual outstanding musicianship.

BECAUSE of shrewd timing, plus the advantageous layout of Lincoln Center, I was able, during the intermission between these two operas, to hear a new composition by Virgil Thomson, which was being presented by the Philharmonic across the way in Philharmonic Hall under the baton of Leopold Stokowski. This composition is entitled "Shipwreck and Love Scene

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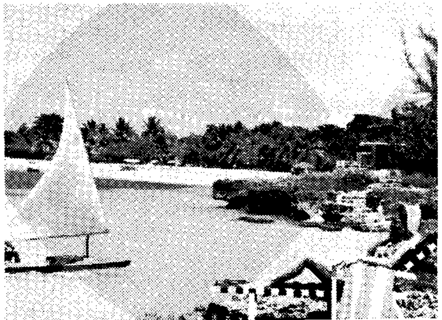

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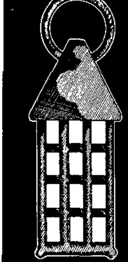

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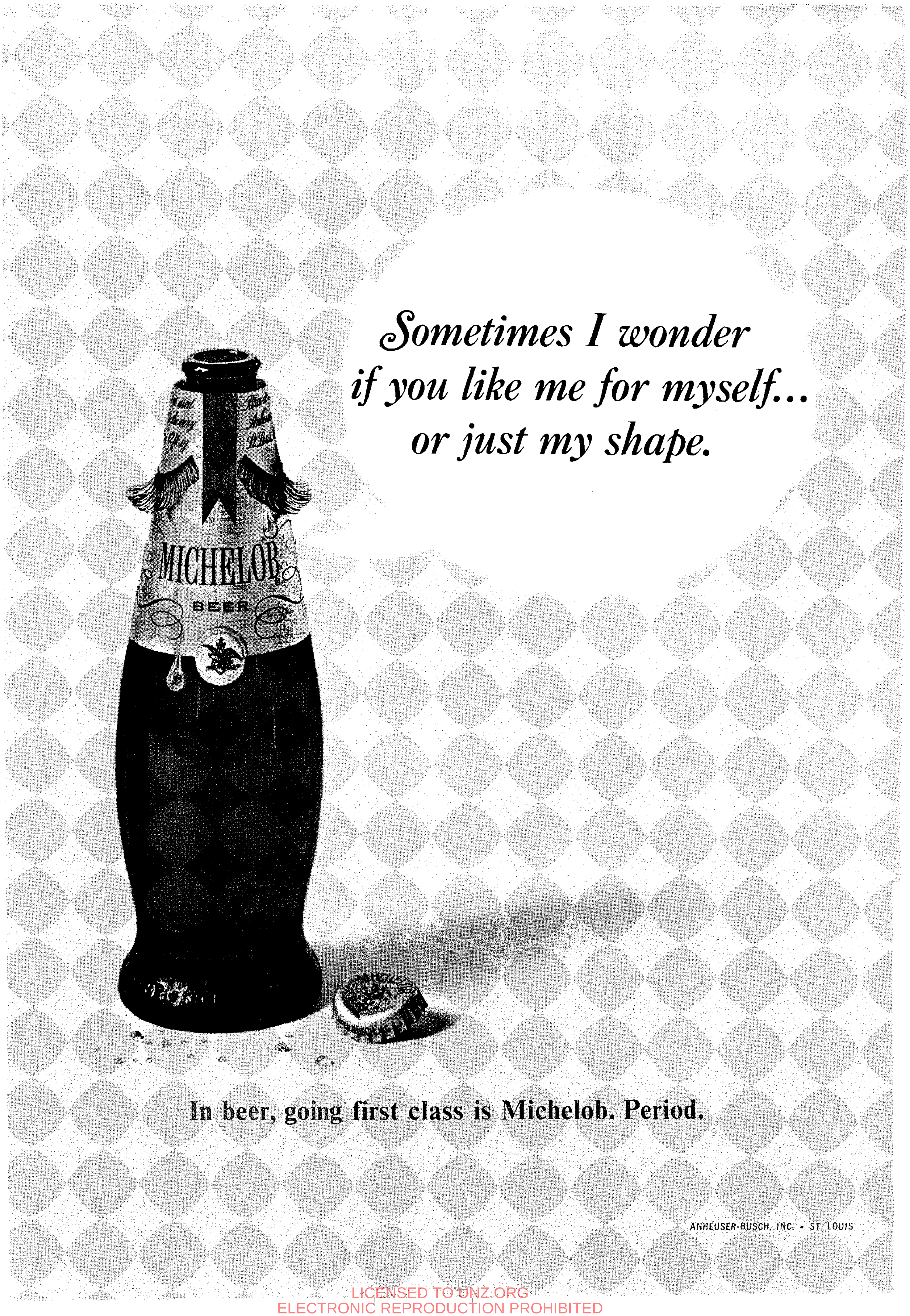

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if you like me for myself...
or just my shape.

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(Juan and Haidée) from Byron's 'Don Juan.'" The shipwreck part proved to be based largely on whole-tone constructions suggesting the fluid and chaotic nature of water. Later, the whole-tone constructions gave way to more solid musical matter as a tenor (Richard Kness) began singing a deftly written setting of sections of Byron's poem. Mr. Thomson's composition has the virtues of simplicity and clarity. Perhaps because I had just heard "Cavalleria Rusticana," I did not find much passion in his love scene. Byron's words had a way of dominating the music, as was probably the composer's intention, and the music thus dominated was written with great sophistication. But I would have liked just a little more gusto.

BETTER late than never, I shall now report on the concert given by Phyllis Curtin in Carnegie Hall a fortnight ago. Miss Curtin has always been noted for qualities that are fairly unusual among singers—remarkable intelligence and extraordinary versatility. To add to that, her voice is perfectly placed (she can bring forth a trill almost anywhere in the middle register), and it has evenness of texture and freedom of inflection throughout a large range. The first part of her program, containing items by Rossini and Schubert, was, I thought, delivered a bit coldly, as if she were holding nerves under rigid control. But after the intermission she blossomed into what I remembered her as—a singer of great distinction. She sang Richard Strauss's three "Ophelia" Songs and Berlioz's "La Mort d'Ophélie" and "Zaïde" with a subtle understanding of the lieder singer's art, and then presented a seldom-heard cycle, "Cantigas de Amigo," by the Argentine composer Valdo Sciammarella. These songs, nostalgic in atmosphere, introduced me to a new personality among composers—a songwriter of individuality and emotional power. Miss Curtin sang them in the original Spanish, and conveyed their meanings with consummate artistry and much vocal beauty. This was her first recital in New York in ten years. I hope that she does not wait as long for another.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

A complaint for divorce was filed Wednesday by Susan K. Buehle against Robert Lee Buehle, both of Worland.
a poorer place without them."
—*Worland (Wyo.) Northern Wyoming News.*

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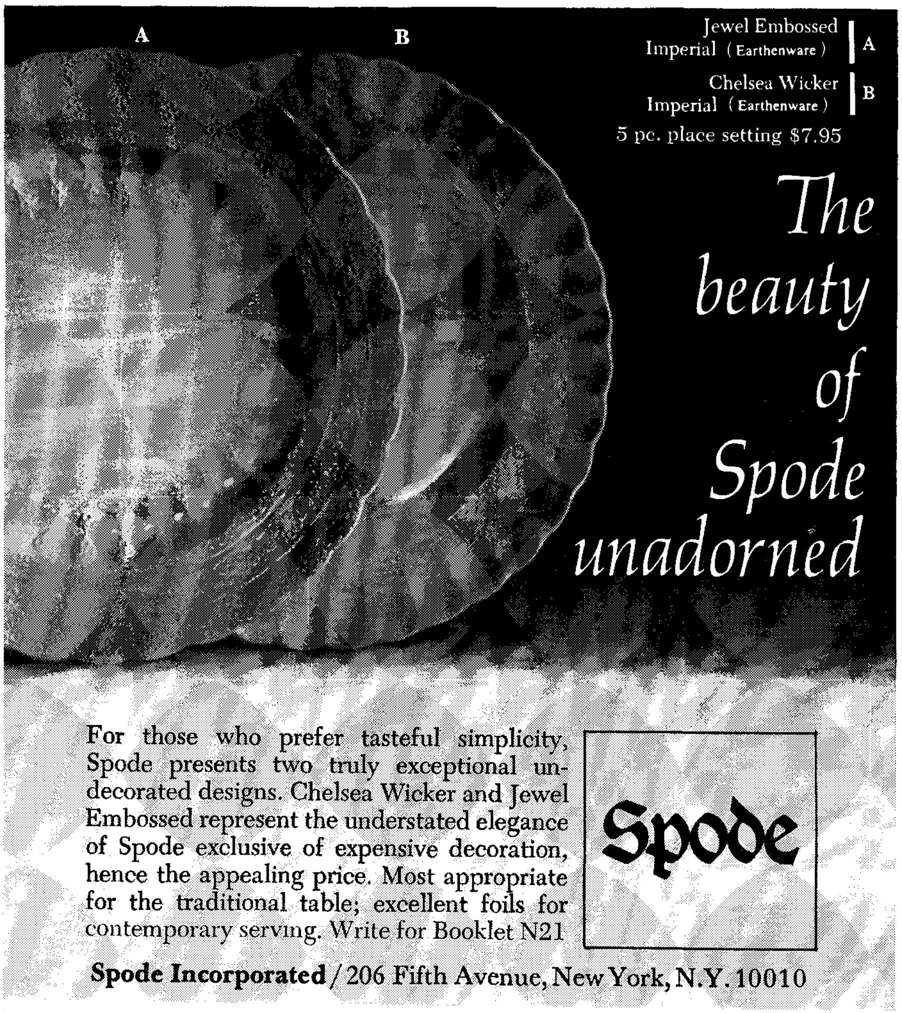

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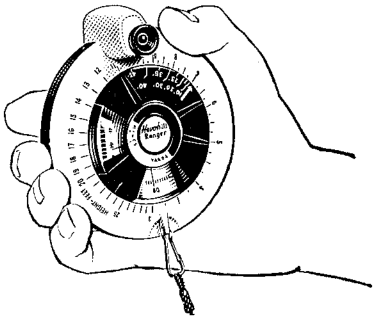

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Tilt

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's
  wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

THAT is the first stanza of a poem written in 1829 by Felicia Dorothea Hemans, celebrating the loyalty of a boy to his father. L. J. Davis calls his second novel "Whence All But He Had Fled" (Viking), an awkward, equivocal title for the story of an inveterate fugitive. Obviously, the line is meant to be ironical, but the target isn't clear. Is it irony at the expense of the boy or of the burning deck? Toward the end of the book, poised for flight, the hero contemplates the consequences of sticking around:

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled.
The boy remained on the burning
  deck,
And pretty soon he was dead.

Robert Probish, the hero, is a bungling eighteen-year-old, born a Catholic, who escapes from his native land of Jamaica, Queens, first to a storefront on East Seventh Street and then to a tenement apartment on Henry Street. Probish considers himself a natural victim, and most of the time he is right. He is driven from home by his parents' lack of love for or interest in him, and from Seventh Street by the spontaneous hostility of his surly Ukrainian neighbors. His friend Luvitz drenches him by mistake with roach spray, and later gratuitously feeds him an alleged brew of LSD and amphetamine; the girl he hungers for fends him off with literature, and the girl he gets into his bed has ugly legs and won't take a bath. On Henry Street, Probish's antagonists are his next-door neighbor Stark, who is an uncommunicative painter from Nebraska not much older than he is, and Goldfarb, the landlord. Goldfarb, who thinks that Probish is Jewish, smothers him with affection and advice and sandwiches to take to work.

The thing that makes a character worth writing or reading about is the eccentricity of his outlook. As Probish sees it, his past is gloomy and catastrophe lurks in his future—behind the thin walls of his apartment, under the creaky staircase, around the corner, between the railroad station and the Dutchess County mansion of a potential patron (Probish paints).

> This was it, the real thing, trees and bushes and birds and things, all God's blue sky above, good earth beneath one's feet, and not a candy store in twenty miles. It was kind of creepy. If he spoke, nobody would hear him. If overtaken by an animal, he could scream and thrash and nobody would rescue him. He could even fall in a pit and break his leg and starve to death. He was all by himself for the first time in his life. It was sort of like being dead, and he decided he didn't like it much, although possibly he could get used to it in time.

Davis is very good at this kind of hyperbolic comedy. Probish gushes with morose fantasies, he accumulates indignities with no effort, and his response—a mixture of wariness and resignation—is expressed precisely in extravagant similes that burst in anticlimax:

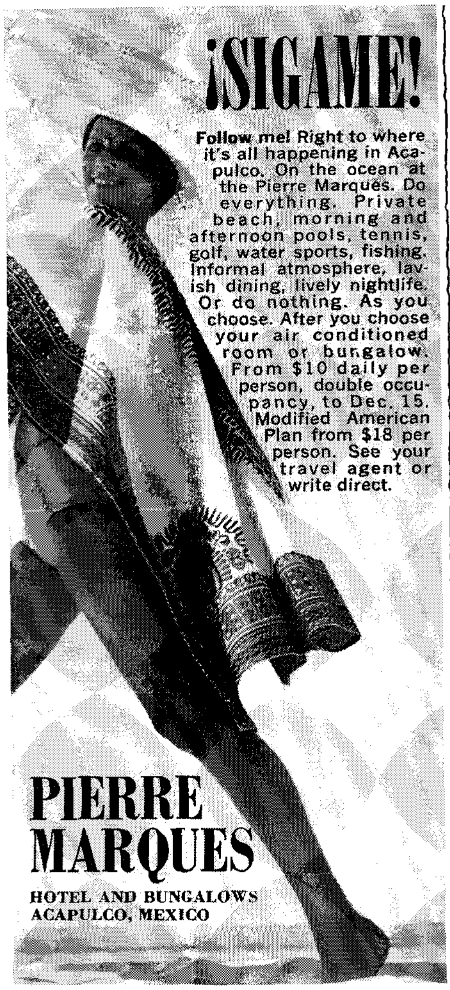
> At that moment he caught sight of Nancy on the far side of the crowd. She loomed up like a great barbaric treasure ship, hung all over with tassels and ornaments and tiny bells. Her blouse was like a full mainsail, the yoke embroidered with a complicated black design. . . . Her eyes were glazed.
>
> "How come you never turned me on?" she asked when he had fought his way to her side. "Everything would have been different."

The party that causes Probish to desert Henry Street is the perfect image of a natural disaster:

> Strictly speaking, it was not a party of his own and he was not having it—it was having him. It would enter his house, break his dishes, poke holes in his paintings, make a mess of his floor, disturb the neighbors, and leave much later than planned. It was really the same party, with the same people, that Probish had attended every weekend during high school and it was still going on, doing the rounds of apartments and lofts and basements and hotel rooms in the post-graduation Diaspora, passing from host to host like a large destructive pet no one would claim or put to sleep. The only thing it would prove about Probish's father was that he didn't live here. The only consolation was that it had never gone anywhere twice.

The trouble comes when Davis tries to add other dimensions to the picture of Probish. Probish is not a complete-

"Our junta, gentlemen! May it ever be right! But our junta, right or wrong!"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ly innocent victim. Between the flight from Queens and the flight from Henry Street, Davis suggests in various ways that while running away from home may always be necessary, it isn't always a noble gesture. There are a couple of hints that Probish may be anti-Semitic in an absentminded way, and his failure to track down his sister, who preceded him out of Queens, or to make any contact with Stark is a further sign of stony self-absorption. Callousness is one of the few prerogatives of being eighteen years old, but Davis distorts its meaning by pushing Probish aside for second thoughts of his own. Instead of standing by him, he shifts suddenly into Goldfarb's head, and then, briefly, into Stark's. Stark resists the invasion, and in spite of a careful description of what he looks like and how he paints he remains inscrutable. Goldfarb, however, with the spotlight on him, becomes a disproportionately sympathetic figure, and although Probish eventually moves back into the foreground, his ignorance of this development counts against him. At the end, as Goldfarb is dying, Davis succumbs to the temptation of a final emotional flourish and rescues Probish from the moral dilemma by surrounding him with improbable obstacles and hollow words. He sends him off unscratched into a rosy snowstorm, "wrapped in the weightless mantle of his power," magically stripped of a responsibility he didn't know he had taken on. "Next time he would do better, if only because he could never do worse." Sure.

An aphoristic ending is always a sign of structural flaws, and this book is weakened by incomplete thoughts and bad connections, and by the presence of a small crowd of inviting characters left standing on the edges of the story. Still, Probish is a lively character, and he isn't overwhelmed. Given more time and space, he could have fled more gracefully. Both Evelyn Waugh and Kingsley Amis have demonstrated that broad comedy can be used to carry a sombre point without requiring the author to step forward occasionally for a straightfaced explanation of his levity. In fact, to succeed at comedy of this sort he is bound to disregard what may be sacred to his readers and to be loyal to his hero. Davis comes close enough—close to Amis, anyway—to make his cop-out a real disappointment.

STEPHEN H. YAFA, the author of a book with an equally gawky title, "Paxton Quigley's Had the Course" (Lippincott), does not flinch from a

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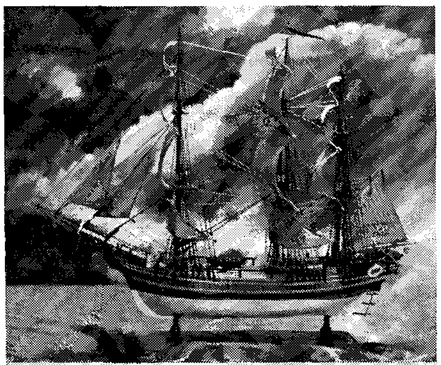

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hard moral line. Paxton Quigley, a senior at Williams, spends several months dividing his attention and his body among three Bennington girls, one of whom he claims to love more deeply than the others. Remorse and exposure of his crime overtake him at about the same time, and his penance consists of two weeks or so of continual rape inflicted by his three victims (one is black, one is Jewish, and one is the other thing), who keep him going with doses of wheat germ and yogurt. Finally, as if he hadn't suffered enough, Quigley is forsaken and abandoned to a loveless life between the nearest thighs. That's what he says. The story is told by Quigley himself, and it is introduced by a quotation from "Notes from Underground" as a guide to understanding:

> I couldn't manage to make myself . . . a hero or an insect. Now I'm living out my life in a corner, trying to console myself with the stupid, useless excuse that an intelligent man cannot turn himself into anything, that only a fool can make anything he wants to out of himself.

Five stars for Fëdor Dostoevski. Yafa's style is coy, and alternately frisky and sober. Here is Quigley in a moment of speculation:

> You might say Tobey's body was mine more than hers all summer. I mean, I was the one who kept bringing it to life. So you might.

It's easy to forget sometimes that there are boys/men who say "psych" and "flake out" and "rump;" most girls/women try to forget it as soon as possible. Quigley talks that way. It's hard to believe, looking back on it all now, that I didn't stop reading the book at page 10, where Quigley says, "The blood inside my left wrist began to tread water." They say that it's a big seller up in Vermont.

—SUSAN LARDNER

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

THE TWO FRENCH REVOLUTIONS, by Guglielmo Ferrero, edited by Luc Monnier and translated from the French by Samuel J. Hurwitz (Basic Books). When Ferrero died in Genevan exile, in 1942, his masterpiece, "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," had long since been published (1907), but he left a sheaf of very full notes for a series of university lectures, and it is from these that the present book has been derived. Its thesis is that the French Revolution was, in truth, two revolutions, not altogether discrete but nevertheless manifestations of

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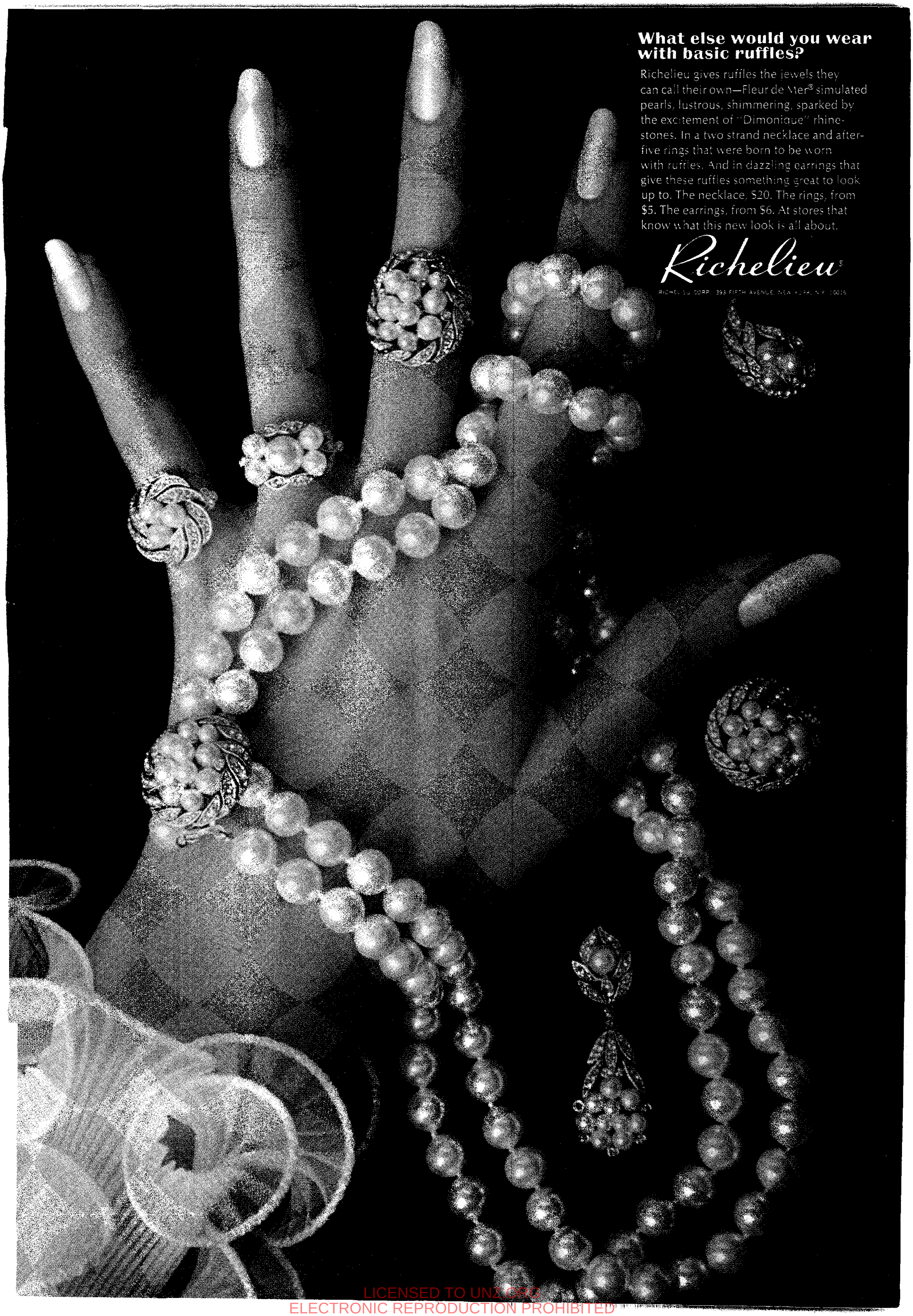

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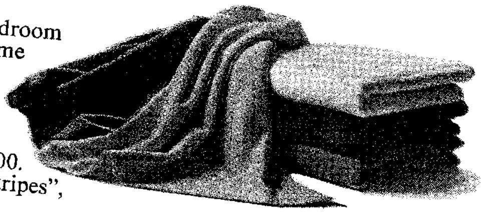

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different historical processes and different motivations. The first (1789) was the peaceful upheaval that overthrew the *ancien régime*; the second (1792) swept away the moderates, installed the Reign of Terror, and issued a challenge to all legitimate governments which resounded throughout the nineteenth century and beyond. Like his other major works (and this will have to be taken as one of them, incomplete though it is), the book fairly bounces with ideas: a comment, for instance, on the forced revival of revolutionary vigor which occurs in already established revolutionary regimes does much to explain Mao's burst of Red Guardism; again, in a few sentences on the peculiar nature of revolutionary (or totalitarian) armies, he puts his finger on the real reasons for Napoleon's (and, by extension, Hitler's) remarkably consistent military successes. His book is not to be missed.

AMERICA'S STAKE IN ASIA, by Drew Middleton (Lippincott). Mr. Middleton, chief of the *Times'* United Nations Bureau, made a fourteen-week trip through thirteen countries between Tokyo and Tehran in the spring of 1967, and he here offers a strongly worded brief for our involvement in Asia. He says that he started out with doubt about the wisdom of the American effort in South Vietnam, but that after talking to diplomats and politicians in the countries surrounding Vietnam (and after the usual visit with the American military in that country), he changed his mind. In Southeast Asia, he says, and even in India and Burma, he heard very little talk about our stopping the bombing of North Vietnam. The countries of that region fear aggression, from Ho Chi Minh and from the Chinese Communists, and what they want is time—to build up their economies and to stabilize their governments. Although they may not like Americans much, they look to us for help, and they believe that it would be in our national interest to give it. Mr. Middleton, indeed, goes further than that: If we get out of Asia now, he says, we will turn half the world upside down and, in liquidating a small war, prepare the ground for a bigger and more terrible war that we will have to fight in ten years' time. In short, the other side heard from.

THE DORAK AFFAIR, by Kenneth Pearson and Patricia Connor (Atheneum). An attempt by two Lon-

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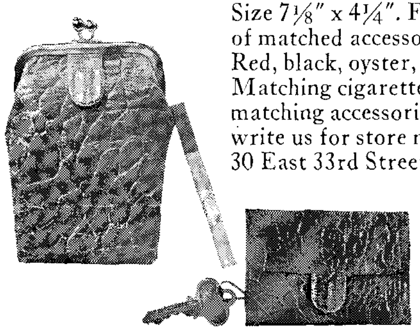

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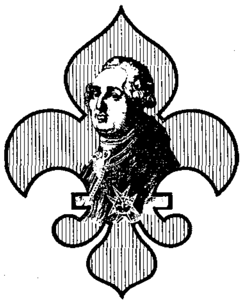
don journalists—Mr. Pearson is a feature writer on the *Sunday Times*, and Miss Connor is that paper's archeological expert—to unravel the tangle of mischief, misconstruction, and misunderstanding that recently caused the Turkish Department of Antiquities to refuse the British archeologist James Mellaart (the discoverer, in 1958, of the unique Neolithic village of Çatal Hüyük) permission to resume his digging in Turkey. Their investigation, which led the authors deep into the hinterlands of Turkey, makes an absorbing story, and the solution that they finally turn up links in a grim embrace thieves, counterfeiters, venal officials, and some of the world's leading museums. Photographs and a map.

George Washington in the American Revolution (1775-1783), by James Thomas Flexner (Little, Brown). This is a volume that might have pleased its subject: grave, elegant, passionate, kind, charming, and controlled, it portrays a man who was all these things through eight years of crises and disappointments, which are nearly as painful to read about as they must have been to live through. Mr. Flexner's Washington is a great learner—not only of military skills but of political and economic ideas and techniques. And Mr. Flexner convinces us that Washington's capacity for intellectual growth was as important a factor in his greatness as were those familiar virtues—such as honesty—that have long adorned America's textbooks and folklore. Ten dollars.

Hard Travellin': The Hobo and His History, by Kenneth Allsop (New American Library). A lively and informative account of a large migratory population that seems to have existed since the early days of this republic. Hoboes, according to Mr. Allsop, are hard to generalize about, since each, however ragged and unprepossessing he may appear, has his own unique, complicated story. Yet, Mr. Allsop thinks, while many hoboes have enjoyed their rootlessness, they have always moved in search of work rather than—as moralizers have often alleged—in search of idleness; every depression has greatly increased the number of hoboes. Though the tramp population seems to have decreased lately, Mr. Allsop was surprised, as he drove all over the country not long ago, to find so many hoboes during a

Louis XVI . . . impotent oaf or skilled diplomat? History has pictured him as a bumpkin whose incompetent rule led to death on the guillotine. Now a leading French historian on the 18th century uncovers material that contradicts the image. From a background of exhaustive study and research Bernard Faÿ brings to life the splendor and pathos of Louis XVI's life in the royal court with the ambitious Marie Antoinette and his struggles with the Parlement. An intriguing story of an era that changed the world.



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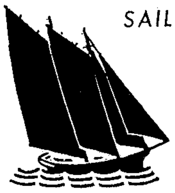

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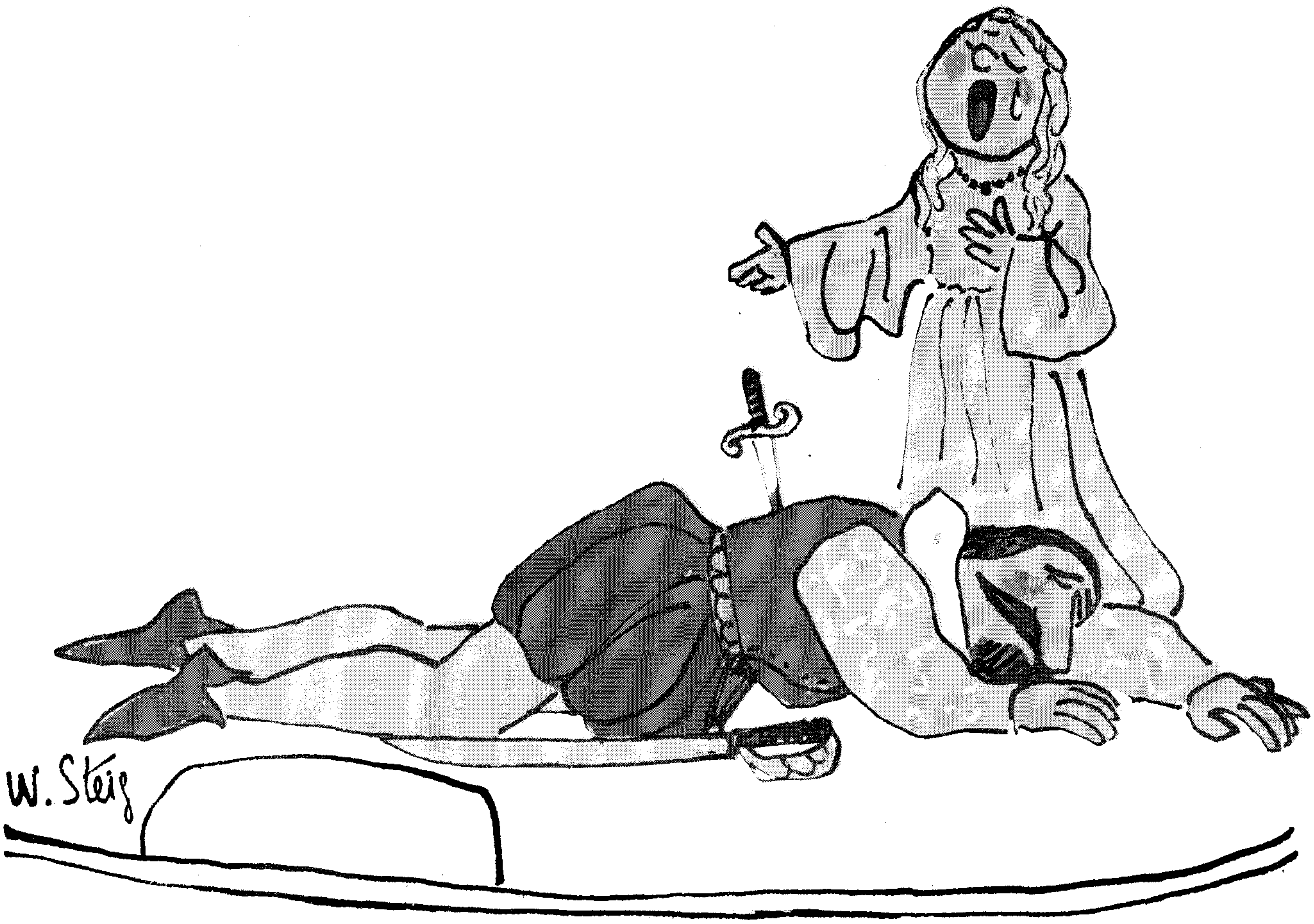

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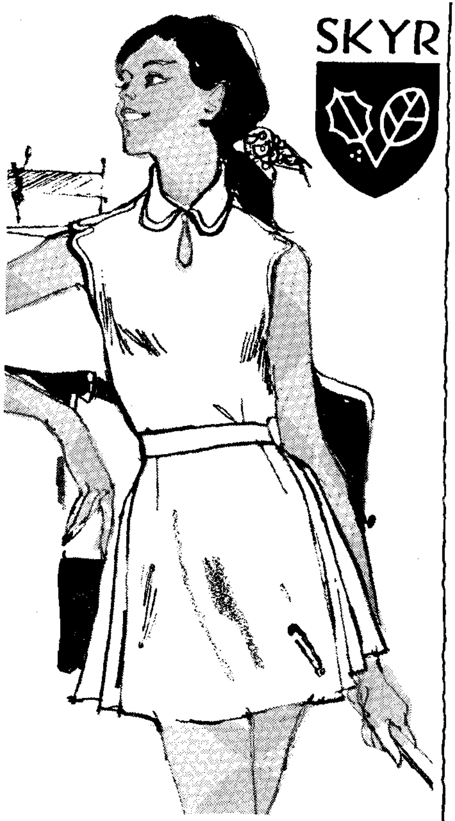

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period of high employment; he wavers between sympathy for their adventurousness and horror at the costs—lice, jails, pederasts, accidents—of their freedom.

The Crisis of the Seventeenth Century: Religion, the Reformation, and Social Change, by H. R. Trevor-Roper (Harper & Row). A collection of long essays. The author persuasively revises a number of historians' clichés (about, for instance, the connection between Protestantism and capitalism) and solves some historic puzzles (why the era that founded modern physical science was also an era of panicky witch-hunts and witch-burnings). Though Mr. Trevor-Roper is a scrupulous scholar who does not labor to score up-to-date points, his work is overflowing with contemporary relevances.

Richard Wright, by Constance Webb (Putnam). The late Richard Wright was an interesting writer; his biographer, *unfortunately*, is not. Miss Webb, who was a close friend of her subject, has chosen to write of him in a bad fictional style ("Richard's eyes flashed murderously"), rather than to present a regular account of his life or a serious criticism of his work.

Note: "The Separated People," a report on South Africa by E. J. Kahn, Jr., has been published by Norton. A substantial part of the book first appeared in *The New Yorker* in a different form. . . . Farrar, Straus & Giroux has published "Twiggy and Justin," Thomas Whiteside's account of a visit that the fashion model and her manager made to New York. Nearly all the text was first printed in this magazine.

•

"I don't want anyone to misunderstand this, but whomever the candidate is he should be nominated before the heat gets on the Democratic primary."

A Washington reporter later suggested to Holton that his remarks sounded like an announcement he will seek the GOP nomination for governor again.

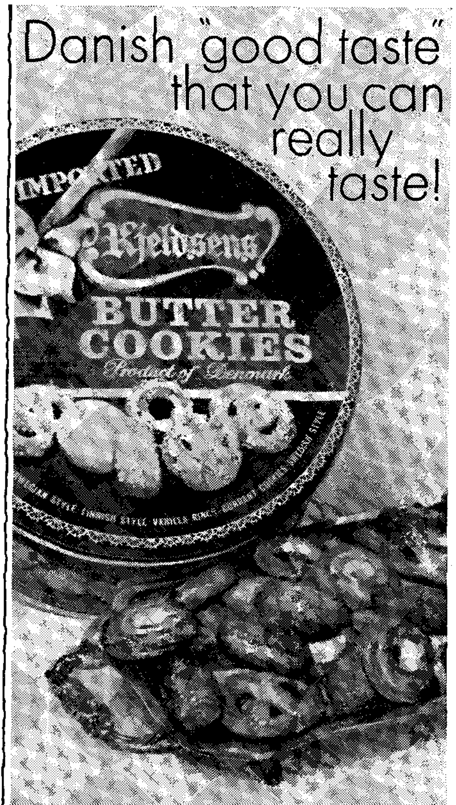
"You will notice I said 'whomever,'" Holton answered with a laugh.—*Roanoke (Va.) Times.*

We *tried* to overlook it.

•

The race had attracted great interest generally, and it drew a crowd of 55,259. The magnet was which of the first three across the line was the best, regardless of age, and Damascus settled the matter beyond Cavil.—*The Times.*

A tiny settlement on the Stretch.



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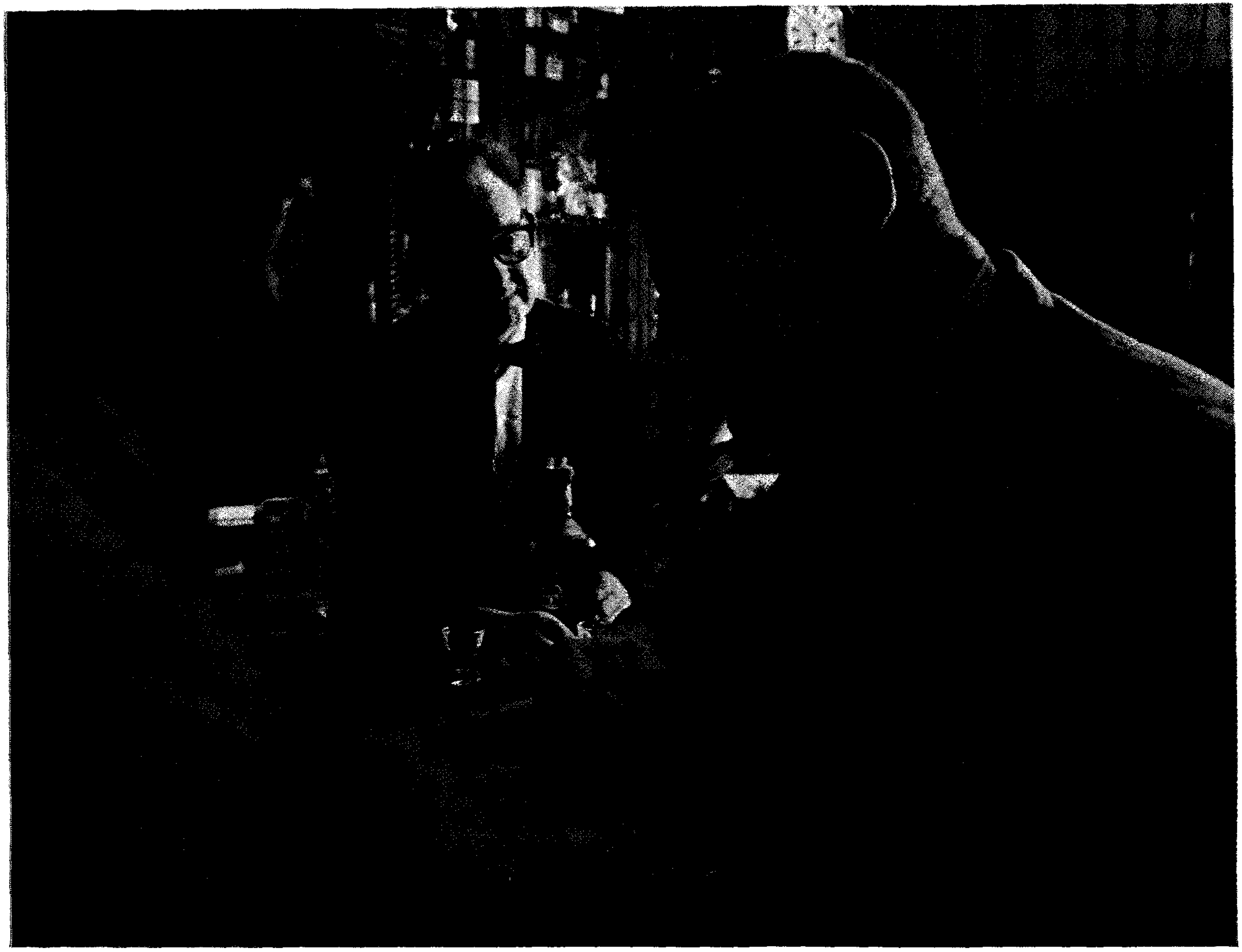

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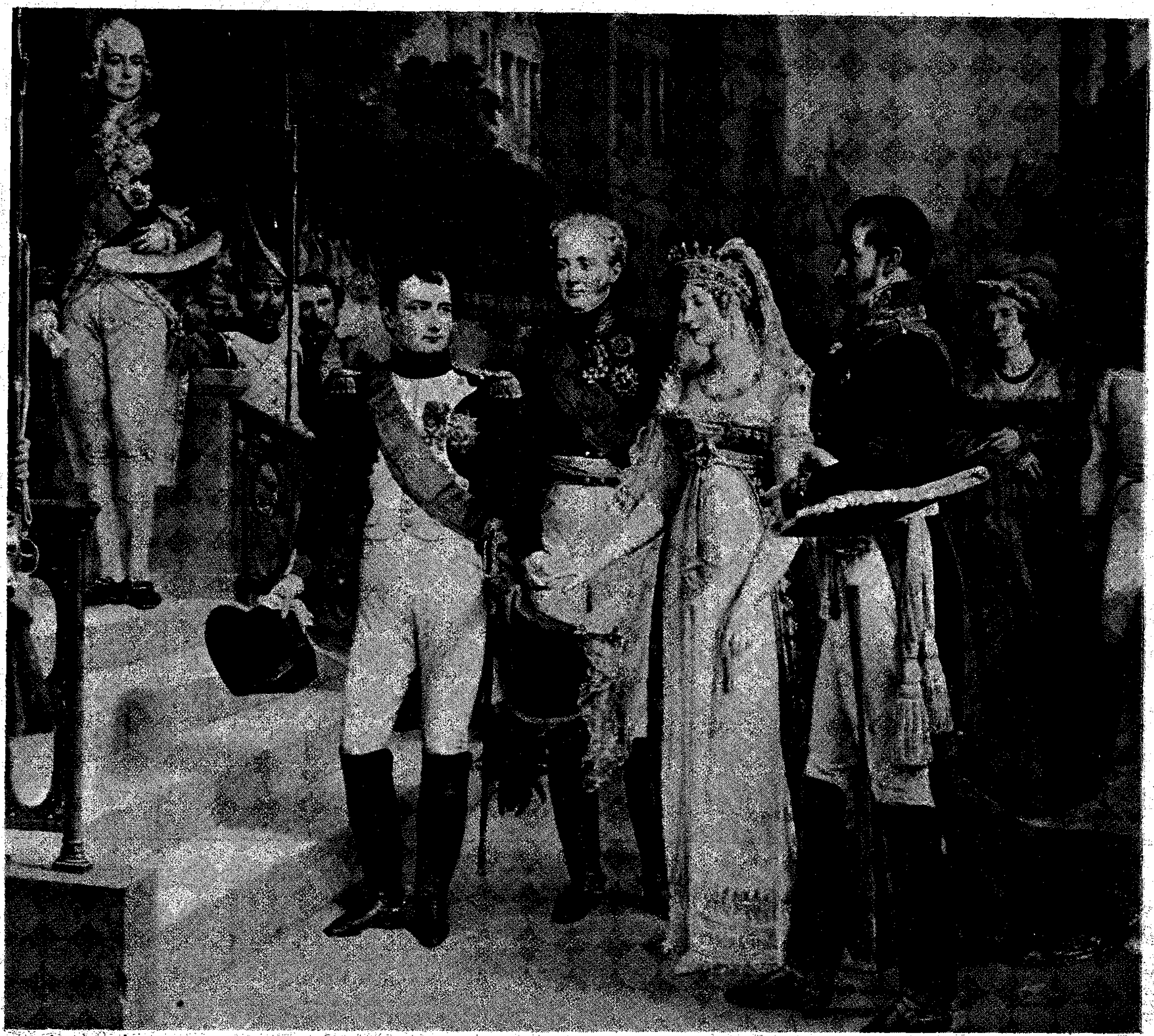

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Napoleon receives the Queen of Prussia at Tilsit, July 6, 1807 upon her arrival for the signing of the peace treaty between France and Prussia. Also shown in the group are Talleyrand, Czar Alexander of Russia, King Frederick William III of Prussia.

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